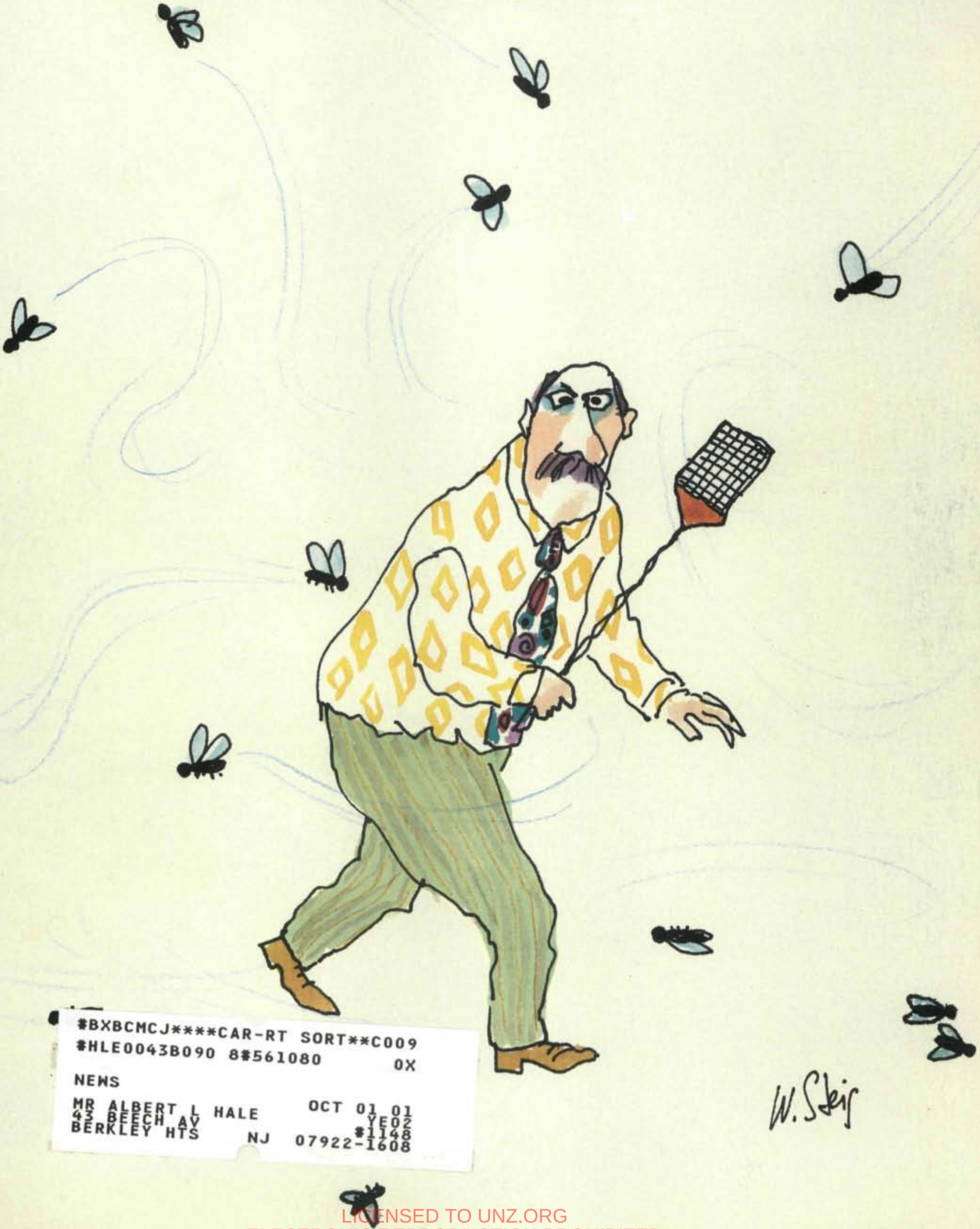
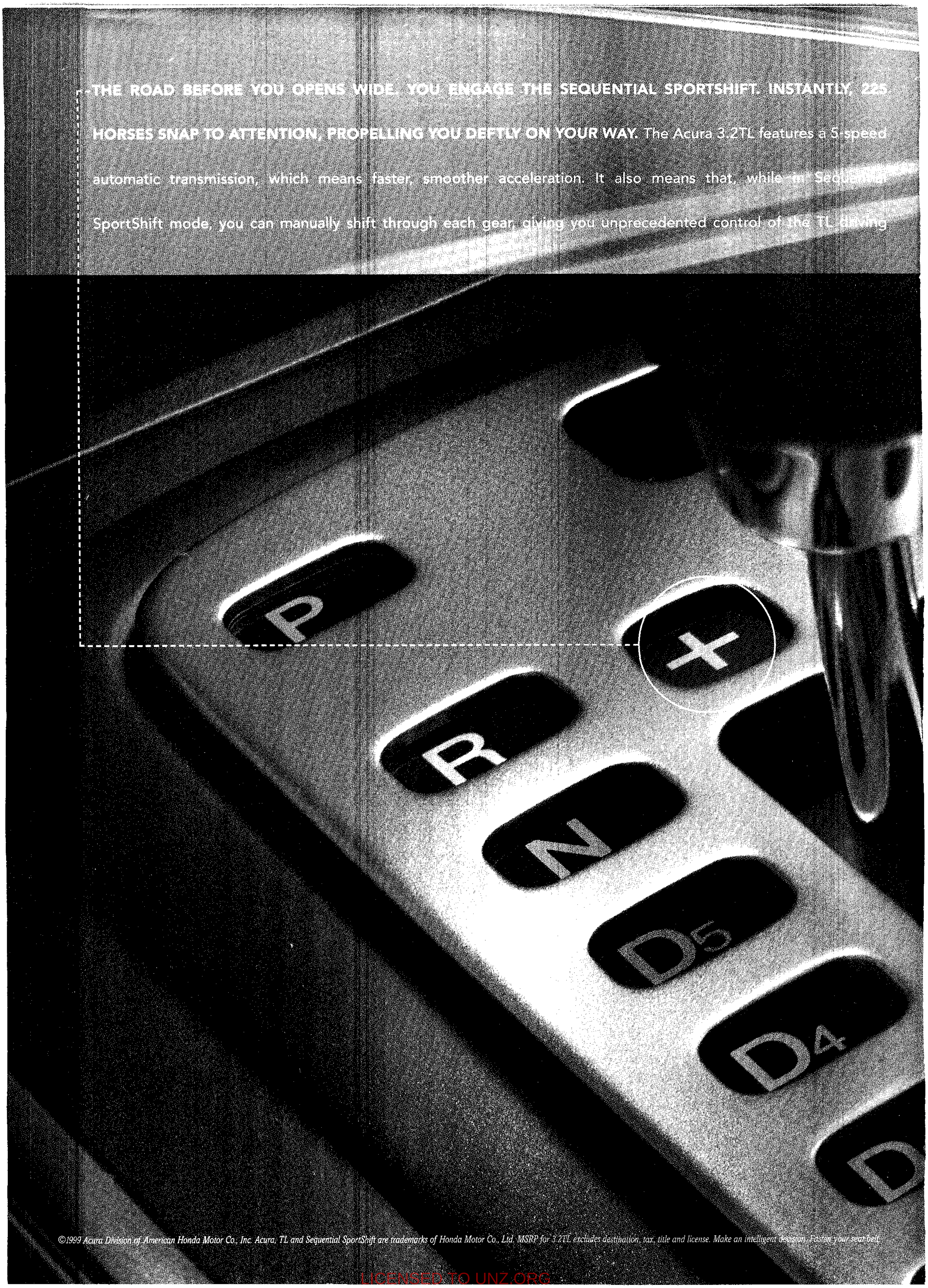
PRICE $3.00

AUG. 14, 2000

THE NEW YORKER



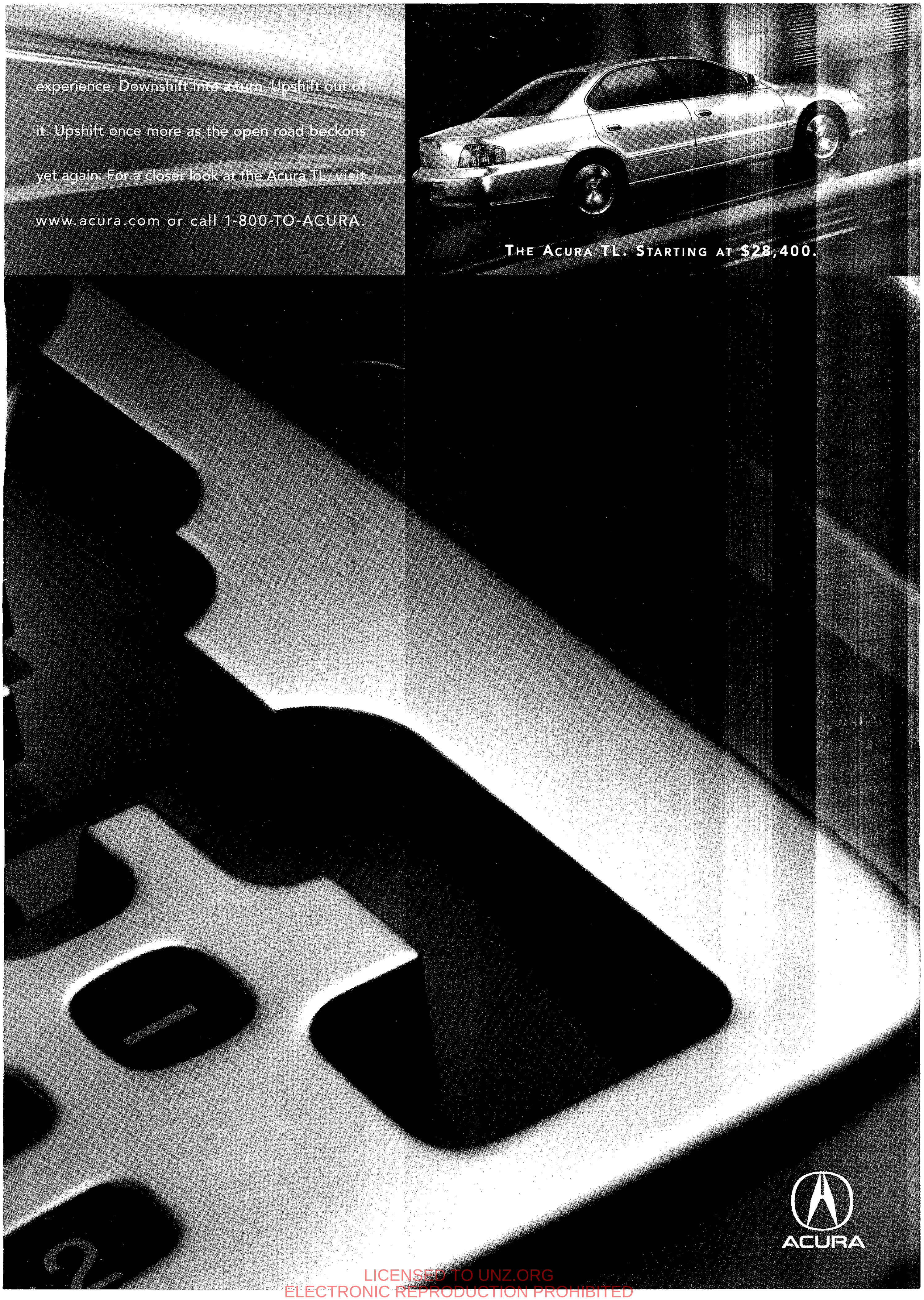
#BXBCMCJ****CAR-RT SORT**C009
#HLE0043B090 8#561080 0X
NEWS
MR ALBERT L HALE OCT 01 01
43 BEECH AV YE02
BERKLEY HTS NJ 07922-1608 #1148



THE ROAD BEFORE YOU OPENS WIDE. YOU ENGAGE THE SEQUENTIAL SPORTSHIFT. INSTANTLY, 225 HORSES SNAP TO ATTENTION, PROPELLING YOU DEFTLY ON YOUR WAY. The Acura 3.2TL features a 5-speed automatic transmission, which means faster, smoother acceleration. It also means that, while in Sequential SportShift mode, you can manually shift through each gear, giving you unprecedented control of the TL driving

©1999 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura, TL and Sequential SportShift are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. MSRP for 3.2TL excludes destination, tax, title and license. Make an intelligent decision. Fasten your seat belt.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

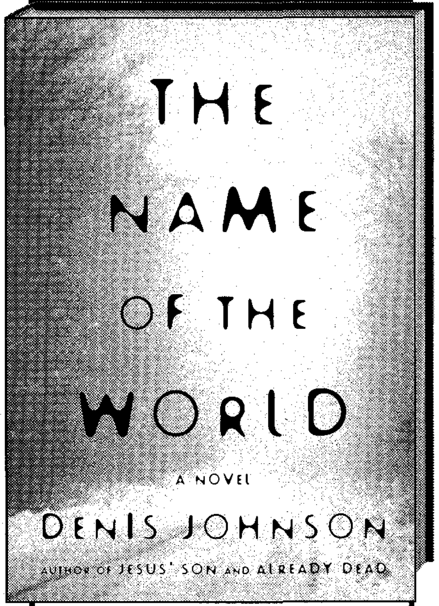


experience. Downshift into a turn. Upshift out of it. Upshift once more as the open road beckons yet again. For a closer look at the Acura TL, visit www.acura.com or call 1-800-TO-ACURA.

THE ACURA TL. STARTING AT $28,400.

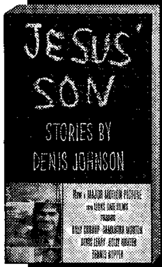
ACURA

"DENIS JOHNSON's latest, lyrical book—in the same league as his 1992 JESUS' SON… is a riveting read."
—ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY


THE NAME OF THE WORLD
A NOVEL
DENIS JOHNSON
AUTHOR OF JESUS' SON AND ALREADY DEAD

"Passages remind us that Denis Johnson is an accomplished poet as well as a novelist. His specialty is the fashioning of a delirious, headlong poetry on the gritty realities of American hard times."
—Robert Stone,
NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Don't Miss
JESUS' SON


JESUS' SON
STORIES BY DENIS JOHNSON

The acclaimed film is "at once a tribute to its source and a bold refashioning of it."
(NEW YORK TIMES)

HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.harpercollins.com

THE NEW YORKER

AUGUST 14, 2000

6 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
25 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Two views of Philadelphia; William Maxwell remembered.

Jane Mayer 30 ANNALS OF JOURNALISM
Bad News
Embarrassing moments at ABC.

Zev Borow 37 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Superstring Theory for Dummies

Rebecca Mead 38 OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS
The Yoga Bums
The guru's path, from Mysore to SoHo.

Jon Lee Anderson 46 LETTER FROM ANGOLA
Oil and Blood
Fuelling twenty-five years of civil war.

Kenneth Tynan 60 LIFE AND LETTERS
The Third Act
Part II of the critic's journals.

Andrea Artz, Emily Nunn 68 ONSTAGE
Jeffrey Wright in "Julius Caesar."

Tim O'Brien 72 FICTION
"Winnipeg"

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

Anthony Lane 78 *Tim Hilton's "John Ruskin: The Later Years."*

82 Briefly Noted

Nancy Franklin 85 ON TELEVISION
"Big Brother."

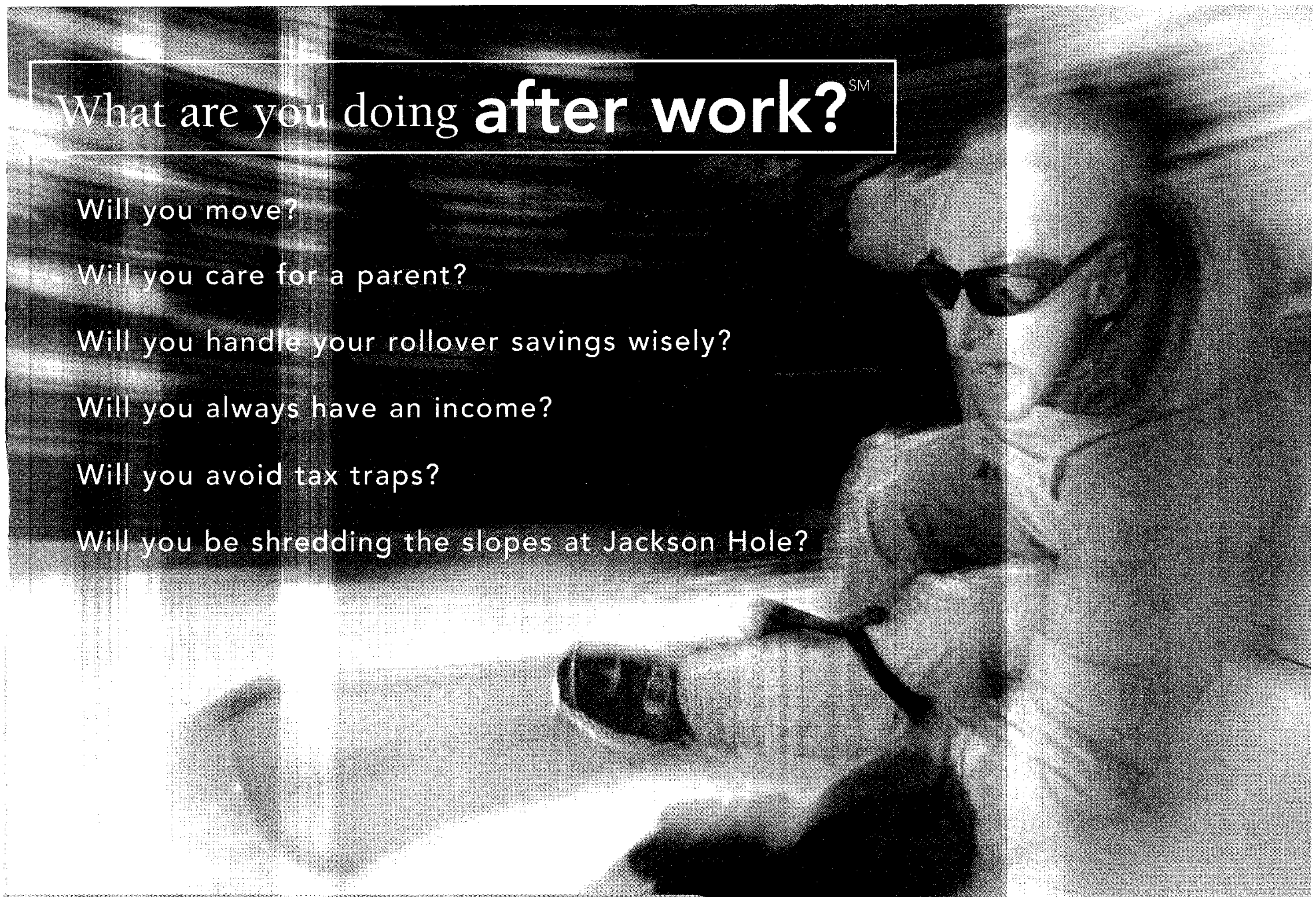
Dana Lixenberg, Kevin Conley 86 SHOWCASE
Les Ballets Trockadero.

David Denby 88 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Hollow Man," "The Wind Will Carry Us."

POEM

Rosanna Warren 66 "Nightshade"

COVER *"The Fly Swatter," by William Steig* THE BACK PAGE *"The Dog Days," by Barry Blitt* DRAWINGS *Jack Ziegler, Charles Barsotti, Michael Maslin, Mick Stevens, Leo Cullum, Edward Koren, John O'Brien, Roz Chast, Lee Lorenz, Frank Cotham, Michael Crawford, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Peter Steiner, Alex Gregory, J. B. Handelsman, William Haefeli, David Sipress, Pat Byrnes*



What are you doing **after work?**℠

Will you move?

Will you care for a parent?

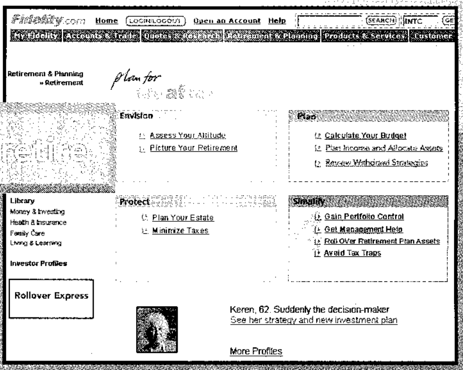
Will you handle your rollover savings wisely?

Will you always have an income?

Will you avoid tax traps?

Will you be shredding the slopes at Jackson Hole?

Get help with the answers at Fidelity's new Retirement Resource Center.


Fidelity.com
Home
LOGIN/LOGOUT
Open an Account
Help
SEARCH
INTC
My Fidelity
Accounts & Trade
Quotes & Research
Retirement & Planning
Products & Services
Customer
Retirement & Planning » Retirement
plan for
Envision
Assess Your Attitude
Picture Your Retirement
Plan
Calculate Your Budget
Plan Income and Allocate Assets
Review Withdrawl Strategies
Library
Money & Investing
Health & Insurance
Family Care
Living & Learning
Investor Profiles
Protect
Plan Your Estate
Minimize Taxes
Simplify
Gain Portfolio Control
Get Management Help
Roll OVer Retirement Plan Assets
Avoid Tax Traps
Rollover Express
More Profiles

Keren, 62. Suddenly the decision-maker
See her strategy and new investment plan

fidelity.com/retire

If you're a few years away from retirement, you now have the resources to help you:

- Create a retirement plan that includes both financial and personal goals
- Utilize helpful financial tools and income calculators
- Discover rollover services for your retirement assets
- And take advantage of alliances with well-known brands to:
  - — Get educational insurance information for seniors
  - — Develop strategies to help minimize taxes and protect assets
  - — Examine ways to improve your general health
  - — And even find your ideal retirement home with our "Best Places to Retire" calculator

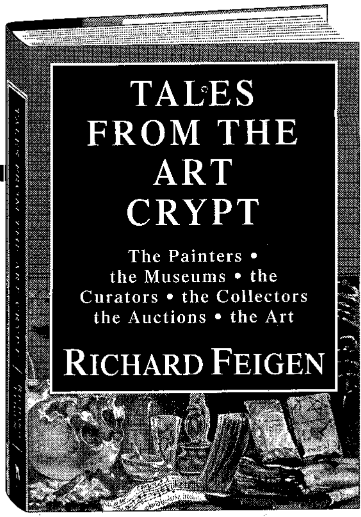
Begin planning your future today with one of the most comprehensive online retirement resources available.

ENVISION YOUR RETIREMENT • PLAN YOUR INCOME • PROTECT YOUR ASSETS • SIMPLIFY YOUR INVESTING

Fidelity Investments®

107638

Fidelity Brokerage Services, Inc. Member NYSE, SIPC


TALES FROM THE ART CRYPT
The Painters • the Museums • the Curators • the Collectors the Auctions • the Art
RICHARD FEIGEN

From one of today's most influential art collectors and dealers

"AN ART WORLD PAGE-TURNER"
—Chicago Sun-Times

"Both involving and revealing"
—New York Times Book Review

Hailed by TOM WOLFE
"Freud said, 'Your grand ideals? Your great theories? Your exquisite taste? Those are your parlor furniture. Come with me... I'm going to take you down to the cellar and show you how the house really works.' Richard Feigen's true-life tales take us on that same fascinating tour through the art world."

"This frank, detailed account by a mover & shaker in today's art market is sure to be discussed over many a downtown dinner."
—Publishers Weekly

Knopf

CONTRIBUTORS

Jon Lee Anderson ("Oil and Blood," p. 46) is the author of "Guerrillas" and "Che Guevara: A Revolutionary Life."

Tim O'Brien (Fiction, p. 72) has published seven works of fiction, including "The Things They Carried" and "Tomcat in Love."

Rebecca Mead ("The Yoga Bums," p. 38) has been a staff writer since 1997.

Adam Liptak (The Talk of the Town, p. 27) is a lawyer at the *Times.*

William Steig (Cover) published his first cover in May, 1932, and has contributed more than a hundred since then. His latest book is "Made for Each Other."

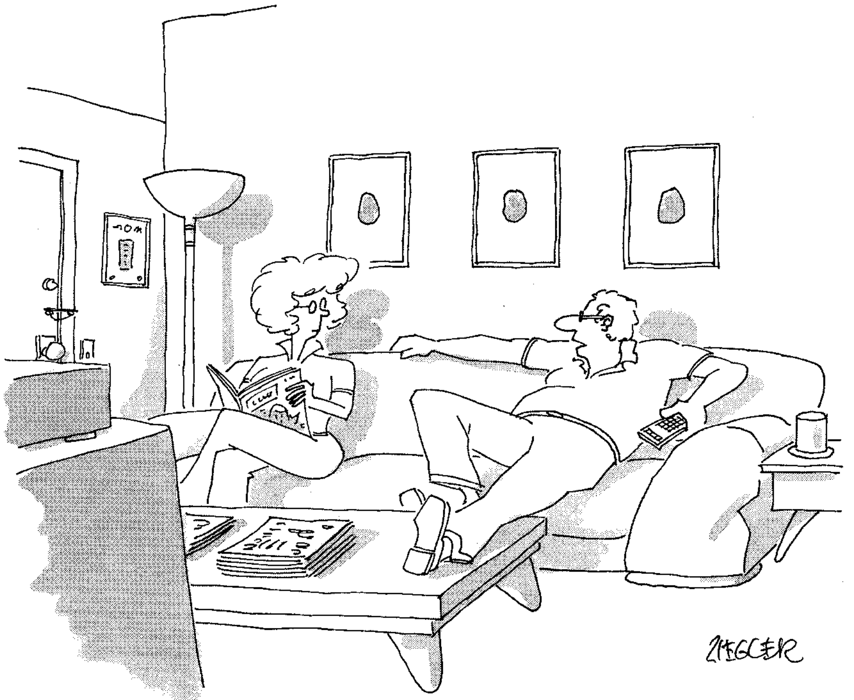
Jane Mayer ("Bad News," p. 30) is a staff writer and the co-author of two books: "Strange Justice" and "Landslide."

Joe Klein (Comment, p. 25) is the magazine's Washington correspondent. His most recent novel is "The Running Mate."

Zev Borow (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 37) is a contributing editor at *Spin.*

Dana Lixenberg (Showcase, p. 86) will exhibit a selection of her photographs at the Kunsthal museum in Rotterdam in January, 2001.

Barry Blitt (The Back Page, p. 90) is an artist and illustrator whose work has appeared in the magazine since 1992. ♦



"In the interest of fairness to the Democrats, I'm not going to waste my time on their convention, either."

THE NEW YORKER, 4 Times Square, N. Y., N.Y. 10036. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; David L. Kahn, associate publisher; Matthew Roberts, associate publisher, marketing; Marie Wolpert, advertising manager; Joyce Castleberry, New York manager; Ronda Carnegie, sales development director; Peter Zuckerman, national sales manager, Susan Harrington, director of creative services; James Oates, director of marketing and planning; Theresa Gaffney, director of promotion; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director. For advertising inquiries, please call David L. Kahn at (212) 286-5611. The New Yorker is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 2000 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.F.O.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447, telephone (800) 825-2510, E-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. To purchase a back issue telephone (800) 753-7276. Outside North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447.

THE MAIL

THE PAPER TRAIL

Being a librarian, I was somewhat frustrated by Nicholson Baker's article on archiving old newspapers ("Deadline," July 24th). Although newsprint not handled or exposed to light may stay in good shape for years, what would be gained by collecting papers but not allowing the public access to them? Microfilm, however imperfect, is much more durable than newsprint, and less prone to damage from the public and the environment. That said, Baker is correct that the issue comes down to money. Money for space and money for preservation and conservation. Until libraries receive more tax dollars, they will continue to provide what services they can given the budgets they are forced to work with. And when we do spend great amounts of money to acquire, the responsibility to preserve is inherent in possession.
Constance A. Holberg
Watertown, N.Y.

Unlike many of my colleagues on the Council of the American Library Association, I believe that Nicholson Baker makes a very important—albeit professionally unwelcome—point in arguing that technology-led developments in librarianship and curatorship, such as microfilming, can often lead to irreversible errors in which elements of the historical record are effaced, destroyed, rendered unusable or unreproducible, etc. However, Baker's account of the fate of old newspapers is not only an object lesson but also a premonition of the even more serious consequences of the current Web mania, which is leading to the replacement of entire collections of all kinds of paper documents with virtual analogues. The library world needs critics and activists like Baker to counter its overweening concern for the bottom line, for appearing to be technologically with it, and for demonstrating a savvy ability to accommodate political and economic expediency.
Mark C. Rosenzweig
New York City

I thank Nicholson Baker for his splendid article. Microfilm is the bane of the scholar's existence, and dismally far from a replacement of the real thing. Bound volumes of newspapers convey the feeling, force, and flavor of the past in a way that microfilm can never do. More power to Baker in his crusade to rescue the raw material for our nation's history.
Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.
New York City

AFTER THE ADOPTION

Twenty-five years ago, my husband and I adopted a baby girl from Korea. Had I viewed a tape of our daughter-to-be, like the ones that Dr. Jane Aronson evaluates ("The Orphan Ranger," by Melissa Fay Greene, July 17th), I might have had second thoughts: she arrived in fetal position, pulling the hair from her head, painfully thin, and with staph sores all over her body. We were later told that she also showed signs of early institutionalized autism. Yet today, after many years of agony, and some periods of ecstasy, our daughter is the child every parent dreams of. What a loss it would have been if we had been scared off by her early behavior or by a videotape.
Maxine B. Rosenberg
New York City

As the Caucasian mother of a Chinese girl, I appreciated the balance of "The Orphan Ranger." But, in the last sentence, Dr. Aronson speaks of saving the children's lives. The many adoptive families I know were driven not by an altruistic urge but by a selfish desire to create a family. And, by becoming part of loving families, the children have given us as much as we have given them.
Barbara C. Boches
Winchester, Mass.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

MAKING CHOICES

The Dream of Utopia/
Utopia of the Dream

One of twenty-four new exhibitions of modern art from 1920 to 1960, now on view.

MoMA
The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 Street, NY
(212)708-9400
www.moma.org Closed Wed.

Salvador Dalí. *Retrospective Bust of a Woman*. 1933; some elements reconstructed 1970. Painted porcelain and mixed media. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest and gift of Philip Johnson (both by exchange). © 2000 Foundation Gala-Salvador Dalí/ARS, N.Y.

Made possible by The Starr Foundation. Generous support is provided by Agnes Gund and Daniel Shapiro in memory of Louise Reinhardt Smith. Additional support provided by the Contemporary Exhibition Fund of The Museum of Modern Art, National Endowment for the Arts, Jerry I. Speyer and Katherine G. Farley, Mrs. Melville Wakeman Hall, and The Contemporary Arts Council and The Junior Associates of The Museum of Modern Art. Education programs accompanying *MoMA2000* are made possible by Paribas. Interactive environment supported by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund.

Antarctica

EX-PE-DI-TION (ek'spi dish'ən)
n. 1a. A journey undertaken by an organized group of people with a definite objective.

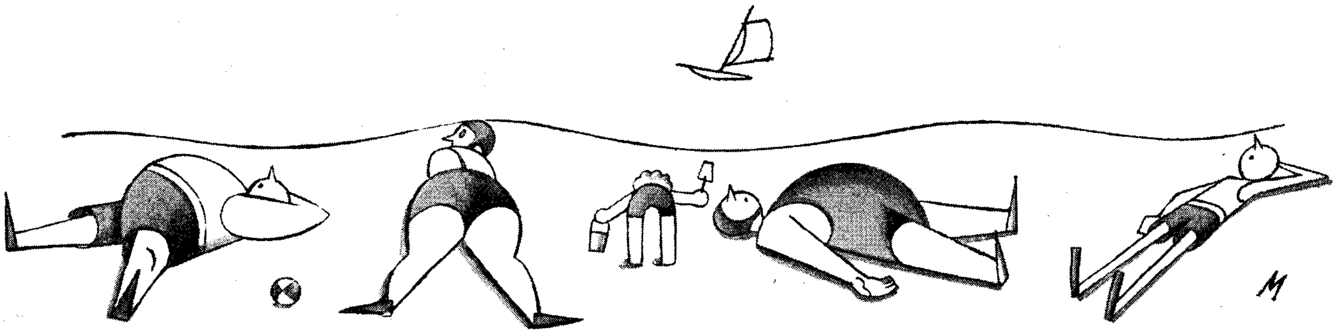
Explore the world with the family that pioneered expedition travel.

Lindblad Expeditions

FOR INFORMATION ON ANTARCTICA
AND OUR OTHER WORLDWIDE EXPEDITIONS,
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR CALL:

1-800-EXPEDITION
(800-397-3348)
WWW.EXPEDITIONS.COM
REFER TO: 3NY-AN010

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

BLUEPRINT SERIES
The Ontological Theatre's annual festival for emerging directors, presenting works staged by Jyana S. Gregory, Tony Torn, and the team of Ryan Brown, Franklin Laviola, and Brian Walsh. Opens Aug. 9 at 8 and runs through Aug. 20. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650.)

JULIUS CAESAR
Barry Edelstein directs a cast led by David McCallum, Jeffrey Wright, Jamey Sheridan, and Dennis Boutsikaris in the New York Shakespeare Festival's second outdoor production of the season. In previews. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 539-8750.)

DER YIDDISHER PINAFORE
An adaptation by the Gilbert and Sullivan Yiddish Light Opera Company. Aug. 12 at 8:30 and Aug. 13 at 2 and 7. Through Aug. 27. (Theatre at the New 14th Street Y, 344 E. 14th St. 206-1515.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AIDA
Disney's new musical—five years in the making and a product of Pharaonic expense—is, if not perfect, a lively, polished entertainment with bursts of joyful flamboyance worthy of its composer, Elton John. The two female leads—Heather Headley, as Aida, and Sherie René Scott, as Amneris—shine in their different ways, and Bob Crowley's brilliant sets give the show both visual dazzle and emotional resonance. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/10/00.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.)

AVOW
A progressive priest refuses to preside over the wedding of two gay men, in a new drama by Bill C. Davis ("Mass Appeal"). (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

BAAL
The Bat Theatre Company's version of Brecht's first play. (The Flea, 41 White St., between Broadway and Church St. 226-2407.)

CAPITOL STEPS
The musical-theatre troupe's latest political satire, "It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings." (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			9	10	11	12
13	14	15				

CONTACT
The director and choreographer Susan Stroman's dance play, a triptych of simple stories about the various forms of human connection and the atmosphere of longing, is a big-hearted, witty crowd-pleaser. (10/18 & 10/25/99) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

COPENHAGEN
Michael Frayn's play speculates on the controversial 1941 reunion of the two giants of quantum mechanics—the physicists Niels Bohr (Philip Bosco) and Werner Heisenberg (Michael Cumpsty). It is so meticulous, so admirable, and so grave that you want to tousle its well-kempt appearance and tell it to lighten up. Nevertheless, the director, Michael Blakemore, manages to make dynamic and suggestive an evening that consists of three actors (Blair Brown plays Margrethe Bohr) and three chairs. (4/24 & 5/1/00) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE CRUMPLE ZONE
A dark comedy by Buddy Thomas, set during a Christmas gathering of five gay men. (Rattlestick Theatre, 224 Waverly Pl. 206-1515. Closes Aug. 27.)

DIRTY BLONDE
Mae West's flirty and dirty persona is the subject of a cunningly written, raffish evening conceived by the writer-actress Claudia Shear and the director James Lapine. Mae's story is recounted with brio by two fans—Jo (Shear, who doubles winningly as Mae) and Charlie (Tom Riis Farrell).The success of the play rests not on the louche facts of West's life but on the intersection of her story with the sweetness of the evolving relationship between the two lost souls who narrate it. (2/7/00) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

GODSPELL
An updated version of the 1971 rock musical, with music and new lyrics by Stephen Schwartz. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 239-6200.)

HIGH INFIDELITY
In John Dooley's comedy, John Davidson and Morgan Fairchild star as a Presidential candidate and his wife, who are forced to participate in marriage counselling by their political party. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

HIP-HOP THEATRE FESTIVAL
Two one-woman shows: "Surface Transit," by Sarah Jones, who portrays eight urban characters, and "Sistah Supreme," an autobiographical piece by Liza Colón-Zayas. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Closes Aug. 26.)

THE JERUSALEM SYNDROME
There's no hell like being a seer in modern times, but it's a burden that the mystically neurotic, hyperintelligent comic Marc Maron gladly bears in order to make us laugh. He's fully aware of all the dubious idols that have replaced God in our culture, and he pulls no punches in pointing them out. In his one-man show, a heartbreakingly funny, faux-naïf travelogue, he leads the audience into purgatory and back, as he tries to find some kind of spiritual resonance in Hollywood fame, cigarettes, the Wiz, Coke (and coke), and, finally, Israel, where, he claims, he just wasn't "Jewy" enough to achieve the transcendence the land offers to the less materialistic. (On a plane headed for the Holy Land, he informs a rabbi that he's brought along a Sony camcorder to document his inevitable transformation. The rabbi's response? "I could have gotten you a better deal.") Maron may not be the Messiah, but he's definitely the guy to tell you where you won't find Him. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391. Closes Aug. 26.)

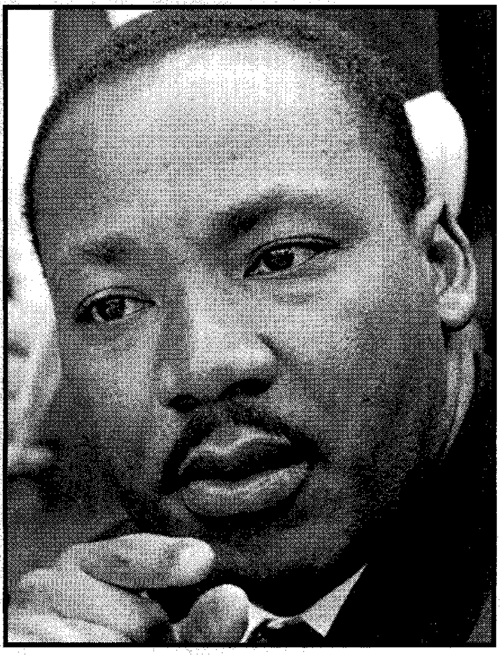
JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
This misguided Broadway revival of Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's 1971 musical version of the Saviour's last days on earth starts out by asking the tantalizing question "What's the buzz?" but never delivers a theatrically satisfying answer. Still, with its archaic whiff of right-wing outrage and its singable seventies-rock score, it's fun for nostalgia's sake. (Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. Closes Sept. 3.)

JESUS HOPPED THE A TRAIN
A man is imprisoned for murdering a cult leader, in a comedy-drama by Stephen Adly Guirgis. Philip Seymour Hoffman, recently seen in "True West," is the director. (Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. 929-2228. Closes Aug. 12.)

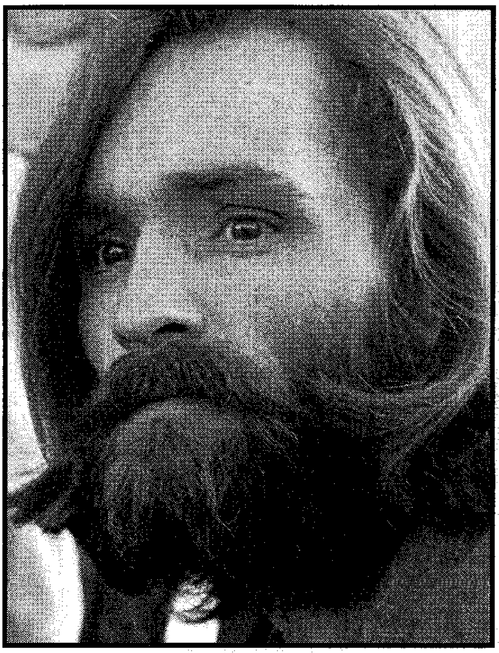
JITNEY
August Wilson's play is set in a car-service station in 1977, in a part of Pittsburgh which is being demolished faster than it's being renovated. In this atmosphere of decay, Wilson's characters struggle with themselves and with each other to find some hope, and some peace, amidst the rubble. The cast of nine wonderful actors hit perfect notes of collision and cohesion, and turn what might otherwise be a draggy experience (the play runs to nearly three hours) into a riveting and moving one. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

JOE FEARLESS (A FAN DANCE)
A great and irresistible idea—above-the-rim basketball choreographed for the stage—attached to a goofy melodrama, in which the title character loses his job, wife, kids, and even his TV as a result of his fanatical devotion to his team. The basket-

THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS 75 TIMES MORE LIKELY TO BE STOPPED BY THE POLICE WHILE DRIVING THAN THE MAN ON THE RIGHT.



Bettmann/CORBIS



It happens every day on America's highways. Police stop drivers based on their skin color rather than for the way they are driving. For example, in Florida 80% of those stopped and searched were black and Hispanic, while they constituted only 5% of all drivers. These humiliating and illegal searches are violations of the Constitution and must be fought. Help us defend your rights. Support the ACLU.

american civil liberties union

125 Broad Street, 18th Floor, NY, NY 10004 www.aclu.org

ball overshadows the drama, which takes place smack in the middle of the games (literally: the alley-oop passes sail right over the TV-room couch). But the athlete-actors pull off Globetrotter high jinks right on cue, the cheerleaders dance with exaggerated licentiousness, and the accompanying jock interviews and talk-radio postmortems are both on target and hilariously over the top. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

THE LARAMIE PROJECT
A drama about the murder of gay-hate victim Matthew Shepard, written and directed by Moisés Kaufman. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
The Roundabout's revival of Kaufman and Hart's evergreen 1939 satire of Hollywood and New York literary society is pure gold. Nathan Lane is back onstage where he belongs, playing Sheridan Whiteside, a noxiously pompous critic and radio personality who commandeers the bewildered family and staff of a staid Ohio household—where he slipped on ice at a dinner in his honor and ended up in a wheelchair. Lane is hilarious as he spins around the stage, dressed in an elegant smoking jacket and barking orders and insults between puffs of cigarette and international phone calls. The play itself is a model of comic construction and is chock-full of vintage stage business, which the excellent cast executes with gleeful nineteen-forties snap. Jean Smart, Byron Jennings, and Lewis J. Stadlen, as three famous personalities who pop in for a visit, are all brilliant. With terrific sets and costumes by Tony Walton and William Ivey Long, respectively. Jerry Zaks is the director. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300.)

THE MUSIC MAN
A delightful revival of Meredith Willson's 1957 musical, directed by Susan Stroman and starring Craig Bierko, who is making his Broadway début in the role of Professor Harold Hill. The show hits us with the simplicity and seamlessness of a perfect fairy tale, and it puts music in its proper place—right up there with all the other miracles of life. (5/22/00) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

NEIL SIMON'S HOTEL SUITE
The setups for these reheated fragments from Simon's "Suite" plays have the feel of stale seventies sitcoms, but they rate high on the middle-aged crowd's Laff-O-Meter and capture, however unwittingly, the innocence and humor of decades past. The cast (Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, Ron Orbach, Charlie McWade, and Amanda Serkasevich) all shine in their own ways. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100. Closes Sept. 3.)

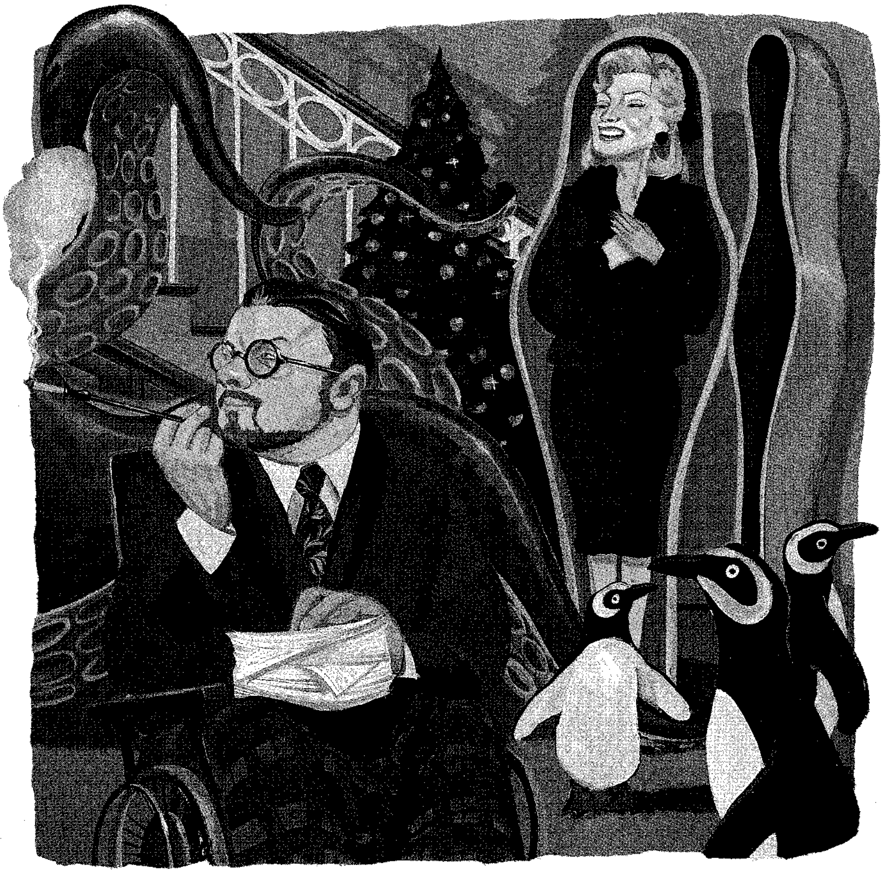
NEVER SWIM ALONE
In Daniel MacIvor's tersely orchestrated dark comedy, two pinstripe-wearing, briefcase-carrying, cliché-blaring businessmen who've been friends and playmates since boyhood face off as adults for twelve rounds of friendly male competition (who's taller, better at his job, better endowed, etc.). The boasts and thinly veiled insults become increasingly vicious and destructive with each round, knowingly refereed by a woman who turns out to be an early casualty of their lifelong contest, a ghost from their past. The play lacks essential narrative drama, but it's a surprisingly powerful examination of the dangers of male rivalry, and the three very good young actors (Douglas Dickerman, John Maria, and Susan O'Connor) give it a beguiling richness. (Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.)

THE REAL THING
Revived here with an excellent cast (especially Stephen Dillane) and subtle direction by David Leveaux, Tom Stoppard's 1984 drama remains the wittiest, sharpest look at that twisted thing called love to come around in decades. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 13.)

RIVERDANCE
The Irish troupe of dancers, singers, and musicians. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER
John Travolta is not easy to replace, nor are the ashes of disco fever likely to reignite, as this show, based on the 1977 movie, demonstrates. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

SPINNING INTO BUTTER
Rebecca Gilman's surprising, well-crafted play about a racist incident at a mostly white Vermont liberal-arts college, where, as one character puts it, "not being racist means you got along really well with your nanny." When someone pins a hate letter on the door of one of the school's only black students, the administration stumbles around in a comically paranoid, disturbing stupor, trying to keep the public-relations lid on and obliviously applying righteous public-forum Band-Aids to a gaping social wound. The drama is subtle yet more powerful than it seems at first: the audience never meets the wronged black student, and the only honest feelings about racial divisiveness are expressed out of range of the censoring ear of inept authority. Hope Davis, who delivers a genuinely troubled monologue as a dean of students, leads the fine cast. Daniel Sullivan is the director. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)



Nathan Lane and Jean Smart, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner."

ZOHAR LAZAR

SWING!
No plot, just a hot band, Olympic-class dancers, and major panties—this show, a tribute to swing and its dance counterpart, the Lindy (mother of the jitterbug), lives up to its name. Directed and choreographed by Lynne Taylor-Corbett. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

TABLETOP
The Working Theatre presents a new play by Rob Ackerman, set on a single day at a high-stress television-commercial-production company. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Closes Aug. 13.)

LONG RUNS

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN
Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.

CABARET
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.

CHICAGO
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

THE COUNTESS
Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.

DINNER WITH FRIENDS
Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave., at 14th St. 239-6200.

THE FANTASTICKS
Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY
Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200.

FOSSE
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

FULLY COMMITTED
Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

JEKYLL & HYDE
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

KISS ME, KATE
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.

LES MISÉRABLES
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.

MISS SAIGON
Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.

OVER THE RIVER AND THROUGH THE WOODS
John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.

PERFECT CRIME
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.

STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477.

TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING
St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

DANCE

ELIOT FELD'S BALLET TECH
Aug. 7, Aug. 9, and Aug. 11 at 8: "Contra Pose," "Ion," "Yo Shakespeare," and "Doo Dah Day." ♦ Aug. 8, Aug. 10, and Aug. 12 at 8: "Skara Brae," "Circa," and "Paper Tiger." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS FESTIVAL
This month's free alfresco performance festival includes generous helpings of dance. Aug. 11-12 at 8: Paul Taylor Dance Company. (Damrosch Park.) ♦ Aug. 15 at 10:30 A.M.: Estampas y Tradiciones. (Robertson Plaza.) ♦ Aug. 15 at 8: Donald Byrd/The Group. (Damrosch Park.) (For the complete festival schedule, call 875-5108.Through Aug. 27.)

O VERTIGO DANSE / GINA GIBNEY DANCE
Two companies, from Montreal and Brooklyn, respectively, split a bill. The Canadian troupe premières "La Vie Qui Bat," and the local company presents "Objects No Longer Present." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 11 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

HOPE CLARK / SARAH EAST JOHNSON
Two powerful performers and choreographers première works commissioned by Celebrate Brooklyn! Clark presents "Raw; Seeds; Need," and Johnson and her all-woman troupe specializing in circus skills offer "Timberline." (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. No tickets necessary. Aug. 12 at 8.)

NOCHE FLAMENCA
The eleven-member company, under the direction of Martin Santangelo, offers a new work ("La Plaza," in which competing flamenco stylists meet and trade steps at a marketplace) in addition to its satisfying repertory of traditional forms: the *alegrías, farrucas,* and, best of all, the *soleá,* performed by Soledad Barrio, who can transform the most demanding passages of percussive footwork into reflective turns of great sadness and introspection. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. 279-4200. Aug. 8-11 at 8, Aug. 12 at 3 and 8, and Aug. 13 at 5.)

"SUMMER FEVER"
The choreographer Daniel Gwirtzman and his fourteen-member company present twelve works, including six premières (two of them odes to the disco era), in seventy-five minutes. (The Flea, 41 White St. 226-2407. Aug. 9-13 at 8. Through Aug. 19.)

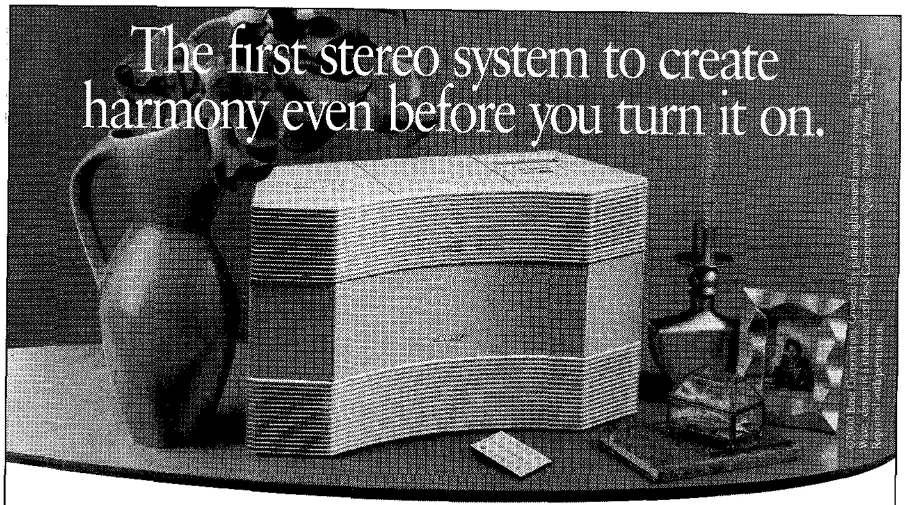
OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL
Aug. 9-11 at 8, Aug. 12 at 2 and 8, and Aug. 13 at 2: Company Jant-Bi. ♦ Aug. 10-11 at 8:15 and Aug. 12-13 at 5: Rennie Harris Puremovement. (Becket, Mass. For information about tickets, call 413-243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

DURAN DURAN
The aging icons of eighties pretty-boy rock return to support their aptly named new CD, "Pop Trash." Having settled into a lean threesome—the current lineup features singer Simon Le Bon, keyboardist Nick Rhodes, and Brooklyn-born guitarist Warren Cuccurullo—Duran Duran continues to make unapologetically New Wave records that keep the hair-gel industry in business. (Jones Beach Theatre. 516-221-1000. Aug. 9 at 8.)

NORA YORK
The vocalist York has made her mark with clever covers of iconic pop, jazz, and gospel standards, but her affecting originals are what truly expose her extravagant talent. With Steve Ross. A part of the Lincoln Center Out-Of-Doors Festival. (North Plaza. For more information, call 875-5108. Aug. 11 at 6.)


The first stereo system to create harmony even before you turn it on.

The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system gives you sharp, clear stereo sound. Yet the one-piece unit, which is available in platinum white or graphite gray, is unobtrusive, simple to use, and small enough to fit almost anywhere. The system includes our patented acoustic waveguide technology, an AM/FM tuner, built-in speakers, a compact disc player, and a handy remote control. It's available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. So call or return this coupon for your free information kit. See why the *Chicago Tribune* calls the system "...the least intimidating quality sound system ever developed." And surround yourself with music, not equipment.

Call today. 1-800-898-2673, ext. G4968.
For information on all our products: **www.bose.com/g4968**

Mr./Mrs./Ms.
Name (Please Print) ( ) Daytime Telephone
Address ( ) Evening Telephone
City State Zip

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-G4968, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

THIS WEEK IN

1904

CONSTRUCTION BEGINS ON GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

1966

THE MONKEES RELEASE "LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE".

© 2000 AETN

THE HISTORY CHANNEL.
WHERE THE PAST COMES ALIVE.

BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO / THE PERSUASIONS
Watch out for stroller gridlock at this inspired double bill. Stanley (Buckwheat) Dural, Jr., one of zydeco music's leading ambassadors, performs songs from his latest album of children's songs, "Choo Choo Boogaloo." / The Persuasions offer songs from their album for the younger set, "On the Good Ship Lollipop." (Prospect Park Bandshell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. For more information, call 718-855-7882, ext. 45. Aug. 11 at 7:30.)

"WARM UP 2000"
The annual summer concert series at P.S. 1 features Antibalas, a fourteen-piece multiracial Afro-beat ensemble from Williamsburg, Brooklyn, which takes its musical and political inspiration from Fela Anikulapo-Kuti. Its shows are a thunderous mass of rhythms, horns, and bass. With the exhilarating vocalist Wunmi, an alumna of the Soul II Soul collective, and others. (22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City. 718-784-2084. Aug. 12 at 3.)

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS / STONE TEMPLE PILOTS / FISHBONE
A triple bill of funk, grunge, and mayhem. The Peppers, burnished by years of touring, are a supple live act fully capable of crushing the younger aggro-rock competition. / Having survived rehab and an abortive solo career, Scott Weiland leads the Stone Temple Pilots in a set of Pearl Jam-style anthems that also demonstrate a penchant for the excesses of art rock. / Fishbone still specializes in a hardcore- and ska-driven vaudeville that can be as inspiring as it is exhausting. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 12-13 at 7.)

FEMI KUTI
Femi Kuti, the son of Afro-beat innovator Fela Anikulapo-Kuti, brings his sixteen-piece band, Positive Force, to town. The younger Kuti, who recently released the acclaimed "Shoki Shoki," possesses his late father's musical talents, but he demonstrates much more restraint, writing superfunky songs that are shorter and more concentrated than his father's marathon jams. The restraint extends beyond music: while Fela had twenty-seven wives, Femi has only one. (Central Park SummerStage, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For more information, call 360-2777. Aug. 13 at 3.)

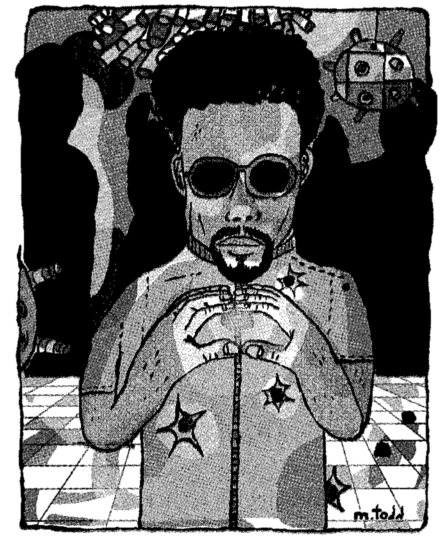
DAVE DOUGLAS SEXTET
Douglas's sextet is not the most daring of his many eclectic projects. The trumpeter's recent album, "Soul on Soul," with its respectful reworkings of Mary Lou Williams's compositions, displays a strong traditionalist streak that reminds us of Douglas's roots as a young bebop virtuoso. But almost everything that this bandleader presents is a vividly reimagined vision of what contemporary jazz can be. A part of the Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors Festival. (North Plaza. For more information, call 875-5108. Aug. 15 at 6:30.)

RONI SIZE AND REPRAZENT
In what promises to be one of the highlights of the SummerStage season, the seminal Bristol jungle producer and disk jockey Size unleashes his ensemble Reprazent. As the beats per minute rise, expect Size to present songs from his forthcoming album, which features contributions from the human beat box Rahzel, Wu-Tang rapper Method Man, and Rage Against the Machine's Zack De La Rocha. With Anoushka Shankar. (Central Park SummerStage. Aug. 15 at 3.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
243 W. 42nd St. (269-4849)—Aug. 13: **Nathan and the Zydeco Cha-Chas.** The accordionist Nathan Williams named his group for a song by the late zydeco monarch Clifton Chenier, but Williams is no nostalgic traditionalist. His band mixes R. & B. influences into its musical stew (they once recorded a French version of Stevie Wonder's "Isn't She Lovely"), and the result is some of the best dance music around. Aug. 14-15: A night of reggae with the British-born Rastafarian **Maxi Priest** and **Toots and the Maytals,** who gave us the hits "Funky Kingston" and "Pressure Drop."



British d.j. Roni Size and Reprazent, at Central Park SummerStage.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Aug. 10: Brooklyn-born old-time folk hero **Ramblin' Jack Elliott,** who's the subject of a new documentary directed by his daughter, returns to New York City. Ditching the Borough of Kings as a teen, he hit the road to ride with the likes of Jack Kerouac, Woody Guthrie (Elliott's first hero and musical mentor), and Bob Dylan (his earliest protégé). It has been said that Elliott can leave his guitar at home and still satisfy. His inexhaustible storytelling makes him one of American's few renewable resources.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Aug. 11: The **Eels.** Led by Mark Oliver Everett (who calls himself E), the Eels have managed over the course of three astounding DreamWorks albums—"Beautiful Freak" (1996), "Electro-Shock Blues" (1998), and the just-released "Daisies of the Galaxy"—to create that rarest of things in contemporary pop: a unique sound. Everett, a cheerily demented depressive who favors titles like "Novocaine for the Soul" and who constructs tunes around shaggy bass lines and toy-piano frippery, offers a glimpse at what Brian Wilson might have been doing had he been born in the seventies. With the possible exception of Beck's, Everett's is the most creative rock vision currently being supported by a major label.

GALAPAGOS
70 North 6th St., Williamsburg (718-782-5188)—Aug. 11: **Saint Low,** the band formed by former Madder Rose vocalist Mary Lorson, produces enchanting and dark songs that linger in your mind the same way the smoke of an extinguished candle hangs in the room. For this you have to thank Lorson's supple voice and her imaginative songwriting skills. The band performs tonight in celebration of its self-titled début album.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Aug. 9: As one of the more interesting figures on rock and roll's periphery, **Todd Rundgren** can be a wildly talented multi-instrumentalist, a techno wiz (he was an early Internet pioneer), and a straight-faced ballad singer with a choirboy's tenor. He can also be excruciatingly self-indulgent. His latest CD, "One Long Year," begins with a track called "I Hate My Frickin' ISP"; it also features a song called "Bang on the Ukulele Daily," which is an odd Hawaiian version of his eighties hit "Bang the Drum All Day." Aug. 11: The **Dixie Dregs.** The Southern-fried fusion group, led by guitarist Steve Morse, provides an evening of fret-board histrionics. Aug. 14: Rap *en español* with Mexico's **Molotov.**

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Aug. 10-11: **godspeed you black emperor!** This nine-member collective from Montreal uses guitars, violins, field recordings, drums, cellos, and grainy sixteen-millimeter footage to create kaleidoscopes of sound and image full of an almost religious fervor. Steadfastly independent, godspeed has built a grassroots following that's grown far beyond their informal beginnings playing underground parties. See them now, while they're still performing in relatively intimate settings. Aug. 12-13: Former Throwing Muses vocalist **Kristin Hersh** works out her new material.

MAXWELL'S
1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-0406)—Aug. 11: Formed in New York City in 1974 and disbanded in 1978, the **Dictators** may not have their own special vitrine in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, but they are nonetheless one of the cornerstones of American punk. Led by the rock-fanzine editor Andy (Adny) Shernoff and wrestler turned rocker Handsome Dick Manitoba (founding member and outlaw rock critic Richard Meltzer is sitting this one out), the group offers thrashing, humorous music played at high volume—and with high spirits.

WETLANDS
161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Aug. 10: Greyboy Allstars keyboardist **Robert Walters** stops by with his new band, 20th Congress.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Aug. 12: Singer **Daryl Sherman** and pianist **Dave McKenna** make beautiful music together; their recent recording, "Jubilee," pays tribute to Fred Astaire, Hoagy Carmichael, Noel Coward, and Duke Ellington (all born in 1899). Sherman takes her time with a lyric and manages to find contemporary resonance in everything from "Flying Down to Rio" to the stunning Ellington obscurity "It's Kind of Lonesome Tonight." McKenna, on the other hand, is the ultimate musician's musician, revered as an impeccable technician whose left hand is a world-class rhythm section in itself. Dining.

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Aug. 10-12: **Jimmy Scott.** Yet another major exception to F. Scott Fitzgerald's dictum about there being no second acts in American life. Scott, the jazz-pop singer with the androgynous voice, finds himself in the midst of autumnal fame, forty or so years after he first made waves. Few vocalists dare to luxuriate in the glacial tempos that Scott sets; fewer can cast his captivating spell. Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Aug. 13: The **Ron Carter** quintet, featuring **Houston Person,** and the **Steve Turre** quartet. The blues-drenched tenor saxophonist Person and bassist Carter have been making beautiful music together—on and off—for years now. / Whether making his trombone jump through hoops or extracting melodies from his arsenal of tuned conch shells, Turre is a lusty improviser who's been a welcome presence on the bandstand since his days with Rahsaan Roland Kirk in the mid-seventies. With guest bassist **Buster Williams.**

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Bemelmans Bar, **Peter Mintun** is in attendance through Oct. 14.

FEINSTEIN'S AT THE REGENCY
540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4095)—Through Sept. 9: **Marc Salem's "Mind Games and All That Jazz."** Salem, a former New York University professor and a onetime researcher for "Sesame Street," moves his mind-reading act, which had a successful off-Broadway run a few years back, to this intimate cabaret space, adding an all-female trio to the show.

FIREBIRD CAFÉ
365 W. 46th St. (586-0244)—Through Aug. 18: **Billy Stritch.** This tuneful Texan captured atten-

MARK TODD

tion in the early eighties as the bottom third of the vocal trio Montgomery, Plant, and Stritch. The group broke up in 1990, but Stritch persevered as an unusually adroit singing pianist and an arranger (most spectacularly for Liza Minnelli).

IRIDIUM
48 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through Aug. 13: **Randy Weston's African Rhythms.** Pianist Weston has steeped himself in the music of North Africa, but there's still plenty of Brooklyn bop left in his piano. Combining the jagged pith of Thelonious Monk, the fragrant harmony of Duke Ellington, and the nasty rhythm of Bud Powell, he has a musical personality as urban as the M.T.A. His African leanings come out in the expansiveness and deep, soulful groove that permeate the proceedings. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Through Aug. 13: Hard bop still holds a lot of fascination for young jazz players, six of whom have united to form the coöperative unit **One for All.** Among the band's outstanding stylists are tenor saxophonist **Eric Alexander** and trombonist **Steve Davis.** Dining.

ONLY CONNECT

MOCK THE VOTE
The much discussed charisma shortage in this year's Presidential race has forced politically minded citizens to sponsor less conventional, more captivating candidates. Nowhere is that spirit more evident than on-line, where Web sites are cropping up in support of everyone from Harrison Ford (the actor) to Barbie (the doll). Before you throw your vote away, be sure to investigate the Web's other unorthodox campaigns.

If the Microsoft antitrust judgment strikes you as an ad-hominem attack against its chairman, you may want to bookmark **Bill Gates for President** (www.billgates2000.net). The design is slick and professional, with an opening animation that mockingly parades the names of other candidates across the screen ("Forbes? Bradley? Keyes?"). Since "the Atomic race is over and the Technical information race is on," the site argues, Gates should make a bid for the White House. And just think of how many votes he could buy.

The little-known Constitutional requirement that Presidential candidates be alive hasn't deterred the creators of **Mark Twain for President** (www.twain2000.com), who have stitched together a tissue of excerpts from Twain's essays and novels to simulate a platform for America's greatest humorist. At first the idea seems about as promising as a Dukakis candidacy, but Twain is unfailingly sensible, whether he's holding forth on family values ("Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example") or the economy ("The lack of money is the root of all evil"). The site even lets Twain backers send free digital postcards to announce their allegiance.

If neither of these two options seems revolutionary enough, head over to **Admiral Ackbar for President** (www.ackbar.f9.co.uk), which argues that the nation's highest office should be held by a fish-headed "Star Wars" bit player. Evidently, Ackbar is not the only "Star Wars" character with Presidential mettle—sites elsewhere on the Web nominate Darth Vader and Emperor Palpatine—but he is, flippers down, the best bet for world peace. "Think of the rewards and opportunities that would arise for planet Earth if we had an oceanic bug-eyed clown ruling over us," the site notes. "All that xenophobia that seems inbred in we humans would be channelled into the ridiculing of the dome-headed buffoon that would be leading our planet."

—Ben Greenman

BORDERS Words on Music

Mike Lee, Borders' Classical Music Expert, says
"After their Grammy win for 1999's *Colors of Love*, Chanticleer returns with *Magnificat*, a beautiful collection of early a capella songs dedicated to Mary, Mother of God. Give a listen to this recording, featuring works by such luminaries as Josquin Desprez and Claudio Monteverdi, and discover why the world loves this 'orchestra of voices.'"

CHANTICLEER
MAGNIFICAT
A CAPPELLA WORKS
BY JOSQUIN, PALESTRINA, TITOV, VICTORIA AND OTHERS

TELDEC

Featuring
a capella works by Josquin, Palestrina, Taverner,
Titov, Monteverdi, Cornysh and others.

BORDERS®

THIS WEEK IN

1892

LIZZIE BORDEN IS ARRESTED FOR MURDERING HER PARENTS.

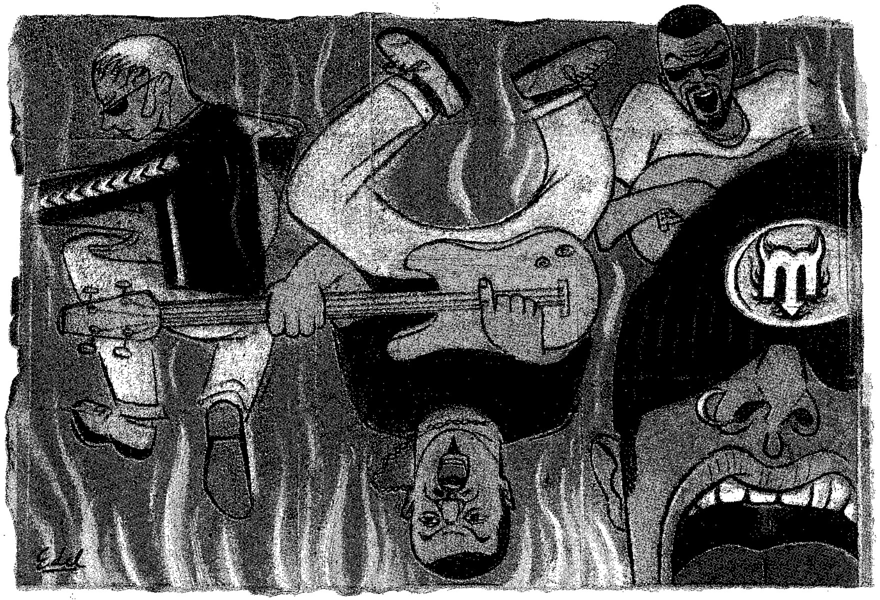
1924

COMIC STRIP "LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE" DEBUTS.

THE HISTORY CHANNEL.
WHERE THE PAST COMES ALIVE.

© 2000 AETN

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Aug. 13: **New Directions,** with alto saxophonist **Greg Osby,** pianist **Jason Moran,** bassist **Tarus Mateen,** drummer **Nasheet Waits,** and tenor saxophonist **Mark Shim.** Osby is the mainstream bandleader with the most imaginative ways of circumventing the tyrannies of tradition while simultaneously honoring its riches. Moran, Mateen, and Waits, who operate as a working trio on their own time, are fashioning new conceptions for rhythm sections as well. **The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.



Molotov cocktail: the rocking, rap-happy Mexican quartet plays Irving Plaza.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Unlike his peers Boucher and Fragonard, Jean-Siméon Chardin devoted himself to simple still-lifes and domestic scenes, creamy works of such beauty that the philosopher Diderot was moved to write, "The magic is incomprehensible." The painter captures his human subjects in moments of quiet reverie, and the show, the first such retrospective to hit New York, casts a similar spell. The still-lifes contain a surprising amount of dead game (after all, the French for "still-life" is "*nature morte*"), and the most influential example, surely, is "The Ray." The gutted fish with the ghoulish grin inspired copies by Van Gogh and Cézanne; Soutine's variation on the theme is on view downstairs in the "Painters in Paris" show. But this early work, which earned the young artist membership in the prestigious Académie Royale, is a rare example of Chardin as showoff. On the whole, his work is marked by a grace and dignity that reveal the miraculous in the everyday. Through Sept. 3. ♦ "Paughtraits," as he dubbed them, made John Singer Sargent famous, but he was testy about the genre. "I abhor and abjure them, and hope never to do another, especially of the Upper Classes," he wrote to a fellow painter. He would, one imagines, have been delighted by **"Beyond the Portrait Studio,"** an exhibition of his landscapes and works on paper, most of them donated to the museum half a century ago by the artist's sister. The hundred or so images on view show Sargent at his amazing best and embarrassing worst, from his dazzling watercolors of sunlit brooks to his sentimental homoerotic scenes of English soldiers sunbathing. Among the most astonishing images are the earliest: at fourteen, Sargent's technical facility was already eerie, with a mechanical precision that cools one's exhilaration. Through Sept. 24. ♦ **"Other Pictures: Vernacular Photographs from the Thomas Walther Collection."** Through Aug. 27. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—**"Making Choices."** The twenty-four-part show concentrates on works made between 1920 and 1960, drawn exclusively from the museum's extensive holdings, in a series of tightly focussed exhibitions, several devoted to a single artist (Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Morandi). Closing, in stages, on Aug. 22, Sept. 19, and Sept. 26. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—**"1900: Art at the Crossroads"** reopens a sort of art-world time capsule, contrasting representative works from the movements that took shape at the beginning of the past century. Through Sept. 10. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—What's black and white and red all over? Barbara Kruger's confrontational retrospective, jam-packed with the artist's familiar tabloid-style images that superimpose political aphorisms ("Your body is a battleground," "It's a small world, but not if you have to clean it") on found black-and-white photographs. The imagery smacks of the "Father Knows Best" generation, and Kruger delivers a roundhouse punch to Dad (as well as the institutional Big Brother) in a series of floor-to-ceiling installations that hammer home inequities of gender, race, and class. Through Oct. 22. ♦ **"The Art of Alice Neel,"** the museum's second retrospective devoted to the artist, and the first since her death, in 1984, offers seventy-five paintings and watercolors, including likenesses of artists (Andy Warhol, Robert Smithson), writers (Frank O'Hara, Kenneth Fearing), and family members. Through Sept. 17. ♦ **"Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas."** Through Sept. 10. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 9.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM AT PHILIP MORRIS
120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550)—For **"Pastoral Pop!,"** the Whitney curator Debra Singer has transformed the sculpture court into a terrarium of emerging art, which makes a nice complement to the landscape-photography show installed inside the museum. Lisa Ruyter's neo-Warhol paint-by-numbers canvas, a lazy scene of Central Park installed high on the atrium's wall like a billboard, sets the show's summer-in-the-city tone. Several of the artists tweak the tradition of the plant-filled corporate lobby. Alyson Shotz fashions a bamboo grove from painted steel rods and Q-Tips; with wheels in lieu of roots, it smacks of genetic engineering. Rob de Mar joins horticulture and "Horton Hears a Who" in his showstopping sculpture, a flocked fantasia in the shape of a tree whose branches lead to fantastical environments: clouds studded with palm trees, snow-tipped pines, asphalt parking lots, and cascading waterfalls. Through Dec. 15. (Open weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 7:30.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886-1890."** Besides being the charismatic teacher of Hopper and O'Keeffe, among others, William Merritt Chase is remembered as the top-hatted dandy who inaugurated American Impressionism in Long Island's Shinnecock hills. Before he moved there in 1890, however, Chase spent five summers in Brooklyn, painting plein-air landscapes of Prospect Park, the Gowanus bay, and other sites. On display not far from where they were painted, these thirty-five small, spacious oils and pastels show women from another era strolling around familiar lawns and ponds. Part of the fascination of the show is in Chase's own stylistic vacillation between sketchy, gray tone poems and grassy, sunstruck reportage. On a cloudy day, Chase was Whistler; on a sunny one, he was Pissarro. Through Aug. 13. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

FRICK COLLECTION
1 E. 70th St. (288-0700)—Manhattan's most demure dating spot, the skylit garden court at the heart of the Frick mansion, has been enriched by a loan from the Greentree Foundation. The six new paintings, all from the former collection of John and Betsey Whitney, include landscape, still-life, and horse-racing scenes by Corot, Redon, Degas, and Manet. Also on view is Picasso's 1905 "Boy with a Pipe," a study in androgyny which may have been inspired, according to John Richardson, by an adolescent misfit called P'tit Louis, who haunted Picasso's studio at the Bateau Lavoir in the early years of the last century. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

QUEENS MUSEUM OF ART
Flushing Meadows–Corona Park (718-592-9700)—Back in 1959, when Gordon Bunshaft designed the Chase Manhattan Bank's modernist headquarters near Wall Street, he suggested to David Rockefeller, the bank's chairman, that the new building was going to need some art. Seventeen thousand purchases later, the Chase collection is a latter-day Medici storehouse, with sculptures and paintings of every size and stripe scattered across dozens of branch offices here and abroad. **"Art at Work"** surveys highlights of this vast portfolio. To judge from the works on view (more than a hundred and twenty, selected by Robert Rosenblum and Manuel E. Gonzalez), taste at Chase veers surprisingly close to the dutiful avant-gardism of the Whitney. There are plenty of joyless provocations—from the likes of Bruce Nauman, Joseph Kosuth, and Lawrence Weiner—but as many unfamiliar delights, including a thirty-eight-foot mural by Sam Francis and major works by Calder, Stella, Joan Mitchell, Saul Steinberg, and Jean-Michel Basquiat. Through Oct. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Summer hours: unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

PETER DAYTON
If Martha Stewart and Andy Warhol collaborated, the results might look like these xeroxed images of flowers, salvaged from old seed catalogues and garden magazines and mounted on canvas. Dayton's earlier work resembled découpage, with

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

the cutouts encased in a thick layer of glossy resin. Here the effect is more like wallpaper (think Warhol's cows). It's not tough to see why the artist is a darling of decorators. Through Aug. 16. (Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. 327-2526.)

EDWARD LEAR

The author of "The Owl and the Pussycat" and the father of the limerick was better known during his lifetime (1812-88) as a landscape painter and drawing tutor to Queen Victoria. Though his watercolor vistas of Greece, with their gorges, promontories, and ruin-studded plains, have darkened with age, they justify his term, "poetical topography." Painted on the spot, they were "penned out" later in firm but marvellously delicate ink hatching. Among the scribbled notes in the foreground ("windy!," "misty gloom," "1,000,000 goats"), one can't help searching for evidence of Lear's other talent, but only No. 77, painted on the outskirts of Chania, includes a fragment of verse: "There was an old person of Crete / Whose toilet was far from complete." Through Sept. 3. (Foundation for Hellenic Culture, 7 W. 57th St. 308-6908.)

"BALLS"

A clever show based on the simplest of themes: every work of art is or refers to something round. The artists range from established (Jasper Johns, William Wegman) to emerging (the collaborative team Type A, whose sculpture of oversized athletic cups provides the inevitable double entendre). The show's tongue-in-cheek approach is summed up by Damien Hirst's "What Goes Up Must Come Down," in which a hair dryer keeps a Ping-Pong ball aloft. Perfect summer fare. Through Aug. 18. (James Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. 755-7171.)

"EUROPEANS"

This gathering of gallery artists from the other side of the Atlantic is a cut above the routine shuffling of inventory which can pass for curatorial output at this time of year. In the front room, a pair of Luc Tuymans paintings the color of moonlight—a quartet of wobbly droplets and a trio of spherical light fixtures—hang beside Marlene Dumas's ferocious watercolor, "Voodoo Child," as earthy as the Tuymans are ethereal. On a more whimsical note, selections from the "Sausage Series," photographs from 1979 by the Swiss duo Fischli & Weiss, feature wurst puppets sporting jaunty bottle caps in lieu of berets, like a gaggle of madcap Eurotrash. Through Aug. 12. (Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. 517-8677.)

"NEW YORK CLASSICISM NOW"

Easily the most eccentric exhibition of the summer, this dotty but enjoyable omnium-gatherum features minimalist canvases, and—the real focus of attention—tightly rendered paintings by artists associated with the New York Academy of Art, a haven of old-fashioned academic drawing. Most of their work is miles from contemporary taste; much is serenely unself-conscious kitsch. Skill, however, is not in short supply, and the exhibit introduces some impressive talents. Among them are Christopher Gallego and William Kennon, who paint interiors and landscapes with scrupulous, deadpan sensitivity, and Randolph Melick, an anatomical draftsman whose gyrating neo-Mannerist cherubs were drawn with a giant pen nib carved from a length of PVC pipe. Through Sept. 15. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810.)

Short List

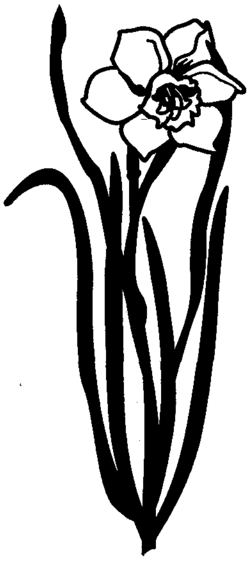
SHIRLEY GOLDFARB
Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. 752-1223.
Through Sept. 23.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

"GROUP SHOW"

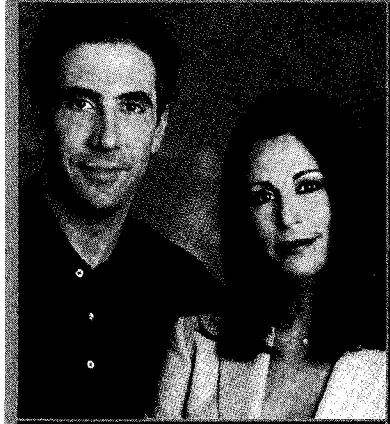
A three-person show that offers a clever twist on the well-worn theme of landscape. Photographer Oliver Boberg recalls clouds' illusions in a dramatic diptych of an overcast sky; it's actually a model made of cotton batting, fabric, and Plexiglas. Looks are also deceiving in Tony Mattelli's disarmingly lifelike weeds cast in PVC, which

White Flower Farm
PLANTSMEN SINCE 1950



NEXT SPRING STARTS HERE AND NOW.
whiteflowerfarm.com

© 2000 AETN
THIS WEEK IN HISTORY™
FRIDAYS AT 9PM/8C PREMIERES AUGUST 11



ANCHORED BY JOSH BINSWANGER
& GISELLE FERNANDEZ

From ancient history to pop culture, *This Week in History*™ gathers together the triumphs, tragedies and trivia of one week into fast-paced news of the past. Visit our Web site at HistoryChannel.com.

THE HISTORY CHANNEL
WHERE THE PAST COMES ALIVE.

"Twins with Elephants, Sarasota, 1947," by Louise Dahl-Wolfe, at Staley-Wise.

sprout from the perimeter of the gallery floor. In this company, John Schabel's sinister night shots of wolf tracks in the snow seem less like documentation than insinuation. Through Aug. 15. (Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752.)

"INAUGURAL SHOW"
Apart from Eric Ringsby's digital-video stills of rodeo pros on bucking broncos, you might never know that this new gallery is devoted largely to artists from Wyoming and Colorado. The gallery's founder, a recent arrival from Boulder, has assembled an eclectic group, none of whom seem remotely interested in campfires, corrals, or Yellowstone. Though photography dominates, the most striking work is a strange, solemn, neo-Baroque painting by Patty Wickman. Combining bags of saline solution, pixellated nudity, and Zurburan's image of St. Agatha (she of the lopped body parts), Wickman's boob-job dirge is about as far from Frederic Remington as you can get. Through Aug. 12. (Cornell DeWitt, 547 W. 27th St. 695-6845.)

"THE MAGIC CITY"
Named for an album recorded by Sun Ra in 1965 at the height of the civil-rights movement, this thoughtful show strikes just the right balance between visual pleasure and political provocation. Tony Gray gives new meaning to the phrase "American revolutionary" in a witty group of drawings featuring cavalier sketches of Black Panthers (think doodles in a junior-high notebook) on old textbook pages, including one drawn on top of an illustration of the British surrender at Yorktown, in 1781. Kenyan-born, New York-based artist Wangechi Mutu lampoons Western fascination with African culture in a backwards-running film projection of a voodoo ritual which could do for the chicken what "Eraserhead" did for the Cornish game hen. Through Aug. 18. (Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. 929-2262.)

"STOP: 100 YEARS OF AMERICAN SIGNAGE"
Most of the examples of roadside advertising date back to the medium's prewar golden age, when anonymous craftspeople painted and lettered oversized icons with a level of scrupulous naturalism normally reserved for duck decoys. Standouts include a ham sandwich of Brobdingnagian proportions, painted on a sheet of convex tin, and a set of knee-high Coca-Cola bottles in cast iron. When they are not presaging Pop art, some of these pieces suggest mysteries. Was Duocide a pest spray or a hair relaxer? And in what sense is it true that "Ice Never Fails"? Through Aug. 18. (Ricco Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4819.)

Short List

GERMAINE BROOKS / LORI TASCHLER
Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. 564-7662.
Both shows through Aug. 18.

GALLERIES-DOWNTOWN

VANESSA BEECROFT
Last spring, Beecroft marshalled a group of Navy Seals to march onto the deck of the U.S.S. Intrepid and stand spotlit at attention for ninety minutes while she documented the proceedings. Her current show displays photographs and videos of the performance she called "The Silent Service." Deitch Projects' newly renovated, high-ceilinged second space on Wooster, entirely open to the street and light on one end, makes a perfect showcase for Beecroft's large-format, high-gloss portraits of the men; they hang high enough on the walls that you have to look up at them and strain for eye contact. The videos are shown in a small, unmarked room by the front door and in the basement, and they're livelier than the photos suggest—balance falters, eyes wander, Adam's apples bob. Through Sept. 16. (Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. 343-7300.)

ANH DUONG
Duong has been painting her own otherworldly self-portrait over and over for twelve years, with slightly larger-than-scale features on translucent skin, high cheekbones, wide ears, hooded eyes, and prominent pupils. She looks something like a malevolent fairy or a delicate troll, and even seems to appear a few times in the guise of a primitive male statue. After a walk around the room and a perusal of the list of long and sometimes floridly obscure French and English titles, viewers may wonder if the creatures Duong finds in the mirror are really worth the hours and hours she must spend looking into it. Through Sept. 16. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. 274-9300.)

CHRISTOPH GIRARDET
Though Girardet sometimes shoots his own images, he's better known for taking other people's footage apart. In a recent project, he dissected Hitchcock's œuvre, assembling short and revealing surveys of scenes by type—for example, every instance of money being thrown into a suitcase, every confrontation between parent and child. In "No Forever (Golden)," a much smaller but no less ambitious piece, his raw material is several seconds of film from Veit Harlaan's 1942 drama "Die Goldene Stadt." Over the course of the ten-minute digital remixing, full of short, barely perceptible loops, the actress Kristina Söderbaum's rapt face registers a slight furrow of the brow, the appearance of what may be a tear (or is it static?), a shift in gaze; finally, she lowers her head. Viewers who stop to inquire about the piece discover that "Die Goldene Stadt" is one in a series of dramas shot during Söderbaum's Third Reich film career, and that the scene is one of many leading up to her oft-scripted screen suicides. Through Aug. 11. (Sean Kelly, 43 Mercer St. 343-2604.)

"FLAMING JUNE"
It may sound like an offshoot of Wigstock, but this annual showcase of young artists is actually named for a painting by Frederick Lord Leighton. Yvette Brackman's pictures of a naked couple lounging on red vinyl cushions plopped inexplicably on the forest floor are the most flaming, but best of show goes to photographer Roe Etheridge, whose pinhole photographs of flowers shot against floral backgrounds have the lurid intensity of a bad dream. Through Aug. 23. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St. 925-4338.)

Short List

LINDA DANIELS / TAMARA GONZALES
Pelavin, 13 Jay St. 925-9424. Both
shows through Sept. 9.

PHOTOGRAPHY

LOUISE DAHL-WOLFE
Dahl-Wolfe's classic fashion and fashion-influenced photographs show off her innovation, humor, and enjoyment of her work. She was one of the first to bring models out of the studio, regularly whisking them off to Brazil and other remote locations from the thirties through the fifties. She also documented the style-makers of the time, in couture (Coco Chanel and Diana Vreeland), film (Lauren Bacall and Jean Cocteau), and art (Edward Hopper and Isamu Noguchi). Some of the best works have literary subjects: a double portrait of Christopher Isherwood and W. H. Auden is a standout, and Carson McCullers's gaze from behind her desk is hard to forget. Through Sept. 1. A related Dahl-Wolfe exhibition, at the Fashion Institute of Technology (Seventh Ave. at 27th St.; 217-5800), continues through Aug. 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223.)

"DRIVE-INS"
The first drive-in theatre opened in New Jersey in 1933. By the fifties, there were copycats all over the

The new, more powerful GS 430.

A little faster off the line.*

lexus.com

THE RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF PERFECTION. LEXUS

*©2000 Lexus, a Division of Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Lexus reminds you to wear seatbelts, secure children in rear seat, obey all speed laws and drive responsibly. *Based on an increase of torque from 310 lb-ft at 4,000 rpm to 325 lb-ft at 3,400 rpm. For more information call 800-USA-LEXUS (800-872-5398).*

country—in Massachusetts, Minnesota, Tennessee, Texas, and, of course, California. O. Winston Link's famous 1956 image of a steam engine speeding by a crowded West Virginia drive-in makes an appearance, but the show concentrates on more predictable pictures from the eighties and nineties, many of closed and abandoned theatres—symbols no longer of progress but of nostalgia. Through Sept. 8. (Richardson at Deutsche Bank, 31 W. 52nd St. 343-1255.)

"PHOTOGRAPHS FOR SUMMER READING"
The incorporation of text into fine-art photographs is often more theoretically than visually appealing, but this collection of wordy pictures includes some memorable work. Several classic studies of signs and graffiti from the forties and fifties hang near two early-eighties Jim Goldberg double portraits, on which his subjects have written their impressions of the scene: "Me and Bobby been together for two weeks and we're still happy." Other pictures focus on readers rather than words, such as William Wegman's "How They Are Towards Newspapers," which features an early dog, and JoAnn Verburg's beautiful three-panel color work, "Still Life with Jim," which takes in a carefully arranged nude with book and crossword. Through Aug. 30. (Pace/McGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999.)

"SPIAGGE"
Coney Island-goers who dream of the Mediterranean should enjoy this group show of Italian beach photographs from the fifties, sixties, and seventies. While De Sica and Fellini were defining a national style with tough films that smuggled in tender moments, their countrymen were creating photographs just as rich. The gallery is full of the sort of perfected clichés and aesthetic joys that keep bringing "The Bicycle Thief" back to the screen. *Ragazzi* strut their stuff at the water's edge, laundry hangs out to dry in the ocean breeze, fishermen roll up their pants to pull in their nets, and one young man is captured, perfectly horizontal, as he dives into the sea. Through Sept. 9. (De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777)—**"A Durable Memento"** presents daguerreotypes of places (Connecticut, Liberia) and people (John Brown) taken by Augustus Washington, the son of a former slave. Through Sept. 24. **"Positions in the Life World"** surveys Martha Rossler's photos and videos, including such classics as her 1975 "Semiotics of the Kitchen." Through Oct. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10-5; Fridays, 10-8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10-6.)

Short List

JAKOB TUGGENER
Scalo, 560 Broadway. 334-9393.
Through Sept. 2.

WILHELM VON GLOEDEN
Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. 223-1059.
Through Sept. 9.

"AIR CONDITIONED: INTERIORS"
Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766.
Through Aug. 31.

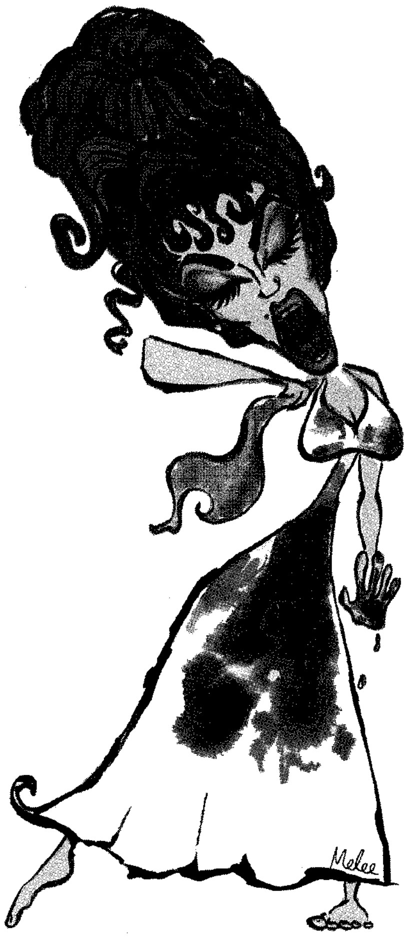
"FAMILY TREE"
Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. 989-7600.
Through Aug. 25.

See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, and the Whitney Museum.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA
The company is approaching the end of its chronological survey of Verdi's twenty-eight operas: after this performance of "Don Carlos," which closes the current season, only one more summer remains. The organization's director, Vincent La Selva, is fond of presenting nontraditional editions of famous works, and this is no exception. Instead of the familiar Italian version, the audience will hear Verdi's longer original score, sung in French, as created in 1867 for the work's world première at the Paris Opera—a version not heard in New York for nearly a century and a quarter. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 9 at 6. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 245-8837.)



GORE CAMPAIGN *Few sopranos can handle the title role of Strauss's "Salome"—at least as opera houses usually present it. Orchestras tend to bury the score's beauty and wit in a Wagnerian roar. The Glimmerglass Opera Festival is trying a different tack; Stewart Robertson heeds Strauss's advice to conduct "Salome" as if it were by Mendelssohn. On opening night, Elizabeth Byrne strangled some top notes but sang with an engaging sense of freedom; Kenneth Riegel had a decadent lyricism as Herod; and Ned Barth, as Jochanaan, showed off a big, dark baritone. Though small in scale, the entire piece takes on the monstrous intimacy of a family squabble drenched in blood.*

—Alex Ross

LA GRAN SCENA OPERA COMPANY
This is a peculiar offering for a Lincoln Center outdoor series called "Chamber Music of the World," since the celebrated troupe *en travesti* specializes in pillorying the grandest aspect of grand opera, which is, of course, the ego of the diva. After nineteen busy years, the group's shtick can come across as awfully repetitive, but a dedicated pack of enthusiasts has embraced the troupe's leader Vera Galupe-Borszkh and her gals—or guys, or whatever—as a sort of "Rocky Horror Picture Show" for opera cultists. Among the operas skewered in this outing are "Il Trovatore," "La Bohème," and "Madama Butterfly." (North Plaza, Lincoln Center. Aug. 10 at 6:30. No tickets necessary. In case of rain, the performance will take place on Aug. 14 at 6:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

MOSTLY MOZART
Aug. 9 at 8: Harry Bicket conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 39, in addition to a suite from Rameau's "Les Boréades," Haydn's C-Major Cello Concerto (featuring Truls Mørk), and Mendelssohn's Double Concerto in D Minor (with the brother-and-sister team of violinist Gil Shaham and pianist Orli Shaham). (Avery Fisher Hall.) ♦ Aug. 10 at 8: Bass-baritone Thomas Quasthoff is joined by pianist Justus Zeyen for a recital that includes Schumann's "Dichterliebe," in addition to songs by Mozart and Mahler. (Alice Tully Hall.) ♦ Aug. 11-12 at 8: The Festival Orchestra, conducted by Joseph Swensen, plays symphonies by Boccherini and Beethoven (his First), in a concert that also includes Mozart's Piano Concerto in A Major (K. 488, with Ivan Moravec) and his Violin Concerto No. 3 (featuring Leonidas Kavakos). (Avery Fisher Hall.) ♦ Aug. 14 at 8: Pianist Garrick Ohlsson assists the Takács String Quartet in Schumann's Piano Quintet, and the foursome plays quartets by Beethoven (in A Major, Op. 18, No. 5) and Mozart (in D Major, K. 575) on their own. (Avery Fisher Hall.) ♦ Aug. 15-16 at 8: Last month, the St. Louis Symphony's music director, Hans Vonk, was in town conducting massive orchestral pieces by Messiaen at the Lincoln Center Festival. He scales back considerably for these concerts, leading music by Mozart (including his Violin Concerto No. 4, with Julia Fischer), Stravinsky's Two Orchestral Suites, and Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (featuring André Watts). (Avery Fisher Hall. For information about all Mostly Mozart tickets, call 721-6500.)

I CANTORI DI NEW YORK
Mark Shapiro leads the choir and a small instrumental ensemble in five Mozart motets plus the composer's Missa Brevis (K. 194). (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. Aug. 10 at 1. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

BARGEMUSIC
Aug. 10 at 7:30 and Aug. 13 at 4: The Rosalyra String Quartet plays quartets by Haydn (in E-Flat Major, Op. 64, No. 6) and Shostakovich (his Eighth), and is joined by Randall Hodgkinson for Schumann's Piano Quintet. ♦ Aug. 11-12 at 7:30: Violinist Christian Bor and pianist Edward Auer perform Strauss's Violin Sonata; cellist Nathaniel Rosen completes the ensemble for Beethoven's Trio in E-Flat Major (Op. 70, No. 2). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061.)

BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE
The group presents a Haydn Divertimento, plus two works from the large-scale end of the chamber-music spectrum, nonets by Josef Rheinberger (everyone's favorite Liechtensteinian composer), and New York's own Robert Baksa. (Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park. Aug. 13 at 2. In case of rain, this performance will take place at the Church of the Mediator, Kingsbridge Ave. at 231st St. ♦ McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus. Aug. 13 at 4.)

ROBERT MELEE

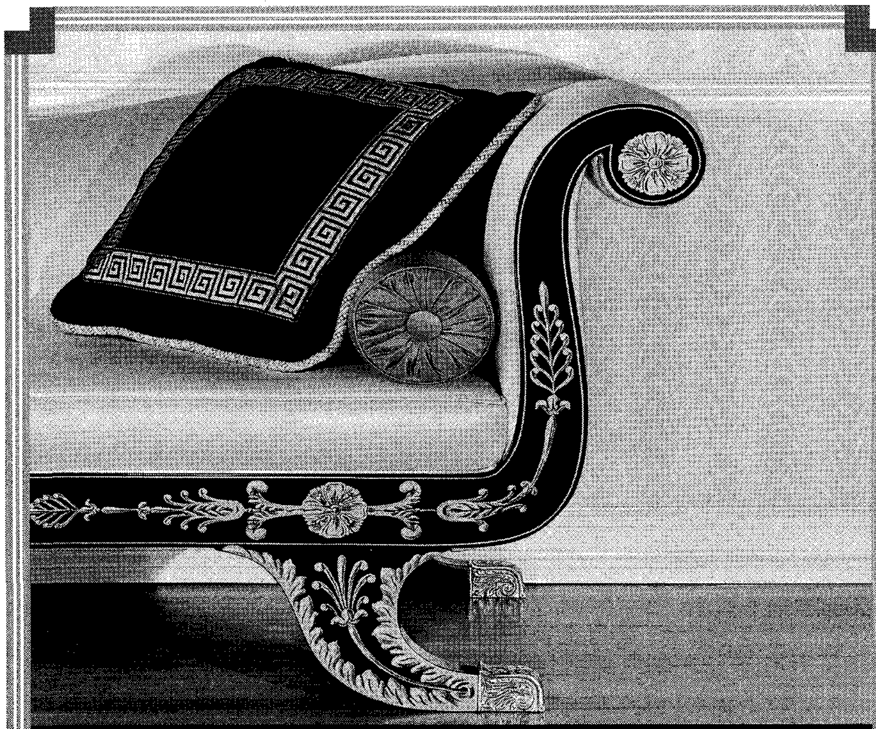
OUT OF TOWN

A selective listing of festival events within a reasonable drive from New York City.

BRIDGEHAMPTON CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL
Aug. 9 at 8: Presenting Mozart's "Kegelstatt" Trio, Brahms's G-Minor Piano Quartet, and chamber works by Joan Tower and Eric Ewazen. (Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church, Montauk Highway, Bridgehampton, Long Island.) ♦ Aug. 12 at 6:30: An alfresco evening of classical crossover, comprising Claude Bolling's Suite No. 2 (for flute and jazz piano trio) and a slew of tango-flavored pieces by Piazzolla. (Channing Daughters Winery, 1927 Scuttlehole Rd., Bridgehampton. Admission includes a wine tasting.) ♦ Aug. 13 at 6:30: Instrumental chamber works by Michael Kamen and Paul Moravec serve as a prelude to Audra MacDonald's performance of selections from Adam Guettel's song cycle "Myths & Hymns." A grandson of Richard Rodgers, former boy soprano at the Metropolitan Opera, and (considerably more recently) a recipient of the Stephen Sondheim Award, Guettel has been embraced by numerous recitalists hungry for pop-flavored classical repertoire. Although his work has not yet suggested that he will soon approach the status of his acclaimed ancestor, many of his songs are attractive, and they can make effective vehicles for such an extravagantly gifted singer as Ms. MacDonald. (Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church. For information about tickets to all events, call 631-537-6368.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
Charles Dutoit and the Philadelphia Orchestra assume Russian accents for this week of their summer series in the far north. Aug. 9 at 8:15: Tchaikovsky's Fantasy-Overture "Romeo and Juliet," Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" (featuring the Canadian pianist Jon Kimura Parker), and excerpts from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet." ♦ Aug. 10 at 8:15: Mussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain," Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Sarah Chang), and Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps." ♦ Aug. 11 at 8:15: Liadov's lovely tone poem "The Enchanted Lake," Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Vadim Repin), and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." ♦ Aug. 12 at 8:15: Music by Tchaikovsky: his Piano Concerto No. 1 (featuring Jean-Yves Thibaudet), his "1812" Overture, and excerpts from the opera "Eugene Onegin" and the ballet "Swan Lake." (Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 518-587-3330.)

CARAMOOR
Final concerts of the season. Aug. 10 at 4:30: Over the past eight years, Caramoor has provided important exposure for some sixty promising young artists, who have appeared under the festival's "Rising Stars" program. Some of them have already risen high enough to glimpse the possibility of important careers as soloists. During the last week of this season's concerts, twenty-six of the "Rising Stars" alumni appear in various chamber and orchestral combinations. In the first of these showcases, the Caramoor Virtuosi (as they are called) offer chamber music by Mendelssohn, Dvořák, and Shostakovich (his String Quartet No. 7). ♦ Aug. 11 at 8: Members of the Caramoor Virtuosi play Mozart's String Quintet in B-Flat Major (K. 174), Ervín Schulhoff's Sextet (from 1924), and Brahms's Piano Quintet in G Minor. In the last, they're assisted by Leon Fleisher, who in recent seasons has more or less tentatively rejoined the ranks of full-service pianists following three decades during which carpal-tunnel syndrome exiled him to the realm of strictly left-hand pianism. ♦ Aug. 12 at 8:30: Peter Oundjian served as the first violinist of the Tokyo String Quartet for fourteen years before he, like Mr. Fleisher, was sidelined by physical injury. In his case, the diagnosis was focal dystonia, a muscular disorder brought on by repetitive stress. Fortunately, he has been able to continue his musical career by taking up the baton rather than the bow (and, far from incidentally, by serving as Caramoor's artistic director). In the season's concluding concert, he leads the



INDULGENT. LUXURIOUS. UNIQUE.
AND THOSE ARE
JUST THE THROW PILLOWS.

$375
per suite, per night

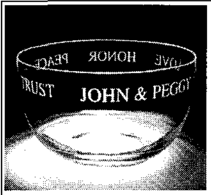
Every detail in each of our individually decorated suites is carefully planned to invoke awe. Enjoy a one bedroom suite, or if you so desire, upgrade to a multi-bedroom suite and share the experience with friends. For reservations, call your professional travel agent, visit us at www. waldorf-towers.com or call us at 1-888-WATOWER.

A member of The Leading Hotels of the World

The Waldorf Towers

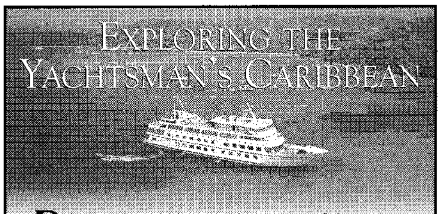
100 East 50th Street, New York, NY 10022, Phone: 212-355-3100 Facsimile: 212-872-7272

For reservations, visit us at **www.waldorf-towers.com** or call your professional travel agent or The Waldorf Towers at **1-888-WATOWER**. Rate applies to specific one bedroom suites only. Upgrades to two or three bedroom suites are available at an additional cost. Taxes additional. Valid Thursday through Sunday nights through August 27, 2000 based on availability. Rates subject to change without notice. Not available to groups and cannot be combined with any other promotion. The Waldorf Towers, its logos and logotypes are a registered trademark of Hilton Hotels Corp. © 2000 Hilton Hotels.



CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
831-427-3512

LONDON FLATS
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 - 423-652-2048
www.farnum-christ.com



EXPLORING THE YACHTSMAN'S CARIBBEAN

Discover the seldom-visited treasures of the Caribbean on four unique itineraries from Clipper Cruise Line in winter 2000/2001. Aboard the *Nantucket Clipper* and the *Yorktown Clipper*, each carrying less than 140 passengers, you'll enjoy a travel experience free from the long lines, crowded conditions, and hustle and bustle of typical Caribbean tourism.

CLIPPER
www.clippercruise.com

For more information, call
800-282-7245
or contact your travel agent

Caramoor Virtuosi Orchestra in Bach's Concerto for Three Violins (BWV 1064), Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 414, with Mr. Fleisher as the soloist), and his own new orchestral transcription of Shostakovich's String Quartet No. 1, a work he grew to know intimately through his tenure with the Tokyo foursome. (Katonah, N.Y. 914-232-1252.)

TANGLEWOOD
Both the repertoire and the performers at this hoary festival's concerts run to the tried and true. Nonetheless, the Tanglewood Music Center also serves as an advanced teaching institute for experienced musicians, and for them (more than for the paying audience) the organization blocks out a week every summer for total immersion in contemporary music. This year, the composers George Benjamin and Elliott Carter will be on hand throughout the week; in addition to their works, this year's festival includes a profusion of pieces by Copland (who's not really contemporary, but is an important modernist who must be recognized in his centennial) and Luciano Berio (who this fall reaches the three-quarter-century mark). (For detailed information on contemporary-music recitals, which take place Aug. 11-12 at 2:30 and Aug. 13 at 10 A.M., call 888-266-1200.) Aug. 10 at 7: A highlight of contemporary-music week is a long evening devoted to Berio's fourteen Sequenzas. Each was composed for a different unaccompanied instrumentalist (or, in one case, singer), and together they range over nearly three decades of this eminent composer's career. The first, for flute, appeared in 1958, and it set the flavor of technical experimentation that would continue through the Sequenzas of the sixties; in the later Sequenzas, which continue through the 1995 one, for accordion, Berio also made a point of paying homage to each instrument's history and repertoire. When the earliest pieces were young, they sounded like nearly impossible exercises of virtuosic abandon, but by now nearly all have become required playing for conservatory students, with the result that serious soloists regularly make beautiful music of them. (Such is the case throughout in Deutsche Grammophon's remarkable, first-ever collection of the complete Sequenzas, issued on three CDs in 1998 and featuring the members of the Ensemble Inter-Contemporain plus several colleagues.) Here the works are performed by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and several other new-music devotees. ♦ Aug. 11 at 8:30: Hans Graf conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Peter Mennin's "Moby Dick" (which the late composer described as a "concertato for orchestra"), Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 4 (with André Watts), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 3 (the "Scotch"). ♦ Aug. 12 at 8:30: The Dutch flutist Jacques Zoon has been winning praise since he signed on as the Boston Symphony's principal flutist three years ago. In this all-Mozart concert, conducted by André Previn, he'll move front and center for the Flute Concerto No. 1. Completing the program are the Symphony No. 36 (the "Linz") and the Piano Concerto in C Minor (K. 491, with Mr. Previn doubling as the soloist). ♦ Aug. 13 at 2:30: Robert Spano conducts the Boston Symphony in Mozart's "Don Giovanni" Overture and Symphony No. 38 (the "Prague"), as well as in Carter's "Variations for Orchestra" and Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 (featuring Vadim Repin). ♦ Aug. 14 at 8:30: The Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra, conducted by George Benjamin and Stefan Asbury, offers Tania Leon's "Horizons," Feldman's "Coptic Light," Copland's "Inscape," and Carter's "Allegro Scorrevole," in addition to Mr. Benjamin's "Palimpsest." (Lenox, Mass. 888-266-1200.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA
All four of this summer's productions are currently running in repertory. Aug. 10 and Aug. 12 at 8: Handel's pastoral "Acis and Galatea." ♦ Aug. 11 at 8: "La Bohème." ♦ Aug. 12 at 1:30 and Aug. 14 at 2: "Salome." ♦ Aug. 13 at 2: "The Glass Blowers," by John Philip Sousa. (Cooperstown, N.Y. 607-547-2255.)

BARD MUSIC FESTIVAL
Scholars, musicians, and the otherwise interested gather in the Hudson Valley for two weekends every August to dig deep into the œuvre of a single composer (or, as the folks at Bard like to say, "reappraise it in historical context"). This year's subject is hardly a stranger; still, if there's anything new to be said about Ludwig van Beethoven, it will surely be aired at this conclave, and listeners will encounter quite a few unfamiliar works along with the chestnuts. Aug. 11 at 8:30: Early songs and chamber music, performed by baritone Stephan Genz, the Jacques Thibaud String Trio, and others. ♦ Aug. 12 at 10 A.M.: A roundtable considers biographical questions. ♦ Aug. 12 at 1:30: More chamber music and songs. ♦ Aug. 12 at 8: Leon Botstein leads the Bard Music Festival Orchestra in a concert that includes the Piano Concerto No. 4 (with Hélène Grimaud), the Symphony No. 6, and the "Cantata on the Death of the Emperor Joseph II" (with the New York Virtuoso Singers assisting). ♦ Aug. 13 at 10 A.M.: Brainy conversation about semiotics, hermeneutics, and so on. ♦ Aug. 13 at 1:30: The F-Major Piano Sonata (Op. 54, performed by Cynthia Raim), the E-Minor String Quartet (Op. 59, No. 2, played by the Ludwig String Quartet), a group of songs (with Mr. Genz), and the Piano Trio in E-Flat Major (Op. 70, No. 2). ♦ Aug. 13 at 5: The G-Major Violin Sonata (performed by violinist Juliette Kang and pianist Melvin Chen) and the E-Flat-Major String Quartet (Op. 74, with the Colorado String Quartet), among other works. (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson. 914-758-3226. Pre-concert lectures precede all performances. The festival continues through Aug. 20.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS
Aug. 12 at 8: New York's Ensemble for Early Music performs pieces that were sung and played by religious travellers on the routes to Santiago de Compostela, Notre-Dame de Paris, and other popular medieval destinations. ♦ Aug. 13 at 3: The Juilliard String Quartet feeds the Maverick audience's appetite for the new by playing György Kurtág's "Officium Breve," in a concert that also includes quartets by Haydn (in C Major, Op. 64, No. 1) and Brahms (in A Minor, Op. 51, No. 2). (Woodstock, N.Y. 845-679-8217.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN
Aug. 12 at 8: Pianist Ted Rosenthal's jazz trio. ♦ Aug. 13 at 3: The St. Petersburg String Quartet performs the first three of Glazunov's "Novelettes" (Op. 15), Shostakovich's String Quartet No. 8, and, with cellist Peter Rejto expanding the group's ranks, Schubert's String Quintet. (Falls Village, Conn. 860-824-7126.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

SUMMER STOCK
Mother Nature is currently staging a spectacular show along the Brooklyn Botanic Garden's winding Butterfly and Hummingbird Trail. Pollinating butterflies such as the eastern tiger swallowtail, the mourning cloak, and the fiery skipper compete for vividness with the ruby-throated hummingbird, not to mention the zinnias, passionflowers, and purple coneflowers that border the path. Spectators may be tempted to spend the entire afternoon enjoying the brilliant colors of the Lily Pool Terrace, but they shouldn't miss the butterfly havens in the Native Flora, Fragrance, and Discovery Gardens either. Through Sept. 16. (Washington Ave. at Eastern Parkway. For more information, call 718-623-7333.)

READING
Aug. 10 at 8: Poet Robert Matson, publisher Brendan Lorber, and author and editor Todd Colby read from their work. (Tillie's of Brooklyn, 248 DeKalb Ave. For more information, call 718-783-6140.)

WALKS
Aug. 13 at 11: Regina Alvarez, woodland manager at the Central Park Conservancy, explains how various plants are used to encourage the habitation of turtles, birds, and butterflies. (For more information, call 360-2727.) ♦ Aug. 13 at 2: Ride the tramway to Roosevelt Island to visit the Blackwell Farmhouse, a decrepit insane asylum, and a lighthouse. (For more information, call 718-655-1883.) ♦ Aug. 13 at 6: The moon will illuminate your path as you stroll along the Hudson River Promenade. (For more information, call 996-1100.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Fakes, Frauds, and Forgeries

TONY MILLIONAIRE

Back in the forties, the British botanist John Heslop Harrison made a series of startling discoveries on the remote Hebridean island of Rum, finding grasses, sedges, and rushes never before thought to be native to Scotland, and threatening to overthrow all known wisdom about British flora. There was just one snag: Heslop Harrison had actually smuggled the plants onto Rum himself. In the just-published **A RUM AFFAIR** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), British journalist Karl Sabbagh tells the story of this impressive botanical fraud and reminds us that the annals of charlatanry go beyond such hoaxes as Piltdown man and Hitler's diaries.

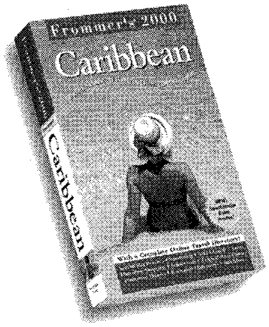
Physicist and Washington *Post* columnist Robert L. Park has taken it upon himself to root out bogus science wherever he can find it. **VOODOO SCIENCE: THE ROAD FROM FOOLISHNESS TO FRAUD** (Oxford University Press) debunks various examples of hocus-pocus: magnet therapy, cold fusion, and even an aggressively marketed dietary supplement called Vitamin O, which turns out to be nothing but salt water. In **THE FAKE: FORGERY AND ITS PLACE IN ART** (Rowman & Littlefield), the Hungarian aesthetician Sándor Radnóti examines the relationship between fakery and authenticity in art, offering insights into why Corot is the most frequent target of forgers and why Michelangelo passed off one of his Cupids as an antique.

Denis Vrain-Lucas, a humble French law clerk of the nineteenth century, had a robust appetite for literary forgery. In **PRINCE OF FORGERS** (Oak Knoll), Joseph Rosenblum relates how Lucas made a fortune cranking out work supposedly penned by the likes of Louis XIV, Galileo, and Joan of Arc. Vrain-Lucas, whose exploits make Heslop Harrison's Rum stunt seem tame, even managed to sell letters from Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, and Mary Magdalene—all written in French, of course.

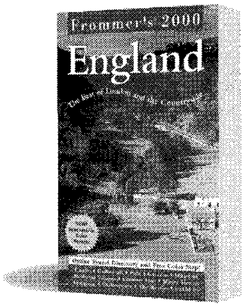
—*Mark Rozzo*

Books.
[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

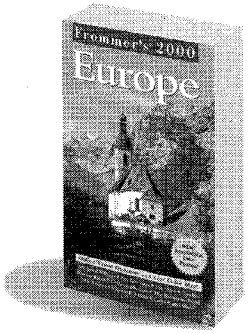
Trust Your Trip to Frommer's



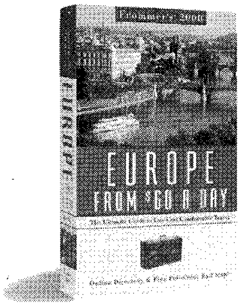
Pub. Price: $19.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $15.96**



Pub. Price: $19.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $15.96**



Pub. Price: $21.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $17.56**

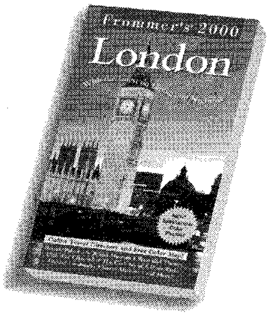


Pub. Price: $21.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $17.56**

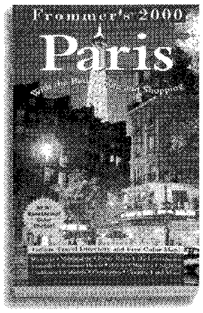
FROMMER'S 2000 GUIDES

When you trust your trip to Frommer's, you'll savor every moment of your vacation. Our complete, up-to-date guidebooks feature exact prices and candid reviews of hotels and restaurants, and provide outspoken opinions on local attractions and hidden gems. Our special online directories and fold-out maps ensure that you'll sit back, relax and enjoy!

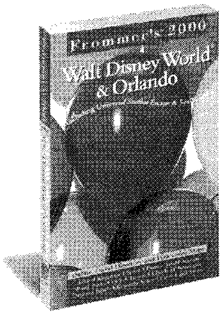
Pub. Price: $19.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $15.96**



Pub. Price: $14.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $11.96**



Pub. Price: $14.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $11.96**

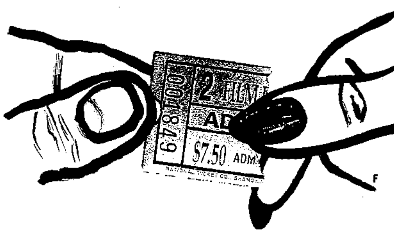


Pub. Price: $14.95 Discount 20% **Our Price: $11.96**

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS
www.bn.com

© 2000 Barnes & Noble, Inc.

Prices effective at store locations through 8/21/00



MOVIES OPENING

AN AFFAIR OF LOVE
Two people (Nathalie Baye and Sergi Lopez) meet through a classified ad, and their encounters are told from three vantage points: the man's, the woman's, and the camera's. Directed by Frédéric Fonteyne. In French. Opening Aug. 11.

AIMÉE & JAGUAR
As the Allied bombs are falling on Berlin in 1943, a German mother (Juliane Köhler) and a Jewish woman begin a clandestine love affair. Based on a true story. Directed by Max Färberböck. In German. Opening Aug. 11. (Quad Cinema.)

AUTUMN IN NEW YORK
True love must triumph over death when an older bachelor (Richard Gere) falls for a younger woman (Winona Ryder) with a terminal illness. Directed by Joan Chen. Opening Aug. 11.

BLESS THE CHILD
A thriller directed by Chuck Russell, with Kim Basinger as a psychiatric-ward nurse who protects a child from a satanic cult. Opening Aug. 11.

CECIL B. DEMENTED
John Waters's new film, in which a group of cinema terrorists led by a crazed auteur (Stephen Dorff) kidnap a Hollywood star (Melanie Griffith) and force her to act in an underground movie. Opening Aug. 11.

THE FILMS OF JAY ROSENBLATT
Five short films with historical and psychological themes, pieced together from newsreels, educational movies, and other found footage. Opening Aug. 9. (Film Forum.)

GIMME SHELTER
The thirtieth-anniversary rerelease of the Rolling Stones documentary. Opening Aug. 11. (Film Forum.)

INTERN
Reviewed below in Film Notes. Opening Aug. 11.

THE OPPORTUNISTS
Myles Connell directed this comedy about a Queens auto mechanic (Christopher Walken) whose life is upended by his mobster brother (Donal Logue). With Cyndi Lauper. Opening Aug. 11.

THE REPLACEMENTS
A sports drama, loosely based on the 1987 N.F.L. strike, in which Gene Hackman coaches a team of scab players led by Keanu Reeves at quarterback. Directed by Howard Deutch. Opening Aug. 11.

FILM NOTES

ALICE AND MARTIN
The new André Téchiné picture stars Juliette Binoche as Alice, a violin player who gives nothing away—like the movie, she is close to unreadable—and yet gives all for love. Alice is the roommate of the outgoing Benjamin (Mathieu Amalric), whose quiet, younger half-brother, Martin (Alexis Loret), arrives unannounced at their apartment. Alice and Martin fall for one another, although neither looks too happy about it. In their gracefully twisted world, love can sometimes feel as damaging as the lack of it. The central affair is more like a sleepwalk than a joyride, and both parties seem to be carrying untold burdens. Like the landscapes that Téchiné photographs with such speedy rapture, this strange and nagging work is not so much a sunny romance as a vale of secrets. In French.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 7/31/00.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

BENJAMIN SMOKE
This documentary, a requiem for the singer-songwriter Benjamin (a.k.a. Robert Dickerson) of the band Smoke, has the funereal gloom of a great Lou Reed record. The filmmakers, Jem Cohen and Peter Sillen, weave Benjamin's story—his impoverished life in Cabbagetown (a former mill town that's now part of Atlanta), his Southern drag-queen demeanor, his pill-popping, his struggle with AIDS—into a ragged tapestry of a talented life in extreme situations. Benjamin's face is a junkie rock star's dream (it has shades of Mick Jagger, David Johansen, and Steven Tyler), and his vocal delivery echoes Tom Waits and John Cale. What the directors get exactly right are the details of Benjamin's world: the damaged photographs, the graying shingled houses, and the cut and bruised townspeople. It's no surprise when Patti Smith shows up at the end of the film with a poem she's written for him.—*Bruce Diones* (The Screening Room.)

BUTTERFLY
In a small Spanish town, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1936, an asthmatic little boy falls under the spell of a marvellous old teacher with republican sympathies. Director José Luis Cuerda's charmer, set in the Galicia region, doesn't press its themes. The boy learns to love nature; his older brother undergoes a sexual awakening; the fierce discordancies of the war years gather slowly under the idyllic surface of the film. The exquisite, hard-focus cinematography (your eyesight seems to improve as you watch the movie) is by Javier G. Salmones. With the imposing, gravel-voiced Fernando Fernán Gómez as the teacher and Manuel Lozano as the boy.—*David Denby* (Angelika Film Center and Paris.)

CHICKEN RUN
A full-length exercise in stop-motion animation, but don't be scared. Nick Park improved the world with the introduction of the master-and-dog comedy duo Wallace and Gromit; now, in fellowship with Peter Lord, he has turned to chickens. Our heroines are hens, living claw-to-beak on a repressive farm, whose owner plans to switch from egg production to chicken potpies. Enter a roaming rooster named Rocky, pumped with American cheer and graced with the voice of Mel Gibson. He will lead the ladies over the wire to pastures new. The result is bright and inventive, though it lacks the snap of earlier Park productions.—*A.L.* (7/10/00) (Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

CONTEMPT
A ravishing new print brightens the glow of greatness which has always surrounded Jean-Luc Godard's willful and obsessive movie. It tells the story of Jerry Prokosch (Jack Palance), a great, gaunt monster of a producer, who is putting together a film of the Odyssey; his director, Fritz Lang (playing himself); his screenwriter, Paul (Michel Piccoli); and Paul's wife, Camille (Brigitte Bardot), who falls for Jerry—she is a Penelope who couldn't wait for her wanderer to return. This 1963 picture is not simply an acid satire on filmmaking but a larger look at the way in which we helplessly cast others as the unwilling co-stars in our own lives. It sports the nimbleness of comedy while strolling defiantly in the direction of the tragic, and it emerges, after thirty-four years, as inexplicably moving. In French.—*A.L.* (American Museum of the Moving Image; Aug. 12-13.)

GIRL ON THE BRIDGE
A waifish young woman (Vanessa Paradis) attempts to drown herself but is saved by a knife thrower (Daniel Auteuil) who persuades her to join his act, where she becomes both nerveless victim and indispensable muse. He whirls her from one fancy location to the next, living on the slim proceeds of their success and gazing with avuncular disdain upon her incessant amours. The movie promises to be as steely as the flying blades, and the knife-tossing sequences make you flinch; but the director, Patrice Leconte, seems unable to match the coolness of his heroine, and the story droops into whimsy. Leconte has always been a hard man to fix: tilting from randy comedy ("Tango") to the starch of costume drama ("Ridicule"), he seems engaged rather than gripped by his subjects, and his new picture maintains that air of an agreeable *jeu*. Why film it, for instance, in severe, bleached black-and-white? Was it merely a nice idea? Still, here is your chance to study the phenomenon that is Ms. Paradis—a huge draw in France and the beloved of Johnny Depp, who sports a similar set of cheekbones. In French.—*A.L.* (Angelika Film Center and First & 62nd Cinemas.)

HOLLOW MAN
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village Theatre VII.)

INTERN
Dominique Swain acquired a dollop of notoriety for her 1997 portrayal of Lolita, and she returns here as a bright-eyed intern at a fashion magazine, which seems a likely landing place for an ex-nymphet. The film begins as a farce but turns into a Cinderella story when she falls for the lone straight guy in the art department, who just happens to be related to English royalty. The screenwriters, Jill Kopelman and Caroline Doyle, earned their insights in the fashion-mag trenches, but it's difficult to satirize a moving target: the editor who gag-vomits after sipping a latte made with two-per-cent milk is definitely last year's model. Cameos by André Leon Talley, Tommy Hilfiger, Cynthia Rowley, and other fashion luminaries (all playing themselves) underscore the basic problem: fashion people already move through their lives as though they are on film, so there's little point in exaggerating them.—*Michael Agger* (The Screening Room.)

JESUS' SON
The new Alison Maclean film, adapted from the short stories of Denis Johnson, is her first offering since "Crush," and it maintains her careful interest in careless lives. Billy Crudup, who gets more interesting with every movie, plays a chronic drifter. He falls in love, roughly speaking, with a junkie (Samantha Morton); some of their scenes together are hard to watch, but Maclean's direction is more tender than indulgent, and the movie grips hardest when times are most raw. As the mood lifts and lightens in the second half, the blaze of the film dies down. Still, not since Robert Altman turned his attention to Raymond Carver has a director seemed so determined to master the ramshackle.—*A.L.* (State and Union Square.)

LOSER
Jason Biggs, the boy who had an encounter with a pastry in "American Pie," and Mena Suvari, who wanted to be perfect in "American Beauty," get matched up in a minor but pleasing college-romance movie. Jason is an earnest fellow victimized by cheating undergraduate louts; Mena is a tough cookie, working her way through school, who has an affair with a smarmy young literature professor (Greg Kinnear). Except for the two heroes, everyone is caricatured (Kinnear is no better than a sitcom sleazebag), but some of the flip college idiom devised by writer-director Amy Heckerling is amusing, and the young stars, as they fumble their way to love, are often charming together. A movie for the tenderhearted only. Shot in the area around New York University.—*D.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Union Square.)

NUTTY PROFESSOR II: THE KLUMPS
It's hard to imagine a comedy any broader than "The Nutty Professor," but somehow Eddie Murphy manages to expand the waistline a few more inches with this crass and corpulent sequel. He plays six roles, including the affable Sherman Klump and various other members of the Klump clan. The only character to be demoted is Sherman's alter ego, Buddy Love, who was such a diabolical presence in the first movie. This time around, Murphy is no longer lampooning his own smooth reputation, but simply staging a one-man parade of appetite and effluence. Janet Jackson is the co-star, Peter Segal the director, and gene-splicing the topical plot hook, but none of them impinge on the unstoppable Murphy routine. For most moviegoers, all this will look like a giant backward step, but no

doubt the joke is on us.—*A.L.* (8/7/00) (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

THE PERFECT STORM

Man against the elements. Man is represented by George Clooney, which seems pretty flattering to the rest of us; he plays Billy Tyne, the captain of a fishing boat that set out from Gloucester, Massachusetts, in the fall of 1991. The elements are represented by a tempest of Shakespearean ferocity, although the Prospero in question was Industrial Light and Magic. The story, based on Sebastian Junger's book, is true to life, give or take a few nautical miles and a bunch of dead dialogue, most of which goes to the women—headed by a weepy Diane Lane—left behind onshore. For all the swell and spray, Wolfgang Petersen, the director, hasn't much to cling to here. Junger's book, which was crammed with great stuff about gales and gutting, was perhaps not as adaptable as Hollywood liked to think.—*A.L.* (7/10/00) (42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

REPULSION

Roman Polanski's British-made, London-set horror film records the deterioration of a murderous, terrified Belgian girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. The film doesn't raise questions about her estrangement and loneliness, doesn't offer explanations of her madness. It just stays on her—on her hallucinations and her fantasies of being in danger, and on the actual reprisals she takes against anyone who comes her way. It's clinical Grand Guignol, and the camera fondles the horrors: the high spot is a man being slashed in the face with a straight razor—until he's cut to death. (If you're too scared to look you still hear the slashing sounds.) Undeniably skillful and effective, all right—excruciatingly tense and frightening. But is it entertaining? You have to be a hard-core horror-movie lover to enjoy this one.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum; Aug. 14-15.)

SCARY MOVIE

What makes this film a better than average sendup of the "Scream" genre of horror flick is its subtext: a black director, Keenen Ivory Wayans (the most visible member of the hilarious Wayans clan), has made an amiable farce of a movie that also shows what white fear onscreen looks like to a black audience: another example of white privilege. In one scene, the heroine, who is being stalked in her own home, pauses long enough to send an E-mail to her local police department which reads, "White woman in trouble." Seconds later, the police arrive. It's a visualization of an old Richard Pryor joke that hasn't gone stale because it's still true, even in the world outside movie theatres.—*Hilton Als* (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema I, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Orpheum VII, Union Square, and Waverly 1 and 2.)

SOUTH: ERNEST SHACKLETON AND THE ENDURANCE EXPEDITION

In 1914, the British explorer Ernest Shackleton, determined to be the first to cross the continent of Antarctica, led H.M.S. Endurance into frozen seas that stymied the ship's progress and then crushed it in shifting ice. A cinematographer named Frank Hurley was part of the crew, and he shot this awesomely beautiful eighty-minute documentary. The film doesn't tell a tidy narrative: how could it? Hurley and the rest were stuck for eight months and adrift for five; he also didn't accompany Shackleton on the rescue mission the leader and five others undertook in a small boat on the open sea. But "South" gives us visceral images unlike any other movie: the camera glides with the prow of the Endurance as it hovers over ice-encrusted water, and the frozen vessel glitters against the night in stark, haunting relief. Hurley performs stoically and selflessly; he concentrates on tasks at hand, like exercising the dogs, and the mid-section of the film is an ode to canine prowess. Even when Hurley throws the balance off with elaborate footage of seals and exotic birds, "South" has an undiminished immediacy.—*Michael Sragow* (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 9.)

SUNSHINE

Stiff but continuously interesting and touching. The Hungarian director István Szabó, working with the American writer Israel Horovitz, uses the rise and fall of a large Jewish bourgeois family as the prism through which to view the last hundred years of Hungarian life. Ralph Fiennes plays the young man of the family in three successive generations—a patriotic judge, a champion fencer who is felled by anti-Semitism (in the film's best section), and an Auschwitz survivor who becomes a police interrogator in the Communist dictatorship. At its worst, the movie offers the slightly dolorous pleasures of leafing through a family photo album; at its best, it's exciting and heartbreaking, and it leaves an American viewer grateful for our banal but stable democracy.—*D.D.* (7/17/00) (Empire 25, First & 62nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

THE TAO OF STEVE

Jenniphr Goodman's comedy was a hit at the Sundance Film Festival, which seems to be softening its hard indie edge in favor of gentle crowd-pleasers. The film is set in Santa Fe, which comes across as the capital city of slackerdom; apparently entire lives can be structured around the art of the Frisbee. Donal Logue plays Dex, the portly and lovable hero, as a kind of threatless John Belushi—no one is wary of him or his bulk, and women, in particular, are drawn to his bed in spite of themselves. Dex has a book-fed philosophy of successful seduction, although the movie never really shows us his technique in action. Instead, we get melting hearts as he discovers that the cool-spirited Syd (Greer Goodman) may just be the woman for him. The story strolls along with ease, picking its way carefully between the nerdish and the hip, and the soundtrack is a memorable breeze, yet you come out feeling strangely underwhelmed. When did the movies last produce a proper Casanova, with the courage of his addiction?—*A.L.* (8/7/00) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

WHAT LIES BENEATH

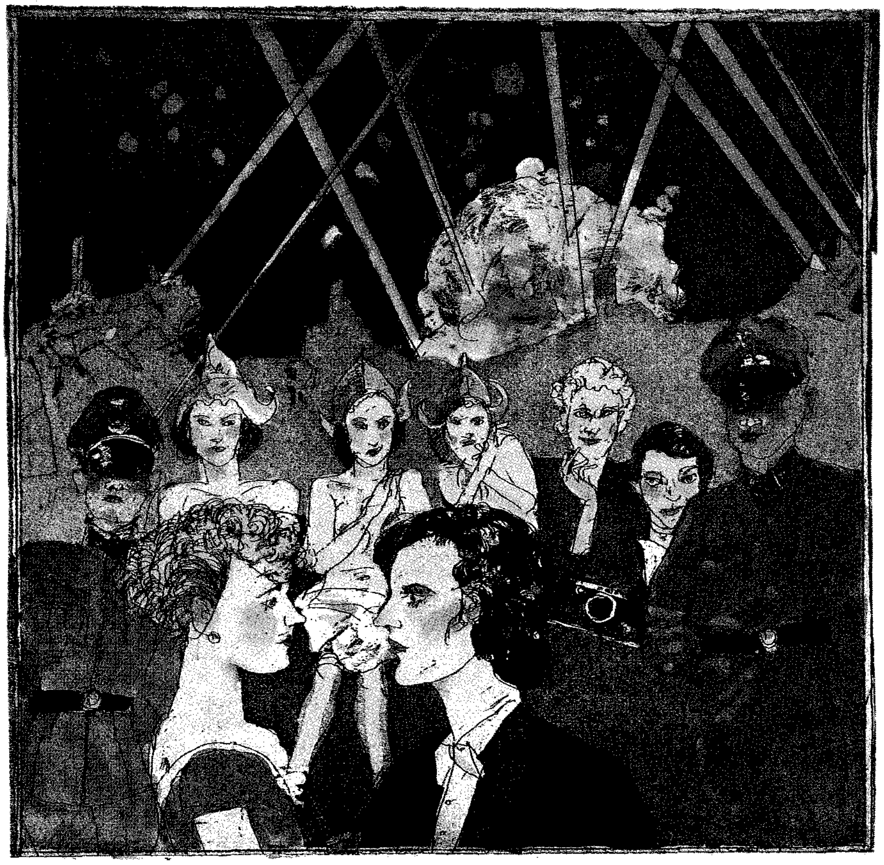
A bag of reliable old tricks. In a beautiful lakeside house in Vermont, Michelle Pfeiffer quivers in terror as an insistent ghost plays tricks on her—opening doors, knocking over pictures, squirting toothpaste into her coffee. Robert Zemeckis, the director, even resorts to horror-movie standbys such as having a menacing person suddenly appear in the frame as Pfeiffer scans her surroundings with a pair of binoculars. The cinematography, by Don Burgess, is chastely beautiful, but the music, by Alan Silvestri, tears into your emotions with the violence of a rusty blade wielded by a maniac. Most of screenwriter Clark Gregg's dialogue is banal, and Harrison Ford, as Pfeiffer's husband, scowls in selfish indifference to her problems. The picture is effectively scary, at times unpleasantly so, but only in the last forty minutes—especially during a sequence in a bathtub—does it rise above cliché.—*D.D.* (Astor Plaza, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE WIND WILL CARRY US

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

WONDERLAND

A searching, scruffy picture from the prolific Michael Winterbottom, who races through styles and milieus like a kid in a toy store. This latest venture is a coarse-grained record of London life, spliced between three sisters. There is Debbie (Shirley Henderson), the horny hairdresser; Nadia (Gina McKee), the lonely café waitress; and Molly (Molly Parker), who is carrying her first child plus the added burden of a panicky husband. We dart back and forth between their exploits and disappointments, with sidelong glances at their hopeless choice of men and their miserable parents. The mother is played by Kika Markham, who was a ravishing Truffaut heroine almost thirty years ago, and her presence only heightens the strain of sadness. There is an unaccountable thinness to the movie, and you wouldn't be crushed if you were told to watch it on television; on the other hand, you badly want to know what happens to these flawed and dreamy folk.—*A.L.* (7/31/00) (Angelika Film Center.)



Juliane Köhler and Maria Schrader in "Aimée & Jaguar," opening August 11.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

X-MEN
The most beautiful, strange, and exciting comic-book movie since the original "Batman." The world, it seems, is filled with mutants—quirks of evolution and lost souls who band together for comfort and understanding. Feared by the regular humans, the mutants, according to Magneto (Sir Ian McKellen), will never be accepted, and since they are superior he believes they should either destroy the rest of humanity or supplant it. He's been engaged in a long quarrel about this with Professor Xavier (Patrick Stewart), a soft-spoken, wheelchair-bound sage with empathic powers. The film combines the fear of aliens invading us (an old sci-fi trope) with a spectacular war of the gods. The director, Bryan Singer, builds the characters and then lets the action flow from their special physical skills. With Hugh Jackman as the anguished warrior Wolverine; Anna Paquin as Rogue, a teen-ager who tries to make out with her nonmutant boyfriend and winds up putting him in a coma; and Rebecca Romijn-Stamos as Mystique, who can morph into anything, but whose preferred form seems to be a stunning nude blue silicone torso.—*D.D.* (7/24/00) (Chelsea Cinemas, Chelsea West, Empire 25, Murray Hill Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 64th and 2nd, Village East Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

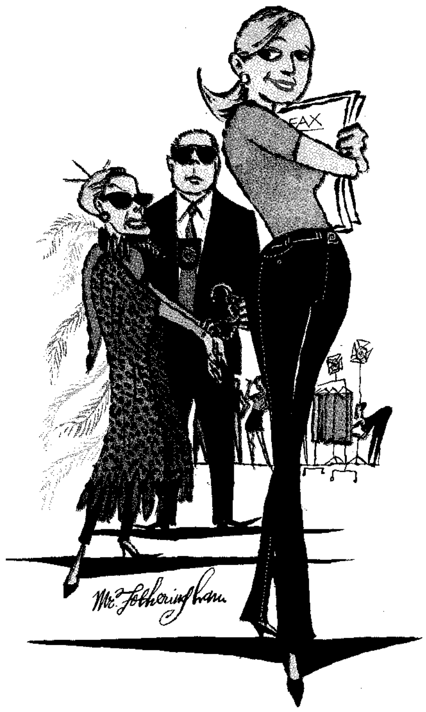
ALSO PLAYING

BUT I'M A CHEERLEADER
Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, and Empire 25.
CHUCK & BUCK (7/24/00)
Angelika Film Center and 62nd & Broadway.
COYOTE UGLY
Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 3rd Ave., East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, and Union Square.
CROUPIER
BAM Rose Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.
HAMLET (5/15/00)
East 86th Street Cinemas and Gotham Cinema.
THE PATRIOT (7/3/00)
42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.
PSYCHO BEACH PARTY
Chelsea Cinemas, Quad Cinema, and Sutton 1 and 2.
SAVING GRACE
Angelika Film Center, Cinema I, and Lincoln Square.
SHAFT (7/3/00)
84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, and Orpheum VII.
SHOWER (7/17/00)
BAM Rose Cinemas, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.
SPACE COWBOYS
Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.
TIME REGAINED (6/19 & 6/26/00)
Cinema Village.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.



Dominique Swain in "Intern," a farce about the fashion-magazine world.

42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

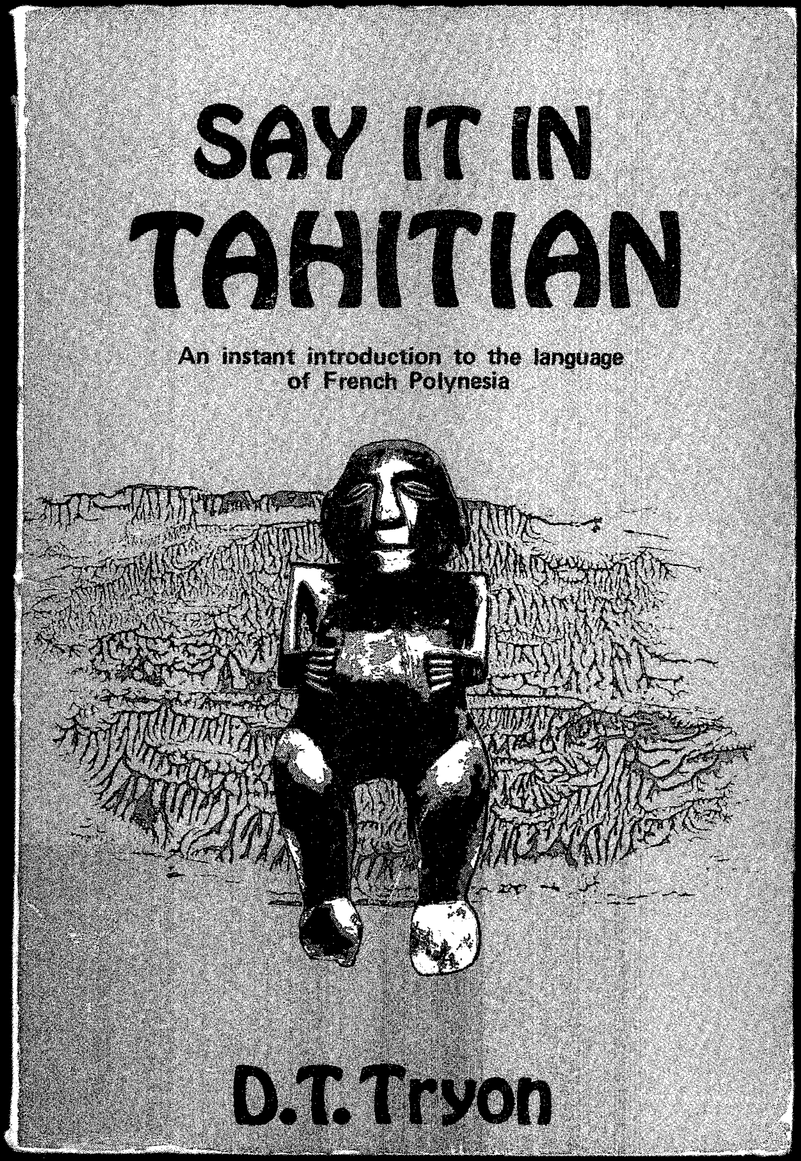
REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Sept. 3: "Behind the Mirror: American Film in the Fifties." Aug. 12 at 2: "Written on the Wind" (1956, Douglas Sirk). ♦ Aug. 12 at 4: "All That Heaven Allows" (1955, Sirk). ♦ Aug. 13 at 2: "The Defiant Ones" (1958, Stanley Kramer). ♦ Aug. 13 at 4: "Odds Against Tomorrow" (1959, Robert Wise). ♦ Classic movies. Aug. 12-13 at 6:30: "Contempt" (†).
ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—An Atom Egoyan retrospective. Aug. 9 at 7:30 and Aug. 12 at 5:30: "Next of Kin" (1984). ♦ Aug. 9 at 9 and Aug. 13 at 3: "Family Viewing" (1987). ♦ Aug. 10 at 7 and Aug. 13 at 5: "Speaking Parts" (1989). ♦ Aug. 10 at 9, Aug. 12 at 11:15, and Aug. 13 at 7: "The Adjuster" (1991). ♦ Aug. 11 at 7 and Aug. 12 at 9:30: "Calendar" (1993). ♦ Aug. 11 at 8:45 and Aug. 12 at 3: "The Sweet Hereafter" (1997). ♦ Aug. 11 at 11, Aug. 12 at 7, and Aug. 13 at 9:15: "Exotica" (1995).
BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770)—Aug. 9: "Starship Troopers" (1997, Paul Verhoeven). ♦ Aug. 10-11: "Love Affair: Or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator" (1967, Dusan Makavejev; in Serbian) and "Man Is Not a Bird" (1965, Makavejev; in Serbian). ♦ Aug. 12: "The Killer" (1989, John Woo; in Cantonese). ♦ Aug. 13: "Light Keeps Me Company" (2000, Carl-Gustav Nykvist) and "The Ox" (1991, Sven Nykvist; in Swedish). ♦ Aug. 14: "Lost, Lost, Lost" (1976, Jonas Mekas). ♦ Aug. 15: "Kanal" (1957, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
BRYANT PARK
Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. (521-5700)—Mondays, starting at dusk: free drive-in-style moviegoing. Aug. 14-15: "Gone with the Wind" (1939, Victor Fleming).
FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Aug. 9-10: "Raging Bull" (1980, Martin Scorsese). ♦ Through Sept. 14: "The Golden Age of Foreign Film." Aug. 11-13: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957, Federico Fellini; in Italian) and "La Strada" (1954, Fellini; in Italian). ♦ Aug. 14-15: "Repulsion" (†) and "Knife in the Water" (1962, Roman Polanski; in Polish).
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Aug. 10 at 6: "Artists and Models" (1955, Frank Tashlin). ♦ Aug. 11 at 6 and Aug. 12 at 2: "Zelig" (1983, Woody Allen). ♦ Aug. 11 at 8: "Victim" (1961, Basil Dearden). ♦ Aug. 12 at 5: "The Red and the Black" (1954, Claude Autant-Lara; in French). ♦ Aug. 13 at 2: "The Horse's Mouth" (1959, Ronald Neame). ♦ Aug. 13 at 5: "Duel in the Sun" (1946, King Vidor). ♦ Aug. 15 at 6: "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp" (1943, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger).
WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Aug. 24: A Tenth Anniversary Tribute to Milestone Film & Video. Aug. 9 at 1: "Maborosi" (1995, Hirokazu Kore-eda; in Japanese). ♦ Aug. 9 at 6:30 and 9: "South: Ernest Shackleton and the Endurance Expedition" (†). ♦ Aug. 10 at 1 and 5:15: "Antonio Gaudí" (1985, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese). ♦ Aug. 10 at 2:35 and Aug. 13 at 12:45 and 6:10: "I Am Cuba" (1964, Mikhail Kalatozov; in Spanish and Russian). ♦ Aug. 11 at 1:30 and 6:15 and Aug. 13 at 3:30 and 8:50: "Why Has Bodhi-Dharma Left for the East?" (1989, Bae Yong-Kyan; in Korean). ♦ Aug. 11 at 4:15 and Aug. 12 at 4:45: "Wuthering Heights" (1953, Luis Buñuel). ♦ Aug. 12 at 1 and 6:45: "Tabu" (1929-31, F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty). ♦ Aug. 12 at 2:50 and 8:40: "The Bat Whispers" (1930, Roland West). ♦ Aug. 14 at 2 and 6: "Fireworks" (1997, Takeshi Kitano; in Japanese). ♦ Aug. 14 at 4 and 8:10: "It Happened Here" (1966, Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Molloe).

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

August 29, 1978. Left on beach after one too many mai tais.


SAY IT IN
TAHITIAN
An instant introduction to the language
of French Polynesia
D.T. Tryon

August 13, 2000. Find on Alibris to take on second honeymoon.

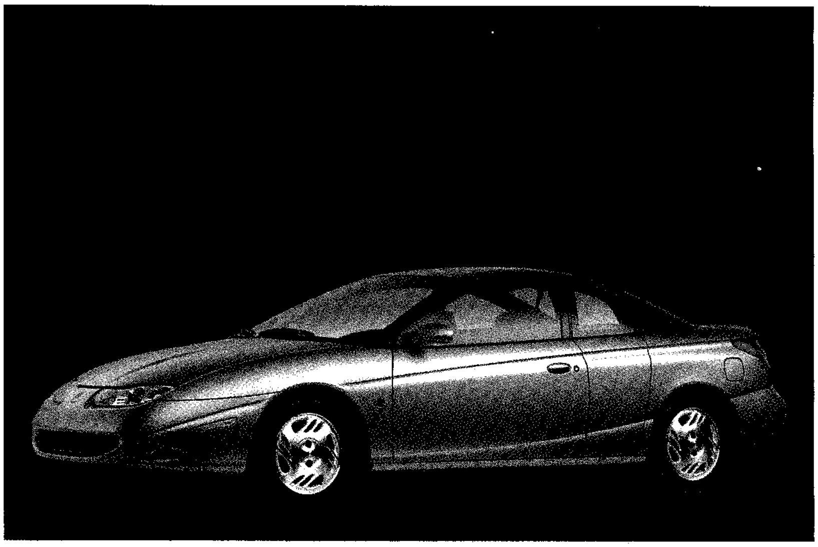
alibris™

www.alibris.com

Books you thought you'd never find.

© 2000 Alibris

Visit us online or ask about books from Alibris at your local bookstore.



THE REDESIGNED 2001 THREE-DOOR COUPE

After creating the world's only three-door coupe, we've given
it an impressive new body. Could a mini-series be far behind?
A Different Kind *of* Company. A Different Kind *of* Car.
www.saturn.com

SATURN.

©2000 Saturn Corporation.

THE
NEW YORKER

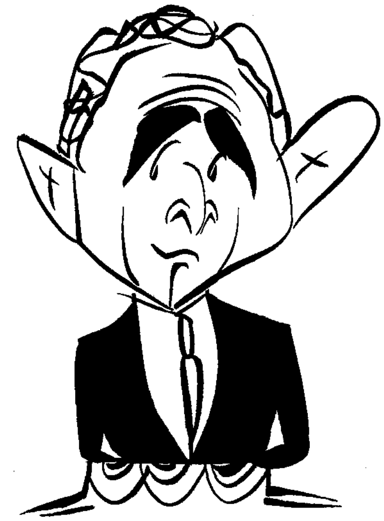
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
GRAND NEW PARTY

One of the rare attempts to stage a serious, industrial-strength discussion about the substance of governance at the Republican Party's chirpy convention in Philadelphia last week occurred on the very first afternoon. A panel of foreign-policy experts was convened. All six were white men, and therefore seemed nothing at all like the sleek, multi-ethnic image of the new Republican Party that was projected on television; indeed, they bore a slight resemblance to the caricatures of snooty, fur-collared bankers that Peter Arno used to draw for this magazine during the Great Depression. But each man had held a significant job in the Reagan or Bush Administration, and a large audience was on hand to hear them say—well, they didn't have much to say.

They faulted the current Administration's foreign policy for untidiness but couldn't gin up any passionate objections to the major Clinton initiatives overseas. They didn't seem all that excited about a national missile-defense system. Several naps were interrupted when George P. Shultz, the former Secretary of State, said that the economic embargo of Cuba was useless, and perhaps even counterproductive. A last question, about the possible effect of a new generation of encryption regimes—that is, cyber-security systems—on E-commerce, elicited the following response from Lawrence Eagleburger, also a former Secretary of State: "Could somebody please explain the question?"

The panel was reassuring on several counts. For one thing, it was too dull to be anything but real. Furthermore, unlike many Republican policy forums in recent years, it wasn't at all angry. But, most important, it revealed an essential truth about the current Bush project. This is not a new Republican Party but a souped-up version of a previous one: the very proper, mostly Eastern-establishment Party of the Eisenhower era; the Party that existed before the Nixon-Reagan-Gingrich Sunbelt rebels used racial fears to crack open the solid Democratic South; the Party that Martin Luther King, Sr., belonged to, for lack of a better option. It was Senator Prescott Bush's party, and it might have been President George H. W. Bush's natural home, too, if all those voodoo economists and gun lovers and abortion haters hadn't been riding so high in the prop wash of the Reagan revolution.



George W. Bush

The current Republican nominees, George W. Bush and Dick Cheney, are nominal Westerners, oil fellows from Texas and Wyoming, but they are rather Eastern Westerners. Dick Cheney looks like a Peter Arno banker, too. On the basis of résumé and demeanor, he could easily have been the seventh member of the foreign-policy panel; he also decried Clintonian untidiness, the libidinous kind, in his acceptance speech.

The man at the top of the ticket, George W. Bush, is beginning to seem more formidable. He is still awkward at the podium. He delivered his big speech fretfully, with his eyebrows tangled up in each other and his smallish features—eyes, nose, mouth—compressed together in the middle of his face. The words on the page were more eloquent than the orator was able to make them. And yet the awkwardness was almost part of the package. His best moments were the humble ones; indeed, humility was at the heart of his most important theme—that it was time for the baby-boom generation to grow up and behave responsibly, especially when it comes to difficult issues like Social Security and Medicare. (He might have behaved more responsibly by filling in some of

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

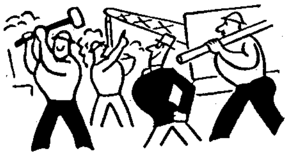
the details of his plans for those programs, but to demand that a politician display responsibility and humility at the same time is probably too persnickety by half.)

Bush was also clearly ready for battle. His attacks on Al Gore were deft and ardent, if obscure (as opposed to the Gore campaign's attacks on Bush, which remain sophomoric and whiny). After the speech, Jim Lehrer felt the need to inform his sophisticated public-broadcasting audience that Bush's riff on "risky . . . schemes" was a reference to the Vice-President's relentless use of that phrase to describe just about every idea the Republican has proposed. It was a useful reminder of how little attention this campaign has received and, perhaps, warranted.

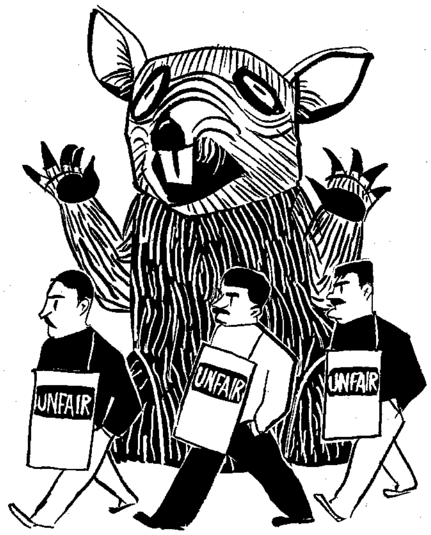
As usual, the instant polls and focus groups showed a favorable reaction to the newcomer; the glow will, no doubt, fade in the heat of the campaign. But even if George W. Bush is not able to sustain his current popularity he has done a clever thing. He has married his own belated maturation to his generation's and to his region's. The Republican Party had been trapped in its appeals to the raw, populist prejudices—economic, social, and racial—of the burgeoning Sunbelt suburbs. The new Bush moment is a recognition that the Sunbelt money is growing older. And, just as the Governor of Texas has transformed himself from a rebellious party lout into Prescott Bush's compassionate, civil grandson, so the Republican Party may have found its natural place in the political spectrum—still fairly conservative, but calmer and more concerned with tidiness than the Democrats are.

—*Joe Klein*

HOT AIR
THE MAN BEHIND THE RATS



In New York, there are regular rats and there are giant rats. The regular rats get most of the attention these days; Mayor Giuliani just resurrected his 1997 rat task force, and there is talk of a city rat czar. But it is the giant rats whose population has exploded most visibly in recent months.



Giant rat

Since January, two dozen giant rats have arrived in New York. They were sent here from Chicago by one man, Mike O'Connor, the inventor of the giant rat and the president and founder of Big Sky Balloons and Searchlights. He designs and manufactures the inflatable nylon rats that turn up at the sites of labor actions all over town. "We're—what do you call it?—infesting New York with rats," O'Connor said recently, as he drove his pickup truck through the suburbs of Chicago. He had just finished putting up a giant blue King Kong in someone's back yard (in honor of a birthday) and was on his way to another town to install a giant stork (in honor of a birth). "We're doing a lot more storks lately," he said.

O'Connor, a hot-air balloonist from Billings, Montana, founded Big Sky Balloons twenty years ago, after he took an old hot-air balloon, sewed the bottom shut, attached it to a furnace blower, and pumped it full of air to create what he believes to be one of the first commercially produced super-pressure balloons—that is, a balloon that stays put instead of rising and drifting away on the wind. Before long, O'Connor moved from balloon-shaped balloons into balloons shaped like just about anything, including bees, dragons, whales, raccoons, owls, witches, elephants, and, on behalf of the Chicago Bulls, giant bulls.

O'Connor designed his first giant rat in 1987, for a construction union in Chicago. "They wanted a really mean one," O'Connor recalled. "So I drew one up for them. I was the artist on that one. And I showed it to them, and they said, 'No. Not mean enough.' And I said, 'You mean like a really rabid rat?' So I made it *really* mean, and they saw it and said, 'That's it!' "

Since then, O'Connor has sold close to a hundred giant rats—seventy-five of them in New York. They come in three sizes: twelve, fifteen, and twenty-five feet. The twelve- and fifteen-footers are the most common, and they sell for $3,775 and $5,025, respectively. The twenty-five-footer goes for $7,225. The design of each rat is essentially the same. "We're getting into changing them a little," O'Connor said. "You know, with festering-looking nipples on their chests. We're getting into airbrushing."

Lately, amid the renewed vigor of the labor movement, sales of O'Connor's giant rats have taken off. "We sell four or five a week," he said. O'Connor sells his rats exclusively to labor unions, which use them as attention grabbers, though he once sold a giant cat to a bank that was the target of some demonstrators who had put up one of his rats. "It was actually a cougar, but it looked like a cat," O'Connor said. "It towered over the rat. It was pretty cool. But it was all done in good taste."

Recently, one of O'Connor's giant rats presided over a labor demonstration on Broadway near Columbus Circle. It stood behind police barricades, fifteen feet tall, its claws trembling in the summer breeze. One of the rat's caretakers was Mickey Whelan, a member of Local 608 of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. "This is just standard. There's no big deal about this one," Whelan said. He had an Irish brogue and a handshake like a two-by-four. "It's not to say that the guys on this job are rat workers or anything. Far from it. It's to say that the workers here are getting exploited."

Just then, a skinny young man who looked to be in his late twenties stopped next to Whelan. He was carrying a large portfolio of artwork. "Nice rat!" he said.

Whelan, his arms folded across his chest, eyed the young man skeptically. "Thanks," he said.

"Have you seen *our* rat?" the man asked.

"*Your* rat?" Whelan said.

"Yeah, our rat's over there." The young man pointed across town. "We're on strike over at the Museum of Modern Art."

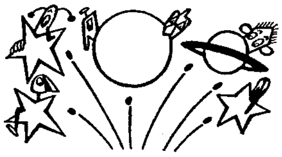
"Oh, all right then," Whelan said.

"Yeah, we got a rat, too," the young man said again. He was pretty excited. He tried to high-five Whelan, but Whelan didn't notice. Instead, he reached out to shake his hand.

"Well, good luck, then, brother," Whelan said.

—*Robert Sullivan*

DEPT. OF DINOSAURS
HOW LASER ROCK GOT KICKED DOWNSTAIRS



Underneath and around the corner from the new Hayden Planetarium, at the Frederick Phineas & Sandra Priest Rose Center for Earth and Space, which claims to offer "the most technologically advanced Space Show in existence," there is, on Friday and Saturday nights in the IMAX theatre, another sort of space show: Laser Aerosmith in 3-D. The laser shows were kicked out of the old planetarium when it was closed, in 1996, and the American Museum of Natural History seems to be in no hurry to have them back in the wondrous new one. Helen Lazzaro, a publicist, said the museum was "not really sure what's going to happen with them."

In the late seventies, the laser rock show was a teen-age rite of passage. The slacker pop band Fountains of Wayne has a song about kids from the suburbs ("They come from Bridgeport, Westport, Darien/Down to the Hayden Planetarium") who head into the city to get high and "space out to our favorite tunes." The laser show's current stateless condition is fitting, in a way, because it is perhaps the last regularly scheduled celebration of the art and attitude of the psychedelic era. It's the culture ministry of the government-in-exile of the Woodstock Nation.

About eighty people turned up for the Aerosmith show on a recent Friday night, and a similar number were lined up to see Laser Led Zeppelin in 3-D right after it. They were tidy, older, and orderly, and they had a listless, prepared-to-be-disappointed air about them, especially once they filed in and realized that they would come nowhere near filling the theatre's eight hundred seats.

Patrons are not patted down for bottles anymore. The no-smoking—"And that includes cigarettes!"—announcements are no longer needed, either. At Laser Aerosmith, the sole acknowledgment of the laser show's great drug-culture legacy was in a pre-show announcement over the tinny IMAX speakers. A voice introduced itself as "Rob, your laserist," and then said, "I'm high!"—full stop, meaningful pause—"Above your heads in the control booth." This got a chuckle.

Rob explained the cardboard 3-D glasses, which are a relatively recent laser-show innovation. Printed on the side of the glasses was a warning that they are not for "performing physical activity, driving or operating machinery." The warning about the damage they could cause to one's self-respect was only implicit.

The show itself was delivered not in the enveloping, disorienting darkness of the old planetarium, where you would lie back in a reclining seat and watch the lasers dancing above you, but frontally in a dim theatre. The graphics, which sort of pulsed to the music, were simple, charmless, and often literal (a cowboy during "Back in the Saddle," an elevator during "Love in an Elevator"). There were abstract images, too—spyrographic squiggles, kaleidoscopic bursts, and some stars in the sky. At one point, a Pac Man chased a guy in a business suit.

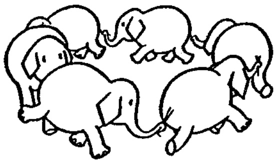
Today, practically any entertainment delivery system—a CD-ROM, a video game, even a decent screen saver, for God's sake—produces a richer and more satisfying diversion. Like Disneyland's Tomorrowland, which started as an authentic vision of the future and has become an exercise in nostalgia for that vision, the laser show seems to exist today only to remind people of what was once capable of blowing their minds.

Jack Romeo, from North Bergen, New Jersey, brought a couple of buddies in to see the show. Romeo is a small, wiry man, and his craggy face appeared to reflect about four decades of the rock-and-roll life. After the show, he offered a rapid-fire critique: "Lousy. Boring. Too repetitious. Just a lot of stuff flashing." His main complaint, though, was about the volume. "The music should be louder," he said. "You should feel it in your skin."

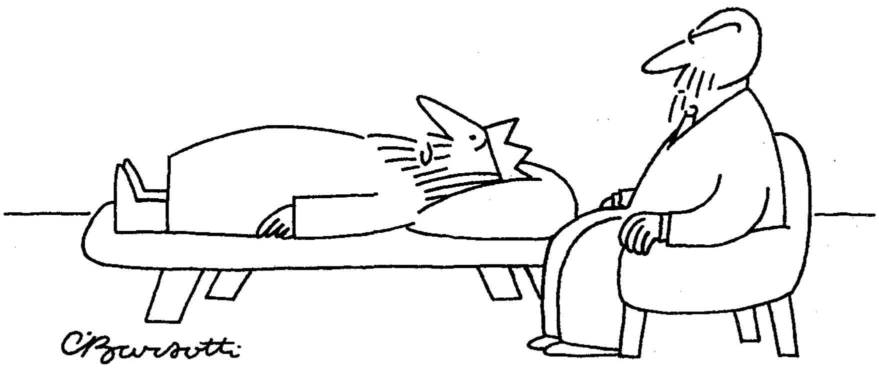
Romeo and the rest of the Aerosmith fans were directed out through the Hall of North American Mammals. He rounded a corner and stopped short in front of a stuffed wolverine. "Now, this," he said. "This is cool."

—*Adam Liptak*

CONVENTION POSTCARD
LOOKING FOR RELIEF IN PHILADELPHIA



As the hour approached for the opening of another session of the Republican National Convention, a pleasant peace settled over the great oval arena of Philadelphia's First Union Center. Down on the floor, early arrivals looked for their seats, greeting one another and chatting. High above, the glassed-in booths of the broadcast net-



"Sure, I'm Alfred the Great now, but in high school I couldn't get a date."

works, the cable networks, and (in a gesture to the presumed future) a handful of Web sites glowed comfortingly. The commentators, already seated, coiffed, and lit, appeared as placid and silent as fish in an aquarium. In the pencil-press gallery, halfway up to the ceiling and off to the left of a ziggurat-like podium, a few reporters alternately pecked at laptops and stared into space.

The distant hum of thousands of human voices engaged in random conversation has a calming effect, conducive to thought. And the thoughts it was conducive to, at that particular moment, were of futility and of hypocrisy.

First, futility. It became unavoidable, at this convention, to wonder whether the whole idea of conventions hasn't reached some sort of critical mass of pointlessness. The disproportion between, on the one hand, the gigantism of the resources expended on mounting a convention and, on the other, the shrinking of its purpose is hardly new, but this year it has reached a new level of absurdity. In a country as vast, as decentralized, and as lonely as this one, conventions still have value as quadrennial opportunities—the only opportunities, really—for the community of people who are obsessively interested and involved in national electoral politics to get together. This is no small thing. But it is hard to imagine that a political convention will ever again make a political decision. Presidential politics has evolved along the lines of men's tennis: all serve and volley, no long rallies. The dynamics of the political calendar and of political finance now practically guarantee that the nominee will be chosen in a flurry of early primaries; and the exigencies of demonstrating mastery require that internal conflict be suppressed. The conventions were transformed, first willy-nilly and then on purpose, into television shows. The results were ironic. Along with suspense, the thrill of eavesdropping melted away. Along with audience, the big networks began to lose interest. Providentially, C-SPAN and cable came along to give them the alibi they needed to cut back. The conventions now serve a niche public, like the opera.

As for hypocrisy, the multicultural, dark-skinned pageant staged by the Republicans caused that cruel word to be much bandied about. White audi-

---

ORDER OF SERVICE

Brad & Jennifer

Saturday July 29, 2000
The Tent of the Resurrection, Malibu

PROCESSIONAL

"I'll Be There for You" *(Trad., arr. LeBlanc)*

READING

The Book of Thelma, 5:7 *Read by Ms. Geena Davis*

THE EXORCISM

The Congregation will remain standing while the Minister expels the lingering spirit of anyone named Gwyneth.

THE MARRIAGE

MINISTER: Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today in the presence of God to join in holy matrimony this hunk and this babe. The first rule of this joyous occasion is that you do not talk about this joyous occasion. Let us therefore give praise to the Almighty for His totally awesome blackout of the international press.

CONGREGATION: Except *Paris Match.*

MINISTER: Yeah, in black-and-white. In French.

Here the Congregation shall openly guffaw.

MINISTER: Be still. If anyone here present knows any just cause or impediment why this man may not be married to this woman, let him speak now or forever hold his peace.

CONGREGATION: "Meet Joe Black." "Seven Years in Tibet." The nuthouse stuff in "Twelve Monkeys."

MINISTER: Whatever. Do you, the Body, take thee, the Sexiest Man Alive, to have and to hold, from this day forward, forsaking all other except such cute English guys as are cast opposite you in slight romantic comedies, as long as ye both shall live?

BRIDE: Yes, hon.

MINISTER: Do you, Legend of the Fall, take thee, Three-Quarters of a Mil per Episode, to love and to cherish, in sickness or in health, and forgetting all prenup, till death or Russell Crowe do you part?

The Groom will pause, bow his head, and gaze upward through his lashes.

GROOM: Uh-huh.

MINISTER: Who giveth this woman to this man?

Here Mr. Matthew Perry will do a double take, point questioningly at himself, trip over the flowers, and pat his pockets with feverish alarm, before finding the ring on his own finger and freezing for effect.

GROOM: Thanks, man.

MR. PERRY: Hey.

The Minister will address the Bride and Groom.

MINISTER: I now pronounce you the mostest media couple on God's green earth. You may be intense with the Bride.

THE SIGNING OF THE REGISTER

During the Signing, the Bride will wash her hair.

THE DECKING OF THE GROOM

Performed by Mr. Edward Norton.

THE BLESSING

MINISTER: The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord lift up the Light of His Countenance upon your Best Side and be Merciful unto you. And the Blessing of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit be with you and remain with you one hundred per cent for the length of your existing contract, but absolutely no further. Amen.

CONGREGATION: We can live with that.

RECESSIONAL

"Smelly Cat" *L. Kudrow (1963-)*

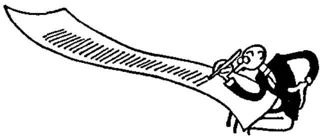
—Anthony Lane

ence, black performers: some were reminded of the N. B. A. finals, others of a rap concert in the suburbs, still others, more sourly, of a minstrel show. Yet there are worse vices than hypocrisy. Paying tribute to virtue can be the first step toward acquiring it. One has to start somewhere.

The press gallery was filling up, and the session was dangerously close to beginning. Someone remarked, "I'm not sure it's even possible to ridicule this anymore." Could that really be true? It seemed a good moment to bolt and find out. So it was out into the steamy heat, where—past four huge white press tents and a sprawling trailer park of mobile control rooms—it was a short golf-cart ride to a subway station. Philadelphia's subway system, to a New York eye, is cute: just two lines, curiously roomy cars, no service after midnight. At the City Hall station, you change to an even cuter underground trolley for the rest of the trip to the University of Pennsylvania campus, where an experiment was under way. The Shadow Convention—an alternative forum organized by the political socialite Arianna Huffington—had planned an evening's entertainment. On the stage, eight white males occupied chairs: the moderator, Harry Shearer, of "The Simpsons"; Paul Krassner, the former Yippie; Al Franken, the satirist; Bob Borosage, a leftish think tanker; Jonathan Kozol, the education writer; Jonathan Alter, the *Newsweek* columnist; and two journalists who moonlight as standup comedians, Walter Shapiro, of *USA Today*, and Matt Cooper, of *Time*. ("We're so cool we don't need diversity," Shapiro explained.) Flanking the panel were a pair of big-screen TV monitors showing C-SPAN. The idea was that the assembled wits and pundits would comment on the proceedings as they unfolded across town. So when the monitors showed Condoleezza Rice, George W. Bush's (African-American) foreign-policy adviser, saying that the Republicans are "a party that sees me as an individual, not as part of a group," Shearer interjected, "Mmm—that's why she's speaking tonight." When the education issue came up, Franken pointed to clear evidence of progress in Texas: "Sixty per cent of high-school seniors have higher reading scores than the governor. That wasn't true under Ann Richards." When Kozol noted the scarcity of black faces among the convention delegates, Krassner said, "Not only that—they were all Eddie Murphy." In politics, though, the overt jokes must compete with the inadvertent kind, as when, on the non-Shadow Convention's final night, C-SPAN'S closed captioning rendered the nominee's reference to "the greatest generation" as "the great estrogen nation."

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*

POSTSCRIPT
MAXWELL'S TOUCH



William Maxwell was born in 1908 in Lincoln, Illinois, and its houses and inhabitants still vitally figured in his fiction after fifty years of Eastern residence. His mother, with the lovely name of Blossom, died in the flu epidemic of 1918-19. Receiving the Gold Medal for Fiction from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1995, Maxwell said, "The novelist works with what life has given him. It was no small gift that I was allowed to lead my boyhood in a small town in Illinois where the elm trees cast a mixture of light and shade over the pavements. And also that, at a fairly early age, I was made aware of the fragility of human happiness." He commemorated this early and sudden death a number of times in his work, nowhere more movingly than in his second novel, "They Came Like Swallows." He accepted with his customary grace and humor his own contrary fate of living on and on, nearly to the age of ninety-two. He died last Monday in his Manhattan apartment, a week after the death of his wife, Emily; it was as if, having long sustained the frailties of old age, he had given himself at last permission to leave. Beneath his soft-spoken manner and invariable gentleness, he had a strong will, an artist's will.

After an education at the Urbana campus of the University of Illinois and at Harvard, he came to work for *The New Yorker* in 1936, as an assistant to Katharine White. The magazine offered its staff of young people a variety of odd jobs; Maxwell described sitting in on one of Harold Ross's art meetings as "the easiest thing in the world. You sat there looking at a lot of unfunny roughs, and when a funny one came up, everybody laughed." At Wolcott Gibbs's suggestion, he began to edit fiction, and until 1976 gave *The New Yorker* three days a week as an editor and gave himself and his own writing the remaining four. To those he edited he gave a tenderness and an acuity of attention that could not but enhance their sense of vocation; his writers included John Cheever, Eudora Welty, Vladimir Nabokov, Frank O'Connor, Sylvia Townsend Warner, and Mavis Gallant. He tamed the irascible John O'Hara and nursed into flower such younger talents as Elizabeth Cullinan and Larry Woiwode. His editing had the warm touch of a man who himself wrote beautifully; it also had the firm touch of a man who guarded the gates of *The New Yorker* against anything, to his taste, unworthy. His taste merged with the taste of the magazine, and significantly helped make it, in those four decades of his employment, the fine and surprising journal it was.

After retiring, he did not return to haunt, as many fondly regarded ghosts were encouraged to do, the corridors. He said it was easier to stay home in his pajamas and write, and he did—stories, book reviews, and wonderful letters, fresh, frank, droll, and encouraging. His last letter to me made light of a fall ("I did much more damage to myself when I was two and fell down the stairs") and of "ocular degeneration, which I suspected from the fact that color seemed to be departing from the flowers." He went on to observe, "Worse things happened to, for instance, King Lear. After so much good fortune it would be small-minded to complain and I try not to, though I seem to be doing it right this minute." His disapproval sought no stronger terms than "small-minded." He was himself so large-minded, so selflessly in love with the best the world could offer, that he enlarged and relaxed those who knew him. His was a rare, brave spirit, early annealed in terrible loss. He had a gift for affection, and another—or was it the same gift?—for paying attention. With both he graced this magazine.

—*John Updike*

On holiday in Derbyshire, Jane Austen brings murder to light

Jane and the Stillroom Maid

Being the Fifth Jane Austen Mystery

by STEPHANIE BARRON

EXTRAVAGANT PRAISE FOR THE JANE AUSTEN MYSTERIES:

"Skillful ... an ideal vehicle for the classic cozy murder mystery."
–The New York Times Book Review

"A real charmer."
–San Francisco Chronicle

"Lighthearted ... witty and logical."
–The Denver Post

ENJOY THESE PAPERBACKS:
Jane and the Genius of the Place
Jane and the Wandering Eye
Jane and the Man of the Cloth
Jane and the Unpleasantness at Scargrave Manor

Bantam Hardcover
Available wherever books are sold
www.bantamdell.com

ANNALS OF JOURNALISM

BAD NEWS

What's behind the recent gaffes at ABC?

BY JANE MAYER

Last March, for a special Earth Day program, ABC News sent Leonardo DiCaprio to interview President Clinton at the White House. DiCaprio's stint as a newsman began with the young actor saying, simply, "Wow!" in response to the President's earnest description of how the White House had become more energy-efficient. As broadcast on April 22nd, the interview lasted less than three minutes. The derision in the press and from late-night comedians went on for weeks.

Inside ABC's Washington news bureau, a glass building at 1717 DeSales Street, not far from the White House, the decision to let a movie star pose questions to the President was regarded as proof that the infidels had sacked the citadel. When Ted Koppel, the anchor of "Nightline," heard about it, a colleague says, he flushed, shook his head, and muttered, in a voice that he reserves for his deepest fury, "It's much, much worse than you know."

For Koppel and others in upper management at ABC News, the DiCaprio incident was more than a public embarrassment; it raised serious questions about the judgment and credibility of the president of the news division, David Westin. Afterward, Westin sent an E-mail to ten associates, denying that he had ever intended to have DiCaprio "interview" the President. "No one is that stupid," Westin wrote, adding, in a joking aside that was a little too frank about the showbiz nature of network TV news, "All roles of journalists must be played by journalists (duh!)."

The E-mail was leaked to the press, and when it appeared in print Westin seemed incensed about the breach of his confidence. He presided over several bitter staff meetings in which unnamed associates were blamed for this and other leaks. "The atmosphere was like 'There's a traitor among us,'" Tom Bettag, the executive producer of "Nightline," told me. At one meeting, when two senior producers blamed the Washington bureau, Westin seemed to agree. But some ABC journalists began to wonder if he wasn't protesting too much—and, as it turns out, they were right. An ABC News official confirms that Westin gave the order to distribute copies of the "duh" E-mail to the media, assuming that it would exonerate him. Instead, ABC looked worse. The White House and a DiCaprio spokesman insisted that ABC had indeed arranged for DiCaprio to interview the President.

Among the few people at ABC News who knew the full story of Westin's role, the episode became one more reason to question his fitness for the job. One ABC executive to whom Westin had personally complained about the leaked E-mail called the revelation about Westin's behavior "stunning." The executive, who, unsurprisingly, asked not to be named, said, "I had no idea he was such a good actor—or such a big liar." When I asked Westin about the E-mail, he said, "I didn't intend it to get in the hands of the press." When I said I'd been told that he had ordered the leak that he subsequently blamed on others, he responded, "I never made an issue of leaking it. Next question."

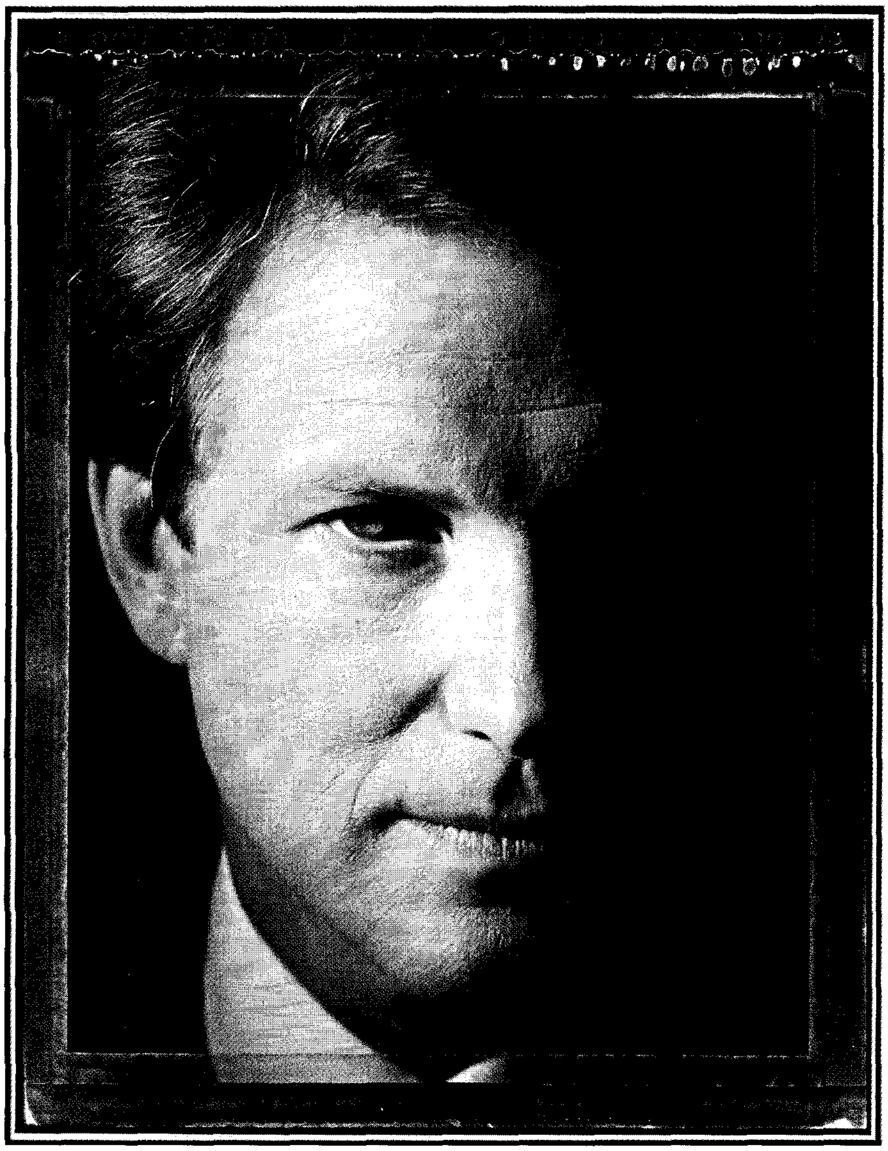
ABC, which likes to call itself America's No. 1 source of news, has become a favorite target of media critics since Westin, a lawyer with no newsroom experience, was made head of the news division, three years ago. Undoubtedly, there have been instances when he has made a difficult situation worse. But his troubles reveal a lot about the treacherous state of the broadcast-news business in the information age. As Tom Bettag put it, "David walked into something that was in cyclonic change, and was told to change the fan belt while the engine was running." Jon Katz, a former news executive at CBS who is now a media critic, suggests that "network news is basically a corpse that hasn't been pronounced yet." Westin, for his part, ac-

CORBIS OUTLINE

knowledges that television news must either transform itself or risk going the way of such mass-market forebears as *Life* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. Given this imperative, mistakes and controversy are probably inevitable. "The one thing I know," Westin told me, "is that if we don't change we die."

Westin was highly successful in his previous profession. In 1979, after clerking for the former Supreme Court Justice Lewis Powell, Jr., he joined the prestigious Washington law firm of Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering, and swiftly became a partner. (Lloyd Cutler, a frequent Presidential adviser, remembers Westin as a "very good lawyer with a winning personality.") In 1991, Westin followed a mentor to become general counsel at ABC in New York, commuting between the job and his family, in Washington. By the time the Walt Disney Company bought Capital Cities/ABC, in 1995, Westin had become president of the network. Two years later, the entertainment company passed over several journalists to name Westin to the more high-profile job of president of ABC News, where he replaced a broadcast legend—Roone Arledge, who had made ABC News the highest-rated, and in many ways the most substantive, of the three major networks' news operations.

Westin was not a complete stranger to news. When he clerked for Justice Powell, he worked on a decision involving press access to pretrial proceedings. As ABC's general counsel, he supported reporters in several celebrated legal battles, such as the Food Lion case, in 1992, in which he defended the network's use of false résumés and hidden cameras to expose unsanitary conditions in the chain's supermarkets. Westin was also known as a quick study, an impressive speaker, and a skilled corporate player.

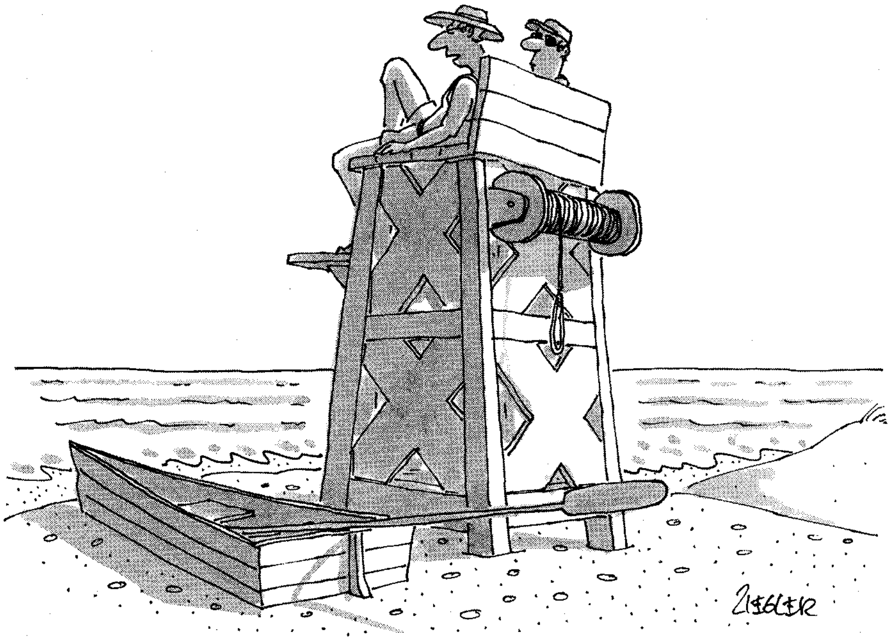


David Westin, who became president of the ABC news division in 1997, says, "The one thing I know is that if we don't change we die." Photograph by Brian Smith.

It may be that Westin is the first network-news president who is handsome enough to be in front of a camera. With deep-blue eyes, regular features, and an ingenuous manner, he has the pleasant look of a local news anchor. But he had never covered a news event, edited a story, or produced a broadcast. He had rarely seen the inside of a control room. Inevitably, some reporters, particularly in the Washington bureau, began to deride him as a "forty-two long"—in other words, an empty corporate suit.

"I have run up against the high priesthood of journalism," Westin said somewhat ruefully in a recent interview at ABC News headquarters, on West Sixty-sixth Street. "And I always will come up against that priesthood." His office, on the fifth floor, displays no photographs with world leaders and no blowups of headline-getting events. A weekend sailor, Westin has decorated the walls with soft-focus photographs of sailboats. A scale model of his own boat, a twenty-eight-foot sloop, is on display. The only sign that Westin is in the news business is a bank of television monitors hanging overhead.

Still, Westin talks persuasively of having "a passion for the First Amendment" and a commitment to doing work "of serious social importance." Barbara Walters calls him "wise." Ted Koppel says, "I like him. I can have a good argument with him." Diane Sawyer, whose friendship and support have been instrumental in Westin's rise, describes him as possessing all the necessary qualities for his job: "The ability to see over the horizon, nerve, purpose, and retaining a bit of the true believer at a time when so many things conspire to make you sail in the direction of the wind." Tom Bettag argues that it is to Westin's advantage that he is an outsider. "News is a very valuable product," Bettag says. "Rather than defending it as a member of the priesthood, he can, as a lawyer, defend it more coolly, as a marketing decision—it may seem more convincing to business,



"I adore the beauty and tranquillity of these raw-sewage days."

which unfortunately is ruling these days."

Westin can take credit for some notable successes, including ABC's coverage of the arrival of the millennium. Many, including Koppel, had opposed Westin's Jules Verne approach of tracking midnight as it moved through all the world's time zones. But Westin committed millions of dollars to the programming, and it won high ratings, critical praise, and a Peabody award. (It also won a private apology from Koppel.) Westin has made room on the prime-time schedule for occasional serious documentaries, such as one on the life of Jesus Christ and a report on the tensions between India and Pakistan. (It is said that Peter Jennings, who has a contract that allows him to do up to six such shows a year, had to push hard to get both programs on the schedule. Jennings declined to comment on Westin, saying, "Enough's already been said about David in public.") Westin also took an active role in ABC's aggressive coverage of the Monica Lewinsky scandal, and used his legal acumen to help reporters anticipate investigative twists. Westin was deeply involved in negotiations to procure Barbara Walters's exclusive interview with Lewinsky, which aired on March 3, 1999, on the newsmagazine show "20/20"—an event that became the most-watched news program ever broadcast by a single network.

But there have been repeated questions about ABC's journalistic practices. To get the interview, ABC—whose guidelines forbid paying for interviews—agreed to cede international broadcast rights to Lewinsky, which allowed her to pocket a million dollars. (The terms of the deal surfaced when the talk-show hostess Oprah Winfrey rejected them as "a form of indirect payment.") In addition, ABC agreed to pay twenty-five thousand dollars to Theodore Olson, a Washington lawyer and a close friend of Kenneth Starr, the former Independent Counsel, to secure access to Lewinsky. As part of her immunity agreement, Lewinsky had been barred from giving interviews. Westin considered suing Starr's office for violating her First Amendment rights but decided that it would be safer to hire Starr's friend to negotiate a private deal with the Independent Counsel.

When I asked Westin about the Olson arrangement, which the network had not publicly disclosed, he argued that it did not violate ABC's policy of not paying for news, because the payment was made not to Lewinsky but to her lawyer. (Olson declined to comment about the case on the record, as did Lewinsky's representative at the time, Richard Carlson. Plato Cacheris and Jacob Stein, Lewinsky's earlier lawyers, also declined to comment.) ABC News paid approximately three thousand dollars so that Lewinsky's hair and makeup would match her photograph on the jacket of a book that she was promoting, and the network agreed to show a number of closeups of the book in the interview.

Westin's status as a novice made him vulnerable to controversy from the start. In his first year on the job, he decided to kill a piece, by the investigative reporter Brian Ross, alleging that screening procedures at a theme park of ABC's parent company, Disney, were so lax that pedophiles had been hired. The decision, which became the focus of a late 1998 cover story in *Brill's Content,* raised obvious suspicions that Westin had caved in to corporate pressure. Westin maintains—and Tom Bettag, who reviewed a provisional script for the story, concurs—that the piece was not adequately supported by the facts. But people at ABC remain upset by the way Westin made his decision. At first, one insider says, Westin encouraged Ross and his producer. But when a reporter from the *Wall Street Journal* called Disney to ask about the project Westin is said to have "panicked" about the potential public-relations problem and screamed at Ross and his producer, repeatedly demanding, "Are you crazy?" Westin denies this account, but a source says that he told Ross that he would accept his resignation. Westin confirms that the discussions were "heated" but notes that Ross continues to work for ABC.

That episode, many at ABC say, encouraged an atmosphere of self-censorship and timidity. When a producer at "20/20" considered doing a piece on executive compensation, two people familiar with the deliberations say, the idea was dropped because no one wanted to draw attention to the extraordinarily rich pay package of Disney's chairman, Michael Eisner. (Westin says that ABC News has on occasion mentioned Eisner's salary.) Another producer for the network, who asked not to be named, says that the news division's need to steer clear of Disney "comes up all the time."

Last month, the news executives decided not to shoot a feature story about a cruise ship partly because Disney owns a rival cruise line. Similarly, news producers decided not to do a feature piece about the hit movie "Chicken Run," because they thought it would give free publicity to Disney's corporate rival, DreamWorks. "No one here wants to piss off the bosses," one producer explained.

Westin acknowledges that it can be difficult for ABC News to cover Disney. "I personally believe any news organization has to be careful in covering a parent," he told me. "Whether we're too harsh or too lax, it's very hard to do it without getting condemned."

Westin also killed a story on the manufacture in overseas sweatshops of the clothing line of the ABC television personality Kathie Lee Gifford. Westin, who is a friend of Kathie Lee and her husband, Frank Gifford, says, "We did think of doing a piece, then concluded we shouldn't." In part, he said, ABC was too late—although this is not necessarily grounds for killing a story.

Another controversy arose last spring over a decision to hire Mark Fuhrman as a consultant to "Good Morning America" on the Martha Moxley murder trial, in Connecticut—a case that Fuhrman had helped reopen by writing a book. The ABC newsroom was reportedly outraged by the contractual association with Fuhrman, the former Los Angeles detective and convicted perjurer who became notorious for taped racist comments during the O. J. Simpson murder trial. The contract was quickly cancelled.

The Fuhrman incident was followed by the DiCaprio fiasco and by bad reviews for ABC's handling, on "20/20," of the Elián González story. Westin, without getting the father's permission to interview Elián, allowed Diane Sawyer to stand on her head, and later bare her midriff, in an effort to relax the six-year-old Cuban boy while she asked him about the death of his mother, and about whether he wanted to stay in the United States. The boy replied, in Spanish, that he did not want his father to take him back to Cuba. His response, however, was handled in a muddled way: to avoid seeming exploitative, Westin and other ABC executives chose not to use Elián's words as breaking news but aired the statement in the background while Sawyer translated it. The result, like the DiCaprio appearance, was less a news interview than an awkward celebrity encounter, and suggested journalistic confusion at the top.

Last week, ABC's news practices made headlines again. According to the *Times,* a February "20/20" report by the correspondent John Stossel contending that organic food is not necessarily healthier than regular food was denied by scientists on whose research it was said to be based. The network aired the piece a second time despite the scientists' complaint. Network executives say that they are looking into the matter.

At the end of December, 1999, Westin was hospitalized for diverticulitis, an intestinal disorder that is sometimes stress-related. A friend of his says that Westin has been assured that Disney supports him, and that the company's top managers have made it clear that they regard many of the recent controversies as journalistic carping. But in some ways this attitude alarmed Westin. He has said that it made him realize that Disney has little interest in journalistic standards. Inexperienced though he may be, when it comes to news he is the company's last defense.

Westin told me that he has turned to a few of the field's most respected practitioners for guidance, among them Benjamin Bradlee, the former executive editor of the Washington *Post,* whom he describes as "very helpful," and Steven R. Weisman, a member of the *Times'* editorial board. If so, this is news to them. "He said that? I'm astonished," Weisman said when I repeated Westin's assertion to him. "I like him a lot as a friend," he added, explaining that he is Westin's neighbor in Bronxville. Bradlee confirmed that Westin had asked his opinion of the Elián interview, and had sent him a tape. But Bradlee said that he never responded to the tape, in part because he had nothing good to say about it. "Who the hell am I to advise anyone about television?" Bradlee said with a laugh. "I don't know the first thing about it."

Westin's cultivation of the illustrious is frequently remarked upon. One well-known ABC personality says that Westin often mentioned flying to Washington to attend A-list dinners at the British Embassy, where he has become friendly with the Ambassador. At a dinner at Bradlee's house, Westin gave a toast in which he talked about how he'd pressed his nose to the glass of such Georgetown gatherings, and couldn't believe he was finally an honored guest. "It was completely cringe-making," another of Bradlee's guests told me. Westin's toast was so fulsome toward Bradlee that it provoked a catcall from Bradlee's wife, Sally Quinn, who pointed out that it was her party, too. Westin's wife, Sherrie, whispered a loud apology for her husband's maladroitness. "I guess he still needs a little work," she said.

A number of those who have witnessed Westin's rise at ABC suggest that a lot of credit goes to Sherrie Rollins Westin, his third wife, an attractive and socially ambitious public-relations executive. Before he married her, Westin was generally regarded as thoughtful, hardworking, unpretentious, and even a bit of a nerd. But Rollins apparently helped open his eyes to a more glamorous world—quite a contrast to the milieu in which Westin grew up, as the eldest of four children, in Flint, Michigan, where his parents were evangelical Baptists who forbade drinking, dancing, and most television.

He recalls that as a boy on a family trip to New York he stared longingly at the elegant brownstones and wondered how different life could be. His mother, Mary Louise, remembers that David was always interested in fame, once asking her, "Mom, didn't you ever want to be famous?" He begged to be allowed to watch programs like "The Twilight Zone" and "Get Smart." But such fare, deemed to be of dubious moral tone, was banned in their house. Westin was encouraged to learn the oboe, which he played seriously, and to compete on his church's Bible quiz team.

Westin's father, an assembly-line worker who became a middle manager at the Ford Motor Company, was the stricter parent. But when David was a senior in high school the father abandoned the family for another woman. Westin's mother watched as David confronted him, saying, "I don't know who you are, or where you came from, because the man who raised me taught me the opposite."

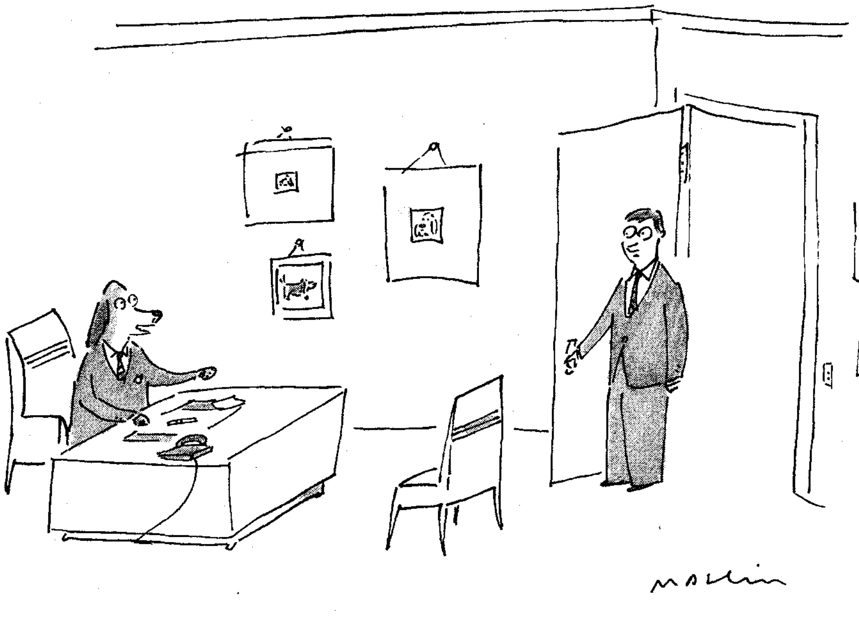
Westin's mother moved with her children to Ann Arbor so that David could live at home while attending the University of Michigan. She found a job at the university, as a librarian, but the family struggled financially. Westin says that in college he shared the anti-Vietnam War sentiment on campus. He majored in philosophy, and his particular interest was ethics; he hoped to be a philosophy professor. In his junior year, however, his academic adviser, Lee Bowie, who is now a professor at Mount Holyoke, advised him against it. "David was a strong student, but it wasn't my sense that he had the pure passion for abstract philosophy that suggested he'd be happy pursuing it the rest of his life," Bowie told me. Westin went to the University of Michigan Law School instead, graduating first in his class. (He continues to be an avid and eclectic reader—he told me that lately he's been reading "Oedipus at Colonus" and Mary Gordon's "Joan of Arc.") In 1978, after a period in New York, he and his wife—he had married his college girlfriend—moved to Washington, where he began clerking for Justice Powell.

At Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering, Westin impressed his colleagues as a strait-laced family man. But then, in an echo of his own childhood experience, he left his wife and two daughters for a pretty legal assistant. "It was an absolute stunner," a former partner recalled. "It was as if we didn't know him. I think he let his image be something other than who he is."

Westin subsequently married the legal assistant, and, with the birth of a son, started a second family. In 1991, when he joined ABC, he began commuting to New York. In the spring of 1997, on the eve of his being named president of the news division, gossip again spread that he was having an affair, this time with Sherrie Rollins, who was an executive at ABC and was married to Ed Rollins, a prominent Republican political consultant.

Westin, in his capacity as president of the ABC Television Network, had promoted Sherrie Rollins to executive vice-president, and she had given a significant boost to his career. She is a close friend of Diane Sawyer's, and she and Sawyer encouraged Westin to seek the news presidency, supporting his candidacy over that of Paul Friedman, the executive producer of "World News Tonight" and a respected newsman. "Diane can be so utterly charming, and she absolutely set her sights on David," a colleague recalled. "We'd get a good laugh, because she'd light candles in her office when she heard he was on his way." Friedman, a consummate newsman, whose impolitic manner had apparently alienated both Sawyer and Arledge, remained at "World News Tonight." (Last spring, Westin promoted him to executive vice-president and managing editor.)

Just before Michael Eisner was to announce Westin's appointment as news president, he apparently grew concerned that such a professionally tangled affair might present legal and public-relations problems, particularly for a company so protective of its wholesome family image. He reportedly sought assurance from Robert Iger, then the president of ABC and a friend of Westin's, that the gossip about Westin and Rollins wasn't true. According to news accounts at the time, Westin assured Iger that he and Rollins were not romantically involved. (Both Iger and Westin declined to comment about the matter.) At any rate, Westin's promotion went forward, and Westin and Rollins left their spouses and were married the following year.



"Come. Sit. Speak."

Sherrie Rollins Westin is the daughter of a vice-president of a construction-machinery company in Roanoke, Virginia. After graduating from the University of Virginia, she rose through a series of increasingly high-powered public-relations jobs, first in Washington, later in New York, accumulating along the way a legendary Rolodex and a reputation as a social dynamo. Flirtatious and fun-loving, she is famous for sending people—and even well-placed dogs—cards and presents for birthdays, anniversaries, and Valentine's Day. Her marriage to Ed Rollins seemed happy until his career was damaged by a series of miscalculations. In 1992, when Ed signed up with H. Ross Perot's short-lived Presidential campaign, Sherrie, who occupied a senior post in the Bush White House, felt obliged to resign. "When they hit the undertow, it was clear she was going to find a life vest," John Roberts, a Washington friend of the Rollinses, told me.

After Sherrie left the White House, she moved to New York to take the public-relations job with ABC News, and there she quickly became friendly with Sawyer and her husband, the director Mike Nichols. When the Rollinses adopted a daughter from China, Sawyer threw a party. She and Nichols held a dinner at their summer house on Martha's Vineyard after Westin and Rollins were married. Rollins and Westin even named their dog Nichols. According to newsroom colleagues, Rollins once phoned the control room of "Good Morning America" because her daughter was upset that a coffee mug she had given Sawyer was not visible. After a commercial break, the colleagues say, the mug was in full sight, with its inscription: "Wake Up Sleepy Head!" Sawyer disputes this story, but says that she has used the mug on the air because it was a gift from Rollins's daughter.

Roone Arledge collected talent like an old-fashioned studio boss, but many of the stars in the news division can be, as Westin's mother told me, a "big headache for David." The widespread perception inside ABC News is that Westin has been less adept at handling them than his predecessor. As one former producer there puts it, "Diane's got David over a barrel." To be sure, Westin owes Sawyer a good deal for having helped to resuscitate "Good Morning America," whose ratings had been in decline before she and Charles Gibson became co-anchors. But a former ABC executive says, "The rule about Diane Sawyer is that there are no rules when it comes to Diane Sawyer."

This has made some of the other stars jealous and distrustful. Koppel and Jennings, for instance, have forged relationships with Eisner, discussing with him business matters that they would previously have taken to Arledge. Westin's closeness to Sawyer has also sharpened competitive tensions between her and Barbara Walters, who speak well of one another in public but can be intensely rivalrous in private. Walters has confided bitterly to friends that she felt Sawyer and Westin were "plotting" her future. Last spring, Sawyer and Walters both fought to get ABC's hit show "Who Wants to Be a Millionaire" as the lead-in to their own news-magazine programs next season. Westin may not have had the authority to make the decision, but, in what is widely regarded as a gift from him, Sawyer won that prize for her new show, "Prime Time Thursday." Soon afterward, rumors flew that Walters was considering switching networks. "Miss Walters is not happy," a confidant told me, adding, "ABC News is a mess."

The core problems at the news division go well beyond its president, even if he makes a convenient scapegoat. Westin himself says, "We have a great mission here—but the business model isn't clear." Two decades ago, the networks' evening-news broadcasts attracted more than three-quarters of the viewing public. According to a study released in June by the Pew Research Center, that figure has declined to less than half. The rate of erosion is startling. The Pew study shows that half of the networks' regular evening-news viewers have been lost since 1993. ABC News still reaches a far larger audience than cable and the Internet do, but it has steadily been losing viewers to these fresher, more flexible sources of information.

The Pew study also found that wealthier, better-educated viewers are becoming disproportionately less inclined to tune into network news. So the culturally sophisticated people who produce these shows are increasingly programming for an audience with different interests and tastes. Ed Fouhy, a Pew Center executive who formerly ran ABC's Washington bureau, puts it more brutally. "They're left with the trailer-park crowd," he told me.

At the same time, pressure on the network news divisions to make money has never been greater. In the last decade, the three major networks have been bought by large, diversified, publicly held corporations with no particular devotion to journalism. Shareholders and Wall Street analysts intent on quarterly earnings are the real network bosses. This wasn't always so in the past. William Paley, David Sarnoff, and Leonard Goldenson ran their networks as personal fiefdoms, and the news divisions were never expected to make money. (Paley once said, "I hate losing the money, but I like what it buys me in respectability and licensing protection.") Today, though, the broadcast business has been greatly deregulated. Network news shows are expected not only to be profitable but to compete successfully with entertainment programs.

Tom Bettag believes that the commercial pressure is palpably different from what it was even a few years ago. Advertisers push ever more insistently for younger viewers. "Walter Cronkite never worried about how old his viewers were, but the people who sell toothpaste are convinced that if you use Crest for the first fifty years you'll never change to Colgate," Bettag said. Paul Friedman, who has been in the network-news business for thirty years, concedes, "To a certain extent, we've lost our way in pursuit of ratings at any cost," though he argues that this is less true of ABC than of its rivals. As a result, he says, "we are complicit in lowering the level of public discourse in this country." Paley ordered CBS's news division to ignore ratings, fearing that commercial values would corrupt news judgment. At ABC nowadays, the news executives begin each day by reviewing the overnight ratings, and they use minute-by-minute ratings to pinpoint where viewer interest picks up or drops off.

Victor Neufeld, the senior executive producer in charge of ABC's prime-time news-magazine shows, is famous in the organization for running a regular betting game to guess which news events will make viewers click off. Neufeld explained to me that minute-by-minute ratings "provide a useful guide, in the way that polling helps politicians." Neufeld, who wears natty clothes that would not be out of place in Regis Philbin's closet, is known among his colleagues for objecting to polysyllabic words as too élite. His handiwork is visible in a feature of the Westin era, ABC's newest weekly news-magazine show, "20/20 Downtown," which specializes in what Neufeld calls "ultra-fascinating" topics—an armless aerobics instructor, a pen pal to serial killers, an hour-long look at the lives of two prostitutes. (One of them was made available afterward for an on-line chat with viewers.) The program was presented as if it had a serious focus, but the correspondents never so much as mentioned sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS. "We try to do good journalism at the same time that we get watched," Neufeld said, noting that Westin frequently talks about quality. But Neufeld also asked, almost plaintively, "What does quality mean?" He said that he defines quality as not doing shows that feature "foreign diets, and cosmetic surgery for pets."

Westin defends "20/20 Downtown" as being akin to one of his childhood favorites, "The Wild Kingdom," because it takes viewers somewhere exotic. Yet he admits that "the biggest problem" with news "is incrementalism. It's a slippery slope. You take one small step and end up someplace you don't want to be." In fact, the shift away from what is important in favor of what simply draws viewers seems to have affected news coverage at almost every level. Barbara Walters, for instance, complained to me that "no one cares about foreign policy. What are the big gets now—a murderer? Someone who is sick?"

When it comes to nuanced coverage of public affairs, "Nightline" still stands out as an oasis of intelligence. But ABC, which has traditionally led its rivals in foreign coverage, has closed so many of its overseas bureaus that correspondents in London now must cover events stretching from Moscow to Africa. One reporter told me, "Nothing really gets covered, not really." Peter Jennings has at times bucked this trend, following the atrocities in the former Yugoslavia when few cared. But a common joke at "World News Tonight" is "It's not world, it's not news. It's just tonight."

With the end of the Cold War, interest in foreign coverage diminished. In November of 1989, when the Berlin Wall fell, ABC journalists scrambled to capture the drama for "Prime Time Live." That night's show got the second-worst ratings of the season. The journalists involved in the coverage recall that everyone was stunned by the numbers. Inside the news division, the moment was regarded as an important turning point. More recently, an ABC veteran describes how he struggled to think up an appealing angle to a war story for one of the news-magazine shows. Finally, he decided to focus on children, since viewers usually relate to kids. Nonetheless, the ratings crashed during his segment. Afterward, he says, he told his bosses, "I'm not sure what happened there." He says they replied, "This is what's going to happen—you're going to get those ratings up."

Domestic politics is also getting less airtime. Westin says, almost defiantly, "We won't cede politics to cable." But ABC now devotes about half as much time to campaign coverage as it did eight years ago. It is limiting prime-time coverage of the major-party conventions to just an hour on the first three days and two hours on the final night. Westin says that ABC's convention coverage, which as recently as 1980 occupied eight nights of programming, will emphasize "quality, not quantity." Friedman, who as Westin's top deputy handles most hard-news decisions, says, "I defy you to tell me why we should do more." He and Westin have instead commissioned for the fall two hour-long documentaries on the candidates' characters, which, in the current news climate, is considered a significant commitment.

As political coverage has moved to cable, so have a number of talented correspondents. At the end of 1997, ABC lost a star political reporter, Jeff Greenfield, to CNN. "News is all we do," he says happily of his new home. Westin, meanwhile, has turned to market-testing, subjecting ABC's Sunday news show, "This Week," to focus-group research. One of the program's panelists, William Kristol, who is the editor of the conservative *Weekly Standard*, and whom many considered the freshest intellectually of the regular guests, was dropped by Westin after focus groups found him less memorable than Cokie Roberts, Sam Donaldson, George Will, and George Stephanopoulos. During Westin's tenure, the show's ratings have continued to fall behind those of NBC's "Meet the Press."

Westin, according to several people, has urged his panelists to ratchet up their social lives—to entertain more, to get in the social columns, and to create "buzz." He has also pushed the panelists to do more preparation. But Westin may not have the stature necessary to boss his biggest stars. Koppel, for instance, spurned Westin's request that he consider anchoring the Sunday show. And Westin has expressed frustration to a friend about the stars' failure to heed his direction. Recently, in another effort to help boost the ratings of "This Week," Westin let the White House set the agenda for an appearance by President Clinton: the topic was limited to gun control. ABC agreed to the terms. The show lost the ratings war that week to NBC anyway.

When top news executives at ABC, including Westin, speak on the record, they decry the influence of ratings. "ABC has a tradition of quality," Westin told me. "If you do the right thing, you will get the audience." Still, as a former corporate lawyer, dependent on his corporate sponsors, Westin may have no choice but to define success by the bottom line. "If we put on better programs, nothing will stop us," he told me. "If we don't, nothing will save us." His critics, though, wonder whether he can tell the difference. ♦

ADVERTISEMENT

ON THE town

Our advertisers invite you to mark your calendars for some of the best events and promotions coming to your town in the months ahead.

WIN A CANADIAN DISCOVERY GETAWAY!

Enter the Discover Canada contest for a chance to win a vacation getaway for two to Eastern or Western Canada.

All Air Canada's Canada packages include airfare, four nights accommodation at a Fairmont hotel and VIA Rail service between cities in Canada.

To enter, visit your nearest Samsonite Company Store and fill out an entry ballot. For a location nearest you, please call 1-800-547-BAGS or visit their Web site at www.samsonitetravelexpo.com.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Entries must be received by 5:00PM, ET, September 7, 2000. Must be legal US resident 18 years of age or older to enter. For a complete set of rules and regulations, visit www.samsonitetravelexpo.com. Void where prohibited. Some conditions apply. Travel *must be taken between October 23, 2000 and* May 31, 2001. Some blackout periods and other conditions apply. Approximate prize value: $2000.

VIA Rail Canada

Air Canada's Canada

Samsonite
Company Stores

LINCOLN LUXURY RIDE AND DRIVE

Imagine driving a fleet of luxury vehicles, including the Lincoln LS and Navigator, in a fun, low-pressure environment. Plus, learn driving tips and enjoy fine food and drink during the Lincoln American Luxury Ride and Drive at Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, NY. Saturdays and Sundays through August 27. Please call toll free at 1-877-413-5987 for reservations.

LINCOLN
AMERICAN LUXURY

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

SHOUTS & MURMURS

SUPERSTRING THEORY FOR DUMMIES

BY ZEV BOROW

Though human brains are not wired to picture a world beyond the familiar three dimensions of space, one can begin to overcome this myopia by pretending to be antlike creatures in a two-dimensional fantasy world like the one in Edwin A. Abbott's story "Flatland." Confined to the surface of a plane, the Flatlanders can move left and right or forward or backward, but the idea of up and down is inconceivable to them.—*From an explanation of superstring theory in the Times.*

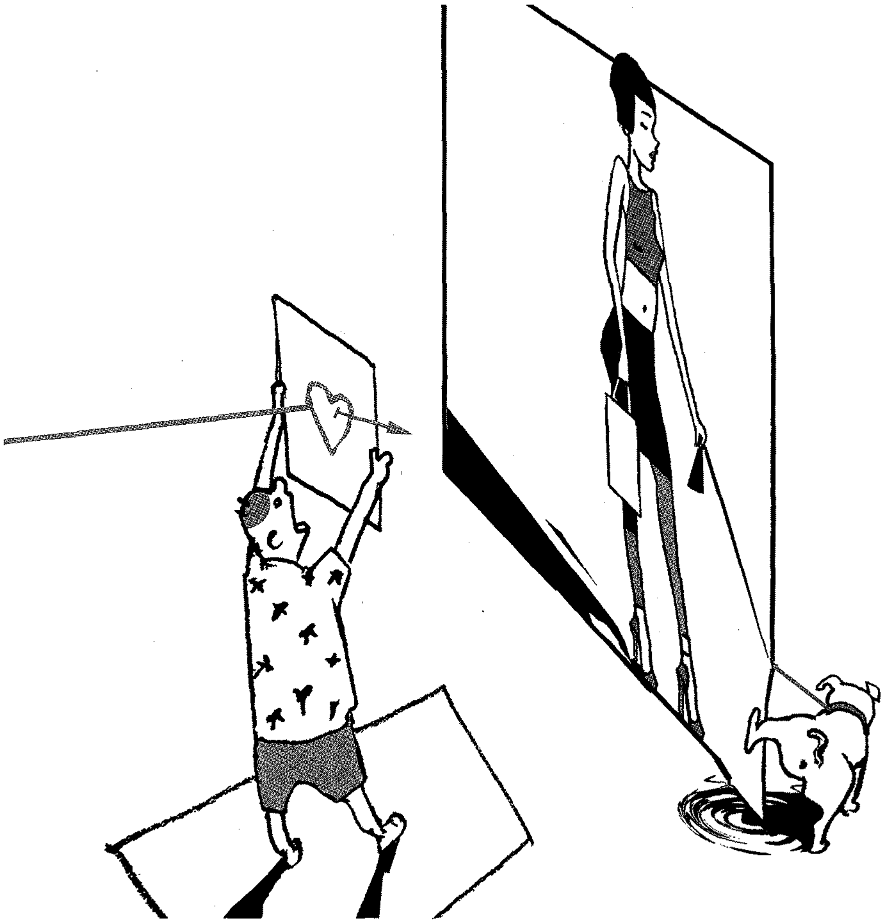
Pretend that you are a barnacle attached to the bottom of a big whaling ship like the one in "Moby-Dick." It is very cold and wet and dark where you are, on the underside of the boat. Now imagine that the boat is a speedboat instead, and that you're its tanned Filipino captain with great abs. You are moving very fast. Still, your drink could use refreshing, and you can't for the life of you figure out why. This is just like superstring theory, except with boats, and your having great abs.

Walk over to a mirror and stare at your reflection. Now pretend that that reflection no longer resembles you at all. Pretend that your reflection actually more closely resembles the smiling face of Ned Beatty. Now slam your forehead into the mirror three times, hard. You are bleeding. Of course. Superstring theory.

Pretend that you are Russell Crowe in "Gladiator." Find a gladiator costume. Put it on. Engage in swordplay. Slay a tiger with your bare hands and offer it to the Emperor as a sign of respect. Very, *very* superstring theory.

Imagine that you did better on your SATs than you did. A lot better. Now imagine that you smoked, say, a quarter of the pot that you smoked during your sophomore year in college. Now imagine that you never decided to leave school the following summer in order to try your luck with Cirque du Soleil. Finally, imagine that instead you became a Harvard-educated physicist who now often attends conferences in Oslo during the summer months. Imagine that you know Oslo is a city, probably somewhere in Europe, and that you understand all about superstring theory.

Close your eyes and scream as loud as you can. Next, open your eyes and shut your mouth very tight. Think about how one might be able to open one's eyes and close one's eyes and shut one's mouth very tight and scream all at the same time. Now relax and check out a rerun of "The Sopranos." Superstring theory is not so tough.



ISTVAN BANYAI

Imagine that you have some money in the stock market. What if one day you woke up to find that your stocks had lost twenty per cent of their value? And what if the very next day you woke up to find that those same stocks had bounced back? Imagine if you paid attention to all this, but not so much, and still decided to go ahead and buy one of those cool flat-screen TVs. Imagine if that TV showed nothing but new episodes of "The Sopranos," and that in one episode one of the show's delightfully piquant secondary characters explained superstring theory, to you and only you.

Find a pencil and a five-year-old. Now tell the five-year-old that you'd like to bet him or her five dollars that you can make a pencil bend just by waving it in the air. Place the bet. Then hold the pencil horizontally at one end and move it up and down rapidly, in a sort of wavelike motion. Take your money. Before walking away, explain to the five-year-old that the reason you can make a pencil bend in the air, and are now five dollars richer, is because of a little something called superstring theory, something that he or she might not understand but you do. ♦

A great gift for those who like
The Times in a big way.

The New York Times
Large Type Weekly

With extra large type (shown here), this newspaper brings together the best of The Times.

Order now and give a gift that's fresh, week after week.

Call and ask for **order code L70AC.**

1-800-631-2580

The Finest in Large Print • Expect the World®

WOOD CLASSICS
free catalog
PRECISION-CUT KITS
OR FULLY ASSEMBLED
Handcrafted in the U.S.A.
Lifetime Teak
An extensive collection of the finest garden furniture available anywhere.
Our teak is of the highest quality and comes with a lifetime guarantee.
Box 100Y3210 Gardiner, NY 12525
845 • 255 • 5651
shop! online @ www.woodclassics.com

GALAPAGOS
Learn about the Origins of Species from our gifted naturalist as you explore Darwin's islands in comfort aboard small, deluxe yachts. Swim with penguins and sea lions, savor equatorial sunsets, and really get away! Free brochure and video.

INCA
Since 1976
1311-YG1 63rd St.
Emeryville, CA 94608
(510) 420-1550
Yg1@incafloats.com
www.incafloats.com

DRINK TEA?
THE FINEST TEAS AND GIFTS
WWW.TEALUXE.COM
1-888-TEALUXE

LONDON FLATS
Short Term – Privately owned
PARIS PROPERTIES-COTSWOLD COTTAGES
THE LONDON CONNECTION
MR. THOMAS MOORE III
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
Internet: www.LondonConnection.com

6 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
125,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE YOGA BUMS

The West beats a path to a guru's door.

BY REBECCA MEAD

Sri K. Pattabhi Jois is a devout Hindu, a Sanskrit scholar, and a strict Brahmin. He performs an hour of prayers before dawn each day and can recite long passages of holy texts from memory. He won't let a cup touch his lips if there's a chance it's been contaminated by a member of a lower caste. He lives in the provincial city of Mysore, in southern India, and is eighty-five years old. He is perhaps the last person you would expect to own a framed photograph of Gwyneth Paltrow.

Yet in the sitting room of the simple suburban house that serves as Jois's workplace, in a glass-fronted cabinet filled with family mementos and images of favorite gods, there she is, in a snapshot taken in a New York yoga studio. Paltrow, who is in her short-tousled-hair phase and is wearing black workout pants and a black top and no makeup, has her arm around a short, powerfully built Indian man of fifty-five, with a smile so wide it splits his face in two. The man in the photograph is a yoga teacher named Manju Jois, Pattabhi's son and student. Pattabhi Jois is also a yoga teacher, the master of a strenuous brand of the discipline called Ashtanga; and though he is little known in India, he has found unlikely fame among the American upper middle classes and their entertainment gods. It may be enough to note that Madonna cast herself as an Ashtanga teacher in her most recent movie, and that there are plenty of people in Hollywood who would be more excited about taking a meeting with Pattabhi Jois than with Gwyneth Paltrow.

Ashtanga is a system of practice and belief which embraces meditation and breath-control techniques, and includes directives for ethical behavior. But the distinguishing characteristic of Ashtanga is a set of extremely demanding physical postures, or asanas, that are performed in a linked, fluid series and are accompanied by a focussed pattern of breathing. It's a spiritual practice in the guise of a gruelling workout. If you go to a "power yoga" class in an American health club, chances are that what is being taught will be Ashtanga—either a relatively faithful version of the original or a modified version that is accessible to those who are as yet unable to fold their legs into the lotus position, weave their arms pretzel-like behind their knees, flip onto their backs, and roll around like frantic inverted tortoises.

Ashtanga is hard-core yoga; and Pattabhi Jois's school in Mysore is for those practitioners who are at the crystalline center of the hard core. Ashtanga, like any institution, has a sharply defined hierarchy, and getting your training from Jois himself has a status rather like that, among early psychoanalysts, of having been treated by Freud. Beginning in the sixties and seventies, Jois instructed a trickle of Westerners who made it to Mysore, and they spread his teachings back home, prompting more followers to make the pilgrimage. In the past several years, yoga has become widespread in the American mainstream, and Ashtanga has experienced a corresponding boom: these days, Jois often has as many as eighty students from the West studying with him, paying around five hundred dollars a month for the privilege. In India, where the annual per-capita income is less than four hundred dollars, this makes him a wealthy man. He is the engine of any number of local businesses—inns, restaurants, Internet-access outlets—that have sprung up to accommodate the tastes and needs of all the spirituality-seeking Westerners flocking to the city to absorb his wisdom.

Jois is an affable, portly fellow with a big grin, a sketchy command of English, and a steely intelligence that is initially obscured by his more Santa Clausish characteristics. His yoga *shala* (or studio), a modest place with an aging paint job and barely enough floor space to teach a dozen students, is an unlikely locus of a multimillion-dollar American pop phenomenon, and Jois, while a nominal guru to the stars, is blessedly ignorant of Amer-

Calvin Klein

Pattabhi Jois, far right, assisted by his grandson Sharath Rangaswamy, teaches a class in Mysore. Photograph by Dayanita Singh.

NETWORK/SABA

ica's lurid celebrity constellations. I spent some time in Mysore this spring, and, on seeing the photograph of Manju with Gwyneth Paltrow, I remarked to Jois that his son must be a short fellow. He agreed, and pointed to the gamine Paltrow. "That man is a tall, tall man," he solemnly informed me. "He is a movie actor."

Mysore is a university town, with ice-cream-colored buildings of classical dimensions. In the center of the city is an imposing palace that was built in the first half of the twentieth century for the last Maharaja, the now rather dilapidated mirrored-and-marbled halls of which are open to the public. Mysore is three hours from the city of Bangalore, the Silicon Valley of India, home to the country's thriving technology industry. The current prosperity of Bangalore has spilled into Mysore: walking around the city's wealthier neighborhoods, you can see new construction every few blocks, apartment towers and luxury homes rising to house the newly rich.

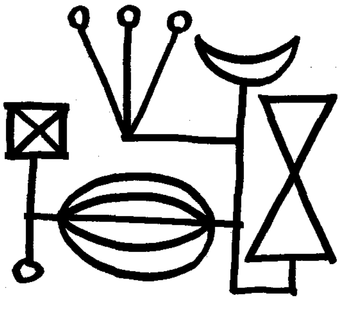
While Mysore speeds into the new century, Jois's yoga students are refugees from the propulsive energies of the West. Inner tranquillity of the sort that yoga promises can, however, be hard to come by when you are surrounded by the frenzy of Third World industriousness: the only time there is anything approaching calm in Mysore is in the hours before dawn, when the roads are free of trucks; instead, you'll see a man on a bicycle whose handlebars are laden with wreaths of pungent jasmine blossoms to be given as holy offerings. The early-morning hours are considered the most auspicious for practicing yoga, and shortly after 4 A.M., six mornings a week, students start to arrive at Jois's yoga *shala*.

Inside, most of the male students are

stripped to the waist, the women are in spandex, and all of them are slick with sweat as they twist their bodies into unimaginable knots or drop into breathtaking backbends, seeming to hang suspended in the air as they jump from one position to the next. It all looks like something from a David Cronenberg science-fiction fantasy, in which sliding pieces of steel machinery have been replaced by body parts: limbs point at angles that limbs don't usually point at unless they've been in a car accident. Jois doesn't teach in the manner of a Western aerobics class, by standing at the front of the room and yelling instructions. Instead, each student shows up at an appointed time and works through the series of postures at his or her own pace, while Jois, barrel-stomached in black Calvin Klein briefs, and bare-chested except for his Brahmin strings, performs what are known in the yoga business as adjustments—winching a leg into place, or leaning heavily on a student's back to stretch him or her out further. He is assisted by his twenty-nine-year-old grandson, Sharath Rangaswamy, who handles the bigger students. The room is silent but for a subtle chorus of long, repetitive, nasal hisses, and the occasional pidgin-English command from Jois, who barks, "Nooo! You go down!" It is a serenity born of concentration and pain—torture meets bliss.

A good number of the students I met were first-timers in India, and some of them thought of visiting Mysore the way a devout Catholic regards a trip to the Vatican. There were full-time spiritual seekers in the class, like Allison, a yoga teacher from Toronto, who, within seconds of telling me her name, announced that she was a celibate Buddhist renunciate. There were youthful wanderers, like Jessie, a recent graduate of Vassar's women's-studies program, who had come to India with some inheritance money a few months earlier, and had gone sufficiently native to ride through the teeming streets on a rented scooter. There were yoga bums, like Charlie and Alice, an English couple who had met in a yoga class in London a year earlier, given up their apartments and their jobs—hers as a preschool teacher, his as a copywriter—and taken off for India, getting married on New Year's Eve in the hippie beach town of Kovalam. They were being treated by a local doctor for their allergies, which involved having foul-tasting oil syringed up their noses every morning; and they were considering the implications for their conjugal life of the practice of *brahmacharya*, or sexual self-control, as described in Jois's book "Yoga Mala," which has recently been published in English. ("Yoga Mala" proscribes sex at any time other than between the fourth and the sixteenth days of a woman's menstrual cycle. It also says that sex during the day is a very bad idea. Sex at night is a good idea only if the man happens to be breathing through what yogis consider his nighttime nostril—the one on the left—rather than through his daytime nostril. The book cautions that if one should find oneself breathing through the nighttime nostril during the day, it should not be considered an excuse for a daytime quickie.)

Most of the students had made sacrifices in order to practice yoga: once you become an Ashtangi, I was told, you don't want to go out at night, you don't want to eat rich meals or drink alcohol; your non-yogic friends start thinking that you are no fun. One of the constant topics of conversation among the students was whether you could have a satisfying yoga practice and also have a more conventional life: a job, a home, a spouse, a family. The general consensus seemed to be no. There was one student who was regarded by many of the others as the Ashtanga ideal. Peter was thirty-seven and came from New Zealand, and had started visiting Mysore twelve years ago. He'd been back perhaps a dozen times since then, sometimes for a year at a time, and by now his yoga practice was very advanced. When I asked Peter what he did when he went home to New Zealand, he told me simply, "I practice yoga." He'd sometimes teach yoga in one country or another, in order to raise enough money so that he could go back to just practicing. Peter was crinkly-eyed and handsome; he looked a little like Brad Pitt except with a better body. He was one of the calmest, most good-natured people I had ever come across, which doubtless had a lot to do with his commitment to yoga and was probably enhanced by the way he spent every afternoon lying poolside at the Southern Star, one of Mysore's best hotels.



Many of the students were yoga teachers, or would-be yoga teachers, whose journey to Mysore was a career-enhancing investment. Twenty years ago, starting a yoga school in the West was a way of insuring that you would exist in something approximating the poverty of an Indian hermit; now it is possible to live more like a raja. It is hard to imagine that anyone would become a yoga master simply to make money, but commercial success has become a potential perk of the job, now that overworked Americans are flocking to yoga as a new way to unwind. This gives rise to a certain comedy of yoga manners, according to Nancy Gilgoff, a twenty-eight-year veteran of Ashtanga who teaches in Hawaii. "All these people who have spent years making money and stressing out are now coming to us, the people who have been out of the mainstream, and giving us the money that they have earned so that we can get them out of stress," Gilgoff told me over the phone. "That's fair. They can teach us how to take care of money."

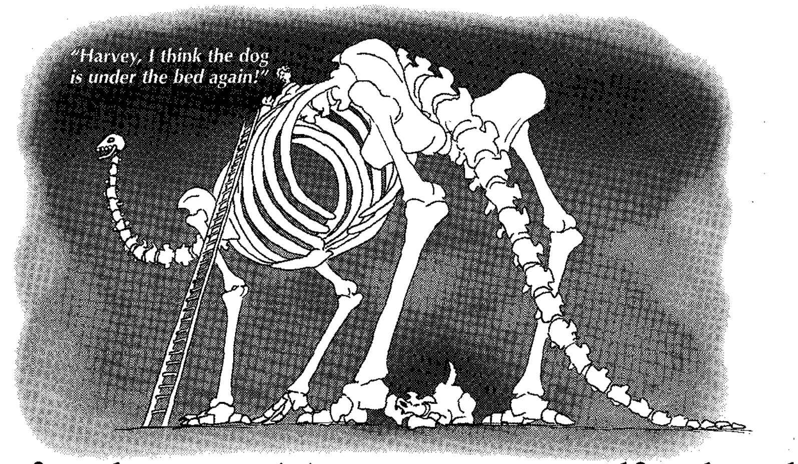
"Ten dollars," Pattabhi Jois demanded with a chuckle. He was holding out a letter that had been sent to one of his Mysore students in care of his yoga *shala* and pretending to withhold it until he'd collected his fee. We were at Jois's daily afternoon conference, when students are invited to sit with him and ask questions about yoga theory or about his life. Conference was instituted a couple of years ago, after Jois's wife died, and the atmosphere is more one of companionable comfort than pedagogical rigor: on many afternoons, Jois, who is known to his students as Guruji, will settle into his chair in his tank top and dhoti, the Indian version of a sarong, and immerse himself in the newspaper, while his students sit cross-legged in beatific silence at his feet.

Jois grew up in a modest household in a village called Koshika, sixty miles from Mysore. He was one of nine children; his father was a landowner and an astrologer. (Jois is now spending part of his fortune on building a gleaming temple in his village.) When Jois was thirteen, he left home to attend the highly regarded Sanskrit College in Mysore, becoming the first member of his family ever to move to the city. Once there, he studied yoga at a school that had been founded under the auspices of the Maharaja at the Mysore Palace, by a teacher named Tirumulai Krishnamacharya. Jois was already athletic—he played soccer—and he rapidly took to yoga.

In the West, yoga is commonly and mistakenly understood to refer simply to the physical postures, but they are only one branch of the discipline, and are known more correctly as hatha yoga. Yoga's classical text, the Yoga Sutra of Patañjali, is about two thousand years old, and deals primarily with matters of the spirit; the Hatha Yoga Pradipika, the classical manual of hatha yoga, dates from the fourteenth century. The specific series of Ashtanga postures is said to have been depicted in an ancient manuscript made from leaves that Krishnamacharya found in Calcutta's library after being directed there by his yoga guru in the early nineteen-hundreds. The original manuscript no longer exists—it was, Jois says, eaten by ants—and opinions vary as to whether there ever was, in fact, such a manuscript. (A recent book published in India suggests that many yoga asanas bear a striking resemblance to the poses seen in British calisthenics, which were imported during the colonial period.) The physical postures of yoga are not an end in themselves but a process of inner purification that assists in achieving the ultimate goal of the practice, the dissolution of the ego. Yoga's pinnacle is a state called samadhi, in which the practitioner feels a union with all nature that amounts to a full consciousness of God.

In 1948, Jois established his Ashtanga Yoga Research Institute and started teaching the discipline to local Brahmins. His first European students came in the early sixties, and the first Americans began arriving in 1972, whereupon they started lobbying for Jois to visit the United States. In 1975, he arrived in California, accompanied by his son Manju. Jois stayed for three months, firmly establishing an Ashtanga beachhead in America. David Swenson, who is now a well-known teacher, was one of the students awaiting Jois's arrival. "The day they got off the airplane, Guruji said, 'This is my

Stop sleeping on a dinosaur!



"Harvey, I think the dog is under the bed again!"

Switch to a Tempur-Pedic bed.

You have a nice home…drive a fine car…enjoy the good things of life. But you're *still* sleeping on an uncomfortable *outmoded* bed.

That's where *we* come in…

Seven years ago, we brought the famous Tempur-Pedic SWEDISH SLEEP SYSTEM™ to America. Since then, millions have discovered our fabulous, fatigue-fighting, energy-elevating *weightless sleep* phenomenon.

We expanded NASA's anti-G-force research to invent a new weightless-sleep material. Our technology is recognized by NASA, the U.S. Space Foundation—and certified by the Space Awareness Alliance.

- A marvel of molecular physics!
- Drastically cuts tossing & turning.
- No air, water, or steel springs.
- Adjusts its shape automatically.
- Only one moving part—*you.*

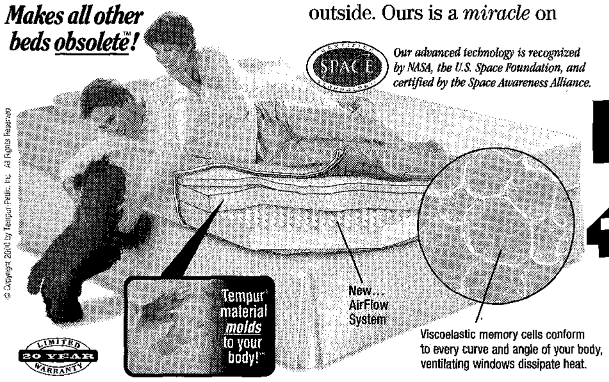
Other beds are fancy on the outside. Ours is a *miracle* on the inside—where billions of self-ventilating viscoelastic microcells cuddle your body with perfect support. And it *selectively adjusts* to your shape and weight. In fact…

It's a totally *new way* to sleep!

Thousands of sleep clinics and health professionals recommend us. TV, radio, magazines, newspapers give us rave reviews!

Call or fax right now for a free sample, free video, and free information. We'll also send you a **FREE HOME TRYOUT CERTIFICATE.**

Our advanced technology is recognized by NASA, the U.S. Space Foundation, and certified by the Space Awareness Alliance.



Makes all other beds obsolete™!
Tempur® material molds to your body!™
New… AirFlow System
Viscoelastic memory cells conform to every curve and angle of your body, ventilating windows dissipate heat.
LIMITED 20 YEAR WARRANTY

© Copyright 2000 by Tempur-Pedic, Inc. All Rights Reserved

FREE DEMONSTRATION KIT is now yours for the asking!

TEMPUR-PEDIC®
PRESSURE RELIEVING
SWEDISH MATTRESS AND PILLOW

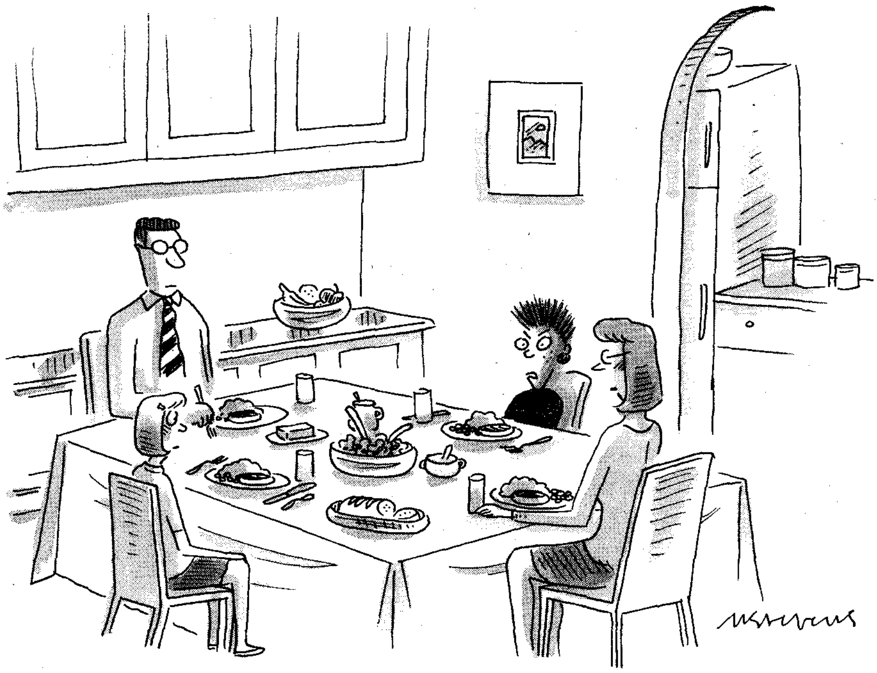
FREE SAMPLE / FREE VIDEO / FREE INFO
1-888-359-8418
OR SEND FAX TO 1-859-259-9843
Tempur-Pedic, Inc., 1713 Jaggie Fox Way, Lexington, KY 40511

Lose Weight & Keep It Off!
BARRY SEARS, Ph.D.
ZONE PERFECT
FRESH FOOD DELIVERY
Lose Weight & Keep It Off!
3 Gourmet Meals & Two Tasty Snacks
Delivered Daily • 1-800-DIET747
Healthy • Delicious • Convenient
zonedelivery.com
VISA

Italy Unpack Once
STAY & VISIT©
Regional/Specialty Tours
Call for FREE Catalog
THE ITALY EXPERTS
800 411 3728 • www.stayandvisit.com

The Andrews Hotel
A Truly Classic Hotel in the Heart of
SAN FRANCISCO
Named one of S.F's Top Ten for value in the NY Times
- Two blocks to Union Square and the Cable Cars
- 48 Charming Rooms
- Evening Wine Hour
- Home of Acclaimed Italian Restaurant "Fino"

from $89
Includes Breakfast
Call for a detailed brochure
1-800-926-3739
624 Post Street San Francisco 94109



“This family is way *too functional.”*

• •

son, Swami,’ ” Swenson told me. “Manju said, ‘I am no swami—my name is Manju, and we have come to break your backs.’ ”

“The first lesson Guruji teaches you is trust,” said Anne, a twenty-five-year-old yoga student who, by the time I arrived in Mysore, had been there for a week. We were eating diced papaya and yogurt for breakfast at one of the regular yoga-student haunts, the home of a local woman named Nagarathna. I had just completed my first Ashtanga practice with Jois, who had alarmed me while I was attempting a forward bend by coming up behind me, grabbing my hips, and tipping me over, holding me so that my head hovered inches above the ground and my feet almost slipped out from under me: it’s hard even to think about meditating when the only thing preventing your head from crashing into a concrete floor is the physical strength of an octogenarian.

Anne had recently graduated from college, and had been practicing Ashtanga for four years. She’d come to Mysore on an impulse with Tracy, a six-year Ashtanga veteran whom she’d met while living in London. Tracy ran a hairdressing business. When I said that my left knee was a little tender after the morning’s exertions, Tracy said, “Your knees are your ego.” Both Tracy and Anne had a kind of quiet calm about them, though in Anne’s case that may have been due to exhaustion, because of a bad experience with a castor-oil bath, something Jois prescribes for many of his students to improve their suppleness. This involves smearing castor oil all over your head and body, and leaving it on anywhere from a few minutes to half an hour, then scrubbing it off with a special green soap powder. Castor oil is a powerful purgative, whose application is supposed to be cleansing and soothing; it is also supposed to penetrate your skin, enter your joints, and lubricate them into new heights of flexibility. Users report psychological effects, of weepiness or spaciness, and Jois’s students discuss taking castor-oil baths with the same degree of obsessive monomania with which the druggie kids in high school used to talk about dropping acid.

Getting sick was not, you might think, the kind of thing that would engender trust; but Anne, like most of the other students, had surrendered to the methods of Mysore. Obedience to the guru was part of it; but so was giving yourself over to a routine that combined yogic mindfulness with what looked like a fair amount of mindlessness. The yoga student’s day is a languid one: after you finish the yoga postures and spend half an hour meditating in a darkened room at the yoga *shala*, you wander off for breakfast at Nagarathna’s or go to a local *chai* stand. You might make your way to the Internet-access outlet, where you can download, with excruciating slowness, your E-mail. Soon it’s lunchtime, when you go to Auntie’s—the home of another enterprising Indian woman, who cooks chapatis and dahl and curried vegetables and three different kinds of rice, all for twenty rupees, which is slightly less than fifty cents. Then you might retire to the poolside of the Southern Star Hotel, which would probably not be where you were staying, because one night there costs the equivalent of nearly five months of lunches at Auntie’s. Later, you wander over to Jois’s for the afternoon conference, then have some fruit, and try to be asleep by nine so that you are rested by the time you rise at four the next morning for another day of the same.

The yoga culture in Mysore offers immersion in the exotic while also providing a certain amount of insulation against the less beguiling aspects of India. The female yoga students quickly adopt Indian clothing, wafting around in the pajamalike *salwar kameez* and diaphanous scarves, to guard against the sun and the eyes of the local men. New Yorkers who usually wear all black start looking like Woodstock revivalists after a few days. There are, however, limits. Charlie, the recently married Englishman, told me about how yoga had transformed his life—he’d given up drinking and meat-eating, he said—but he had no trouble relapsing one evening in my hotel room, ordering fish and chips and a beer from room service while watching “Friends” on cable TV, and going into raptures over the European-style toilet, after months of squatting, Indian style.

India is, to Western eyes, alluring and strange; and among the yoga students there is a tendency to see all that strangeness through the prism of spirituality. One day in conference, a student, newly arrived from Manhattan, recounted how she had just seen an elderly woman sitting on the ground with outstretched hand, begging. “I looked at her, and there was so much love in her face,” she said. “And I thought about the suits I see on the street in my neighborhood, these millionaires grimacing into their cell phones. And I thought, Who is happier, really?” Another afternoon, I sat by the pool with Jessie, the Vassar grad from the Upper West Side, who sustained herself in India with care packages from home of miso soup and gel-roller pens. She was tiny and plump, with black curly hair, and was perpetually breaking into peals of laughter. Jessie had just returned from a visit to an astrologer. "He pretty much told me when I was going to die," she said. "But it was like, whatever. The more you get into this Eastern stuff, the less threatening death seems. I mean, you realize living is hard." Life didn't seem so hard, actually, as we sat there in our swimsuits, but her talk of dawning self-knowledge was utterly sincere.

Most ordinary Indians have about as much interest in yoga as contemporary Americans do in, say, the practices of the Shakers: it is part of their history, but hardly part of their present. Still, the modern spiritual seeker needs infrastructure, and this has presented the people of Mysore with all kinds of commercial opportunities. I met a young local couple who were converting their home into a Western-inspired bed-and-breakfast, providing such amenities as unlimited free filtered water and photo opportunities with a troupe of elephants from the Mysore Palace which pass by the house every weekend. And, across town, an enterprising young woman had transformed the tiny family store by stocking products that appeal to Westerners, such as sugar-free granola, peanut butter, and sweet corn—foods that she said, politely, were not to her taste at all.

Some residents of Mysore make it their business to get to know the yoga students, like the bunch of skinny local kids who congregate outside Jois's *shala*. "You come from New York?" a boy named Ajay said to me. "Do you practice at Jivamukti?" Ajay had learned about Jivamukti—the very cool yoga studio in downtown Manhattan, where you're the odd one out if you don't have facial jewelry or a tattoo or otherwise look as if you have a standing reservation at Moomba—because, for poor kids like him, knowing the yoga students is not just a way to practice speaking English but a way to get a meal, or maybe some other favor.

Particularly among local women, the yoga effect has inspired otherwise undreamed-of entrepreneurial ambitions. Nagarathna, in whose home so many students eat, told about the famous yoga teachers from around the world who had made their way to her house. "If I get a chance to work for a family in your country, I will take it," she told me, hopefully. "I will cook for them, or look after their babies. I just want to see how the people live. I have grown up like the frog in the well. I have not seen anything." An Indian parable tells of the frog in the well who wants to visit the frog by the ocean; the frog in the well gets his wish, and when he sees the ocean his head explodes. Nagarathna seemed tempted by the possibility.

"Leave your shoes at the door!" a voice cried, and the throng that had gathered at the top of a staircase in a loft building on the corner of Broadway and Houston surged forward. People kicked off their strappy silver sandals and their Birkenstocks, and shuffled under a lintel hung with a garland of roses to enter a room where the air was scented with incense, and Indian music emanated from a pair of speakers. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in late July, and New York's Ashtanga community had gathered to celebrate Pattabhi Jois's eighty-fifth birthday, which he was spending in New York, a stop on a four-month, round-the-world teaching tour. About a hundred and fifty people were squeezed into the room, with the same number jostling outside: men with close-shaven heads or piled dreadlocks and no body fat and excellent posture; and young downtown women in spaghetti-strap tops or colorful saris, with glittering bindis affixed to their foreheads. They all sat down on the floor to await Jois's arrival, tucking their legs under them without creaks or complaints about bad backs. Some assumed the lotus position and started meditating—a challenging task, given the hubbub of excited chatter and the occasional ringing of a cell phone. Jessie from Mysore was there, having returned from India the previous week, with no clue as to what she was going to do now. ("The first thing I did was cry for two days," she said.) Gwyneth Paltrow was in attendance, in a long white skirt and skinny white tank top, gesturing to her friends to come join her near the altar, on which sat a statue of the elephant-headed god Ganesh, draped with blossoms.

Jois eventually ambled in and sat cross-legged on the floor opposite a white-robed Indian priest, who began a series of Sanskrit invocations. For two hours, the priest chanted and lit incense and threw offerings of rice and coconut and ghee

Buy The Aeron® Chair For Less!

- In Stock ... Fast Delivery!
- Thousands Sold
- Fully Authorized Dealer of Herman Miller
- Best Price Anywhere! Only $699!

877-490-LESS

NY.Sit4Less.com

1524

Landfall

WILMINGTON
N. CAROLINA

FINAL OFFER

Full country club membership with last homesites in NC's finest coastal community from

$119,000

800.227.8208
www.landfallrealty.com

Natalya ♥ Sahara

My Darling is a high purity facial cleanser containing Hawaiian botanical ingredients. First use immediately reduces facial scars, discolorations and signs of aging.
Free sample size.

www.saharacosmetics.com

My Darling sample request & fulfillment
Sahara Cosmetics & Skin Care Products
PO Box 62174
Honolulu HI 96839 USA

Small group tours of Italy

Tuscany, Florence and Umbria

www.seeitaly.com
888.665.2112

CARAVELLA ITALIA

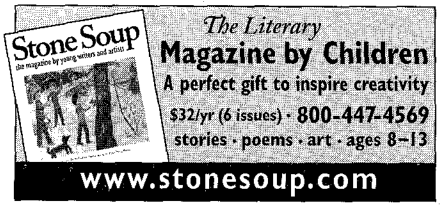
an evening with

STEPHEN LEACOCK

An internationally acclaimed one-man show starring **John Stark** based on the works of Canadian humorist **Stephen Leacock**

Now available for personal engagements.

For the audiocassette, videotape, or book, call 310-394-1073, or visit www.johnstarkproductions.com



Stone Soup
the magazine by young writers and artists

The Literary
Magazine by Children
A perfect gift to inspire creativity
$32/yr (6 issues) · 800-447-4569
stories · poems · art · ages 8–13

www.stonesoup.com

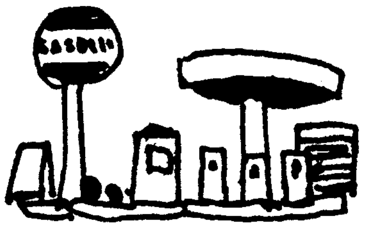
into a holy flame, while the assembled bowed their heads in prayer or angled for a better view of Jois. The man in front of me sat in the lotus position atop a thick computer textbook, thus achieving a kind of assisted levitation. The priest burned some camphor on a tray to symbolize the evaporation of the ego in the fire of knowledge; then Jois's grandson held the flame aloft and walked among the crowd. A thicket of urgent, slender white arms rose up and reached for the fire; the devotees dipped their hands into the flame, and then made a motion as if to wipe their fingers over their faces and heads, symbolizing the burning of their egos.

After the ceremony, everyone filed across Broadway for Jois's birthday party, which was held in the Skylight Ballroom of the Puck Building, with its panoramic views of downtown Manhattan. The event felt like a cross between a state visit of a foreign dignitary and an afternoon at the Lilith Fair: Jois sat at the head of the room as if on a throne while his friends and students waited in line to greet him and give him bouquets and garlands and boxes of chocolates. (Brahmin rules about food preparation don't seem to prevent the eating of candy, though Jois's doctors have warned him against it.) The guru showed no signs of jet lag, despite having arrived from France the day before: he glowed with pleasure as innumerable attractive young women dropped to their knees and kissed his feet, then rose up to put their arms around him, while he kissed them and embraced their waists and occasionally let his hands slip lower to give their bottoms a fond, two-palmed pat. Jois and his family didn't stay long, but, before they left, an enormous chocolate cake bearing dozens of candles was brought in, and everyone sang "Happy Birthday."

The conventional wisdom about the current Western enthusiasm for yoga is that it answers to an absence in contemporary American culture, in which material things are valued at the expense of the spiritual. That argument has merit, and yet it doesn't explain why there's been a surge of yoga, rather than, say, a surge in attendance at early-morning Mass. Part of the explanation might be that as yoga has become popular in the American mainstream it has shed much of its spiritual meaning. The yoga teacher at your local health club might light a candle, but she doesn't instruct you on vegetarianism or sexual restraint. The yoga boom, in many respects, is an extension of the health boom of the past two decades: for efficiency-oriented Americans, a workout that can double as a spiritual exercise, and even triple as a substitute for going to the shrink, is understandably appealing. It's a particularly American paradox that an Indian philosophy based on the dissolution of the self should mesh so perfectly with the ingrained Western tradition of individualism and self-improvement.

Ashtanga, though, seems to attract those who require more rigor from their practice, both of the body and of the soul. Even those who are initially drawn by the physical exercise often start taking classes in chanting and meditating, and begin to save up for a ticket to Mysore. Whether the sweating Ashtangis who came to Jois's classes each morning in the Puck Building were doing it for God or for Narcissus, their practice was conducted at a Manhattan pace: After an hour and a half of yoga, Jois instructed the class to assume a resting posture. You're supposed to lie still for at least five or ten minutes, meditating, but within thirty seconds mats were being rolled up and feet were padding across the hardwood floor to the exit. Inner serenity was all very well, but the obligations of the working world could not wait for the next life.

When he is asked about yoga, Jois doesn't dwell on God or the possibility of enlightenment. Instead, he talks about how yoga is good for maintaining physical health. He seems to regard the global spread of his discipline as only to be expected, given its efficacy. There's much about the popularity of Ashtanga, though, that Jois doesn't like, and the thing that he seems to like the least is other people making money from his system. Jois has a particular animus against Beryl Bender Birch, the author of the popular book "Power Yoga," a very accessible guide that is based upon the Ashtanga series. "Only money-making," Jois told me sternly. (In reply, Birch says, "My objective was to bring this system to mainstream America, to a lot of people who wouldn't otherwise have been comfortable trying yoga. As far as I can see, we have all benefitted from it.")



Jois has become strict over the years about issuing his stamp of approval to teachers: worldwide, there are only a handful of fully certified Ashtanga teachers who have studied with Jois for at least six years; and his grandson Rangaswamy is said to be the world's foremost practitioner and the only person to whom Jois is currently teaching the final, most difficult postures. In recent years, disciples of Jois have noticed a deterioration in his health; he suffers from mild diabetes, and when he fell ill last year after a trip to Australia friends advised him against travelling.

Jois has decisively spurned this advice, undertaking the current global circuit, which will pass through Boulder, Encinitas, Hawaii, and Australia before returning to India in October. He and his family fly first class, but he does not eat airplane food. Rather than staying in a hotel in New York, they have been loaned a house in the Village, where Saraswathi, Jois's daughter, can cook the rice and dahl they've brought with them. Every morning for a month, Jois is teaching two classes at the Puck Building, with the help of his son Manju, who now lives here, and Rangaswamy. The classes are the biggest he has ever taught—it's the yogic equivalent of the Beatles at Shea Stadium.

He is enjoying being a tourist, too: he went to see "Cirque du Soleil" at the IMAX theatre, and has been doing a lot of shopping. One afternoon, I joined Jois and his family on an outing to Chinatown. Rangaswamy, who is on his first trip to America, kept darting into shoe shops, eying the Rockports hungrily; he was wearing a new pair of Nikes he'd acquired the previous day, at Niketown. Saraswathi looked suspiciously at the wares in the jewelry-shop windows, her own fingers and toes and wrists heavy with gold. "Indian gold much better," Jois said, holding up his hands to display his own collection of jewels and rings.

Jois stumped along Canal Street in his silk short-sleeved shirt and his dhoti, stopping every so often at a stall to look at the goods. He made everyone stop at a leather store where he seemed tempted by a fake studded Versace belt, even though he has never worn anything with belt loops. Then he pawed through heaps of trashy watches, bargaining and joking in his pidgin English with the shopkeepers in theirs. ("Is guarantee?" Jois asked about a six-dollar watch. "Guarantee one hour," the storekeeper retorted.) After scoping out several watch stores and haggling with half a dozen shopkeepers and weighing the merits of fake leather versus fake silver, Jois bought ten watches at six dollars each, gifts for the folks back home.

Now he was on a roll, and we went into a luggage store. I'd been warned that Jois is the Imelda Marcos of suitcases—he has twenty-five of them at home. One in particular caught his eye, a rigid silver monster, which he rolled around and looked at from all angles, before bargaining the shopkeeper down to forty-five dollars. He walked out of the store looking pleased with himself, while Rangaswamy carried the behemoth behind him. Perhaps Jois's suitcase obsession had some symbolic meaning—a wish to stay on the move, mentally and physically—although the purchase would also serve a practical purpose, because there were gifts from the yoga students to carry home, and much more shopping to be done. He'd been to K mart on Astor Place the previous day, but was disappointed. "In California, K mart is much better," he said. "In Hawaii, *much* better."

On my last night in Mysore, I went to take a final look at the palace. Once a week, the building is lit up by thousands of light bulbs, which diagram its dimensions, and at that time the grounds are a favorite resort for local families, who come to take the air and promenade and escape the power cuts in their own homes. While I was walking, I came upon Ajay, one of the local kids who hung around Jois's yoga *shala*, and his friend Deepak. They were cruising the palace much like aimless teen-agers in any American city except that they didn't have a mall to go to or any money to spend at a mall if there had been one. Ajay was fourteen, only about five feet tall, and weighed around eighty pounds. Deepak was sixteen and more sober, but hardly any bigger. They looked as if they had never had enough to eat in their lives.

We sat down on the ground, and they told me how much they liked the Western yoga students, and how much the students had helped them: one had given Deepak a Walkman, another had bought books for Ajay and paid for him to take a computer-programming course. I asked them what they wanted to do when they left school, and they told me they wanted to be yoga teachers. It seemed like a grand ambition, given Jois's example. But, they told me, they wouldn't want to teach just Western students. Poor people needed yoga, too. "We don't want to forget where we came from and what we were before we started practicing yoga," Ajay said. "Before, we just went around, not doing anything. But the yoga students told us that you have to work, you have to concentrate. That when you become yogis whatever you want you will have."

Ajay and Deepak invited me to their homes—they wanted to show me photographs of themselves doing yoga—and so we got into an auto rickshaw and drove to an impoverished corner of town. The air was smoky and thick with the smell of burning cow dung, and we ducked into the home that Ajay shared with his grandmother: two dark, sparsely furnished rooms, each barely as big as a walk-in closet, and no better ventilated. Ajay's home didn't have electricity, so he lit a candle, and then dug out a photograph album. We squatted on the floor and looked through the pictures of the two wiry boys folding themselves into yoga postures or posing alongside well-known Western yoga teachers. Ajay couldn't have been prouder if the pictures had shown him with his arm around Gwyneth Paltrow.

Ajay and Deepak were very young, and as well as being friendly they were on the make—hoping that I would be among the yoga students who could afford to help them out. Whether they would stick with the yoga, let alone ever attain samadhi, was questionable. But when they said that yoga had transformed their lives I believed them. Whether the transformation had come about through the power of the poses, or because of the material goods the Western students had given them, or because of the ambitions that the Western students had inspired in them, I didn't know—and it didn't really seem to matter, since Ajay and Deepak were a walking argument for the yogic contention that betterment of the body and of the soul can be one and the same thing. "We think God sent us the yoga students," Deepak told me, and I believed him when he said that, too. ♦

RARE DALI PRINTS
If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print....
SALVADOR DALI
A RETROSPECTIVE OF MASTER PRINTS
Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter". ($15 per issue)
1-(800) 275-3254
ask for Dept. NY
http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090
Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., # 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

GEORG JENSEN
made 268 "Acorn" pattern pieces...
how many do you have?
World's largest inventory of old Jensen
the silver fund.com
We can save you as much as 50%
When you visit
www.thesilverfund.com
Tollfree 877.224.5230
The Silver Fund, 40 Bury Street, St. James, London

AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327
www.uptontea.com
Free catalog listing over **220** varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
231 South St. ✻ Hopkinton, MA 01748

Half Moon
JAMAICA
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR 1-800-237-3237
JUMBY BAY
RESORT, ANTIGUA

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY
Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Venice, Sicily & more.
800 280 2811
www.theparkercompany.com
THE PARKER COMPANY
ITALIAN VILLAS & TOURS

INK CARTRIDGES
SAVE A BUNCH WITH CARROT'S!
SAVE UP TO 70% ON CARTRIDGES FOR EPSON® AND CANON®. HP®, LEXMARK®, XEROX®, AND OTHERS, TOO. DELIVERED BY FEDEX® OVERNIGHT FOR ONLY $5.00. TENS OF THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS.
CARROT'S INK CARTRIDGES™ WWW.CARROTINK.COM/NY
ALL TRADEMARKS ARE PROPERTY OF THEIR RESPECTIVE OWNERS
VISA

LETTER FROM ANGOLA

OIL AND BLOOD

One of the biggest humanitarian disasters in Africa has been created by a war paid for with oil and diamonds.

BY JON LEE ANDERSON

From the main drilling platform in the Takula offshore oil field, Africa is an uneven dark-green line on the eastern horizon, hazy and indistinct in the heat of the day. The green line is the coast of Cabinda, an enclave of nearly three thousand square miles that became a center for the slave trade in the late fifteenth century and was made part of the People's Republic of Angola in 1975, when Portugal's African colonies were granted independence. On its southern border, Cabinda is separated from Angola proper by a narrow panhandle of land that belongs to the Democratic Republic of Congo and by the Congo River itself. Tangles of green lilies from the swampy mouth of the river, and sometimes whole trees, drift into the Atlantic and float by the Takula oil platform, which perches on long, tubular steel legs in a surreal expanse of gray water dotted with gas burn-off pipes that shoot orange flames and black smoke high into the air.

The scraps of jungle gliding down the Congo and sloshing in the water around the legs of the huge drilling platform belong to a world that is remote from the business of oil extraction. On the Takula platform, some two hundred and fifty workers, most of them American, spend twenty straight days on the job and then are helicoptered to the Cabinda airport and flown to Luanda, the capital of Angola, where they sit around drinking South African lager in the bar of the Continental Hotel or the Méridien until a plane is ready to take them out of the country. Twenty days later they come back and start another shift. Underwater pipelines carry the oil from the platform to floating docks, where tankers are loaded and then sail away, without ever touching land.

More than eight per cent of the oil imported by the United States comes from Angola—more than we get from Kuwait. The platforms that are anchored in the ocean off Cabinda are operated by Chevron, and the enclave, which contains some of the richest oil deposits in the world, is referred to by cynics as the Republic of Chevron. Oil was discovered there in the late nineteen-sixties, and production continued through the revolution and the various permutations of civil strife that followed independence in 1975. When recently discovered "ultra-deep" offshore deposits are tapped, Angola will likely be the most oil-rich country in Africa, surpassing Nigeria. It already produces eight hundred thousand barrels of crude a day. In the last decade, the Angolan government has taken in between two billion and three billion dollars a year in oil revenues, around ninety per cent of its budget (excluding kickbacks and bribes). Oil money enables the government to stay involved in the long, expensive civil war that has turned Angola into a hellhole where the towns of the interior are cut off from one another because bridges have been blown up and the roads are rife with heavily armed, murderous marauders and three million people need international humanitarian assistance to avoid starving to death.

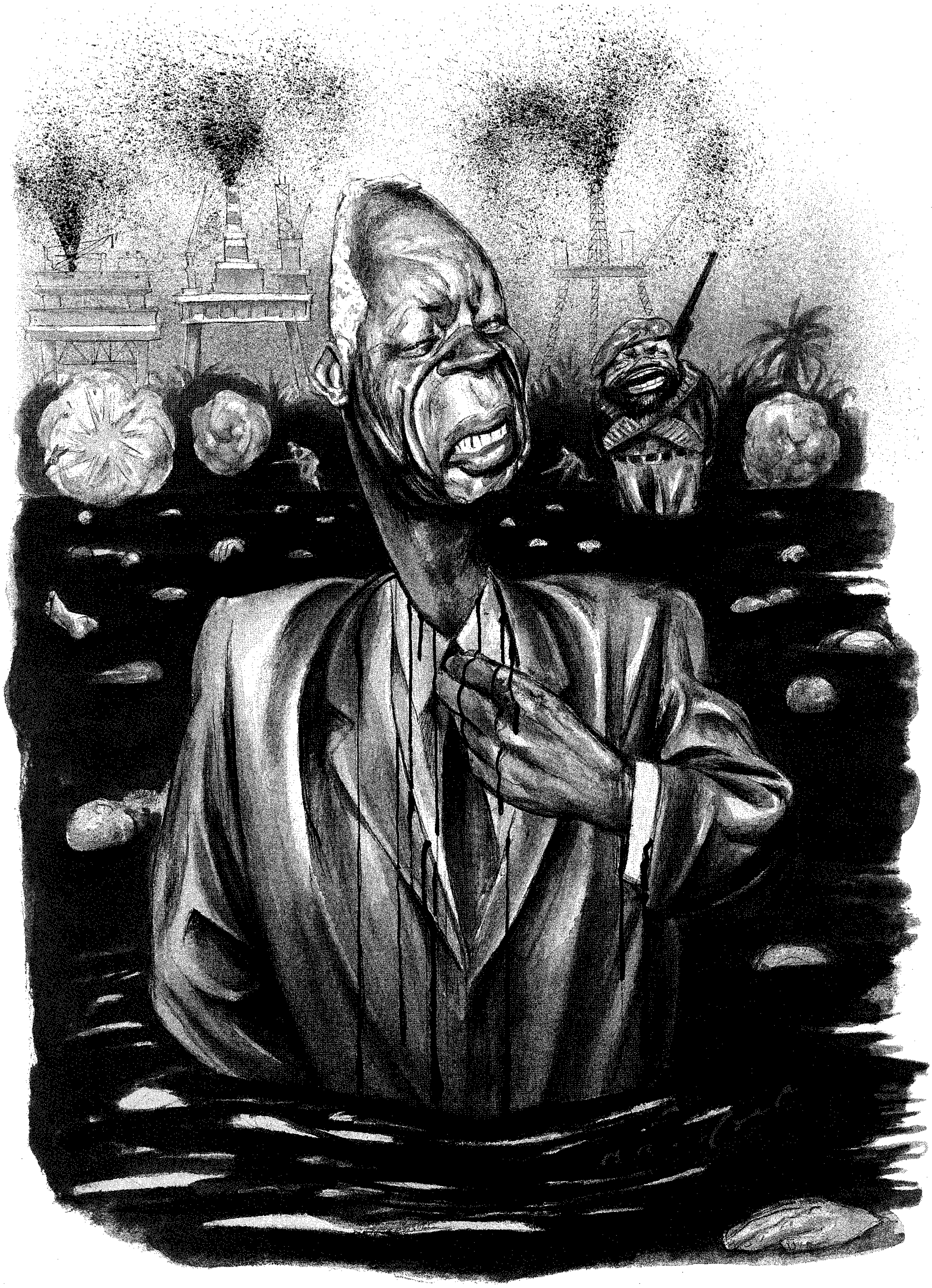
UNITA, the União Nacional para a Independência Total de Angola, the main guerrilla group in Angola, is financed primarily by illicit diamond deals. Various attempts have been made to prevent the sale of diamonds from areas controlled by the guerrillas—most recently, a certification system established by the World Diamond Congress in Antwerp in July—but diamonds and oil have kept the civil war going for decades, and so far no one has been able to change this. A few months ago, Global Witness, a British organization dedicated to bringing attention to "the role of natural resources in the funding of conflict," published a report claiming that the Angolan government had mortgaged several years' worth of future oil revenues and had used cash advances from Western oil companies to buy military hardware.

Something about the relationship between oil and politics can perhaps be inferred from the physical settings of the headquarters of the two most prominent American institutions in Luanda. The Chevron headquarters is in a glossy office tower on Avenida Lenin, on a hill overlooking the city. The United States Embassy is a cramped trailer park concealed behind an unpainted concrete wall topped with looping razor wire. Officially, United States policy toward Angola has been to "assist in the peace and reconciliation process," as Richard Holbrooke put it after he toured a refugee camp late last year. But this summer the State Department stopped advocating negotiations between the government and the guerrillas. "What the U.S. seems to be doing is allying itself with the government," a European United Nations official said to me. "It seems to have decided that all that's important is pumping oil, and it's going to let the war continue."

The Continental, where some of the oil workers stop on their way in and out of the country, is a blocky, mustard-yellow hotel on a side street parallel to the Marginal, a palm-lined corniche that follows the curve of the bay of Luanda. If you look at the corniche from a distance—say, from the scrubby hill covered with thorn trees above the Continental, where the colonial fortress of São Paulo sits—it could be the seaside avenue of a Mediterranean city or, perhaps, the boulevard that runs along the Copacabana beach in Rio. Up close, however, the Marginal is a wreck. The bay it fronts is thick with sewage, and several of the colonnaded buildings along it have been boarded up. Others are scorched ruins.

On my way to the Continental one

STEVE BRODNER



President José Eduardo dos Santos made lucrative deals with Western oil companies even when he was putatively a Marxist.

afternoon late this spring, I noticed that the car next to mine on the corniche was swerving dangerously back and forth. Then I saw that the swerving was intentional. The driver was trying to dislodge a rough-looking teen-age boy who was clinging mightily to the driver's side of the car. Several other youths were running behind them, trying to catch up. As I watched, the car picked up speed and the intrepid intruder forced his legs violently through the driver's open window; I could see one of the driver's arms flailing, trying to push him off. The car lurched to a stop and then sped up again, but the boy was still there, his legs now inside. Taking note of the scene, my alarmed driver stepped on the gas, and as I craned around to look at what was happening the intruder successfully got the rest of his body inside the moving car, amid a blur of moving arms. That was all I saw as we raced away.

In 1957, when the Continental was built, it overlooked the sea. From the hotel's rooftop veranda, where there is a bar, a few potted palms, and some tables and chairs, the view today is not so much of the sea but of a fourteen-story apartment house that was constructed in front of it in the early seventies. The newer building is already decrepit, its façade a crazy quilt of soiled, unpainted walls and buckling window frames. It is bereft of running water and, like the rest of the city, has electricity only sporadically. Across a small plaza, refugees from the violence that plagues the interior of the country have taken up residence in the burned-out hulks of warehouses. In the other direction, toward the city center, the street leads from the Continental past the offices of Sonangol, the state petroleum company—the only new and well-maintained structure in the neighborhood—and, a few hundred yards further away, the ruined Hotel Turismo. In 1992, during a short-lived "peace," when elections were held, the Turismo was occupied by a large delegation of UNITA representatives and became a kind of midtown bivouac. The Turismo was destroyed in post-election fighting. Everything in it was looted, and all that remains is a cement shell, with no windows or doors, the façade pitted by hundreds of bullet holes.

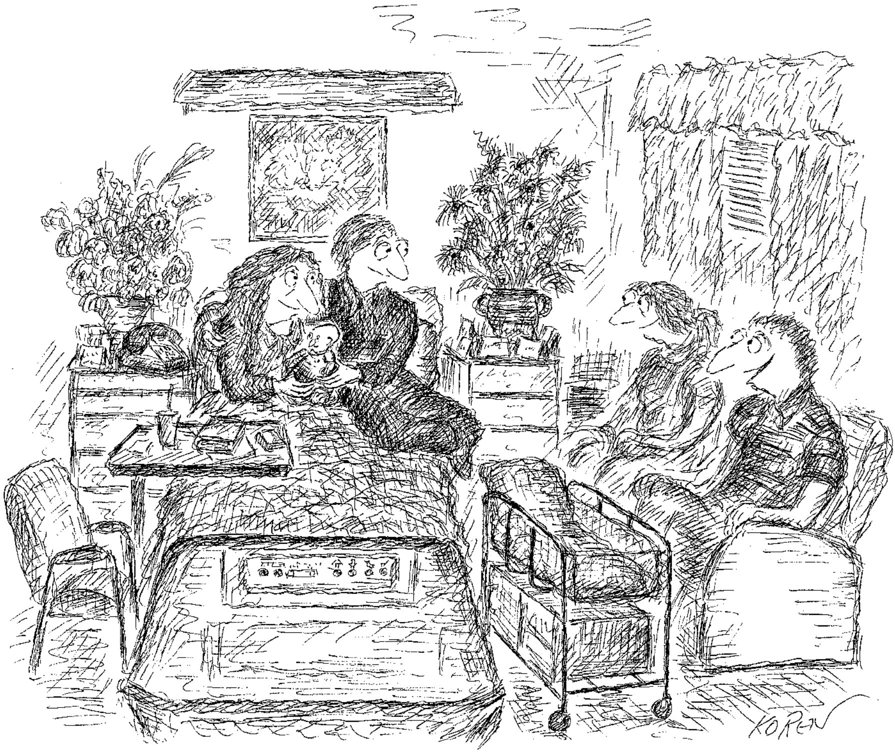
Two guards holding shiny Russian submachine guns stand outside the Continental to protect clients from the intrusion of any of Luanda's multiple unpleasantnesses. On the curb opposite the guards, and kept at bay only by their presence, Angolan women, money changers, sit waiting for foreigners to appear. Whenever they see one, they call out and wave swatches of kwanzas, Angola's hyperinflated currency, in the hope of obtaining dollars. Several *mutilados*—war veterans who are missing limbs—in grimy camouflage uniforms have permanently staked out the hotel's approaches as well. One of them, a one-legged man, has learned the neat trick of sleeping standing up, wedged between parked cars and propped up by a single crutch. The *mutilados* appear instantly whenever a guest dallies at the entrance, which happens rarely, since the hotel's clients are usually swept quickly away by bodyguards and drivers in large S.U.V.s.

"You'll need to find another attorney. I'm going to prison."

Four and a half million people live in Luanda today—ten times as many as there were in 1975, when Angola gained its independence. Most of the new inhabitants of the city are former peasants who live in squalid cement-block hovels. Very little has been built in Luanda since the mid-seventies, and most of what remained after the Portuguese left has not been repaired or maintained. Trains no longer run from the railhead in the port to the interior or up and down the coast. The incongruously European-looking railway workers' cottages that stand in tidy rows along the old track, with their peaked red-tiled roofs and imitation-Algarve chimneys, have become tenements, dirty and decorated with laundry lines. Black smoke billows from mounds of burning trash. Here and there, like hobbled crabs moving along the ground at knee height, men with shrivelled legs, or no legs at all, pull themselves along with the aid of fists wrapped in rags.

The city is in a perpetual state of unabashed excretion. Men defecate in plain sight by the side of the road, squatting in heaps of garbage. Raw sewage seeps out everywhere, flowing directly from buildings into the streets, where it forms great green-black pools. It festers as an immobile sludge in the troughs that weave in and out among the labyrinths of gray shacks. Luanda's own special aroma, without a doubt, is the stench of shit.

Angola is a huge country—more than four hundred and eighty thousand square miles. It extends from the southwestern Atlantic coast of Africa into the very heart of the continent. In addition to oil and diamonds, it has large deposits of copper, manganese, uranium, gold, and iron, and



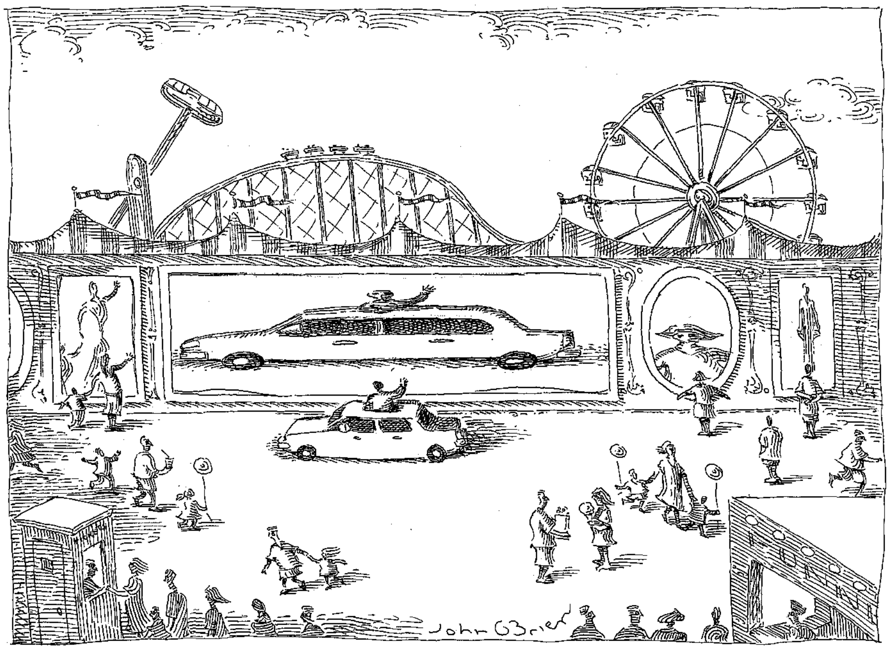
"What's her working title?"

some of the most bountiful fishing grounds on the planet. The terrain of the country is extraordinarily diverse, ranging from desert and subtropical savannah in the south and east to dense equatorial jungles in the north, and a unique central-highland region that is cool and damp. On the hot and arid coast, there used to be big plantations where sugarcane, tobacco, and cotton were grown. In the highlands of the interior, fertile land is suitable for dairy farming and the cultivation of coffee, apples, and strawberries.

Today, Angola has virtually no productive industries (except for artificial-limb factories). Nearly everything that is consumed is imported, even drinking water. Eighty-two per cent of the country's twelve million people live in poverty, and a similar number are unemployed; three out of ten children die before the age of five; only forty per cent ever go to school. The average life expectancy is forty-two. More than two million people are internal refugees and more than a hundred thousand are amputees, victims of the countless numbers of land mines strewn across the country. Angolans speak of their Four Wars—of 1974-76, 1985-88, 1992-94, and the present one, which began in 1998—to describe the most eventful armed clashes of the last decades, but in fact there has been almost continual fighting in Angola since independence.

Luanda's small monied class—mostly merchant traders, the *nomenklatura* of the ruling party, and senior generals—and its several hundred foreign residents protect themselves from the general misery in walled compounds, their lives enhanced by satellite television, chauffeur-driven armored cars, and their own generators for electricity. Just south of the city, on the peninsula of Mussulo, in a lagoon of the same name, there are weekend beach homes with private jetties and moorings for deep-sea-fishing cruisers. I was invited to a house in Mussulo one evening by a Portuguese businessman who has lived in Angola for twenty years and has made a fortune out of his good contacts with the government. A hovercraft-style speedboat manned by two Angolans with walkie-talkies took me to his compound, where a series of round houses with thatched roofs were spread over a landscaped lawn next to the water. My host and his two teen-age children entertained me in one of the houses with a sumptuous candle-lit dinner. We drank South African wine and ate Angolan lobster and home-made ice cream while the businessman held forth on his view of the country. Luanda, he agreed, was a miserable place, and it should be evacuated and a new city built where its citizens could start over. The problem was, he said, that Luanda had been built by Europeans and was never intended for Africans. So naturally it had fallen apart after the Portuguese left. "Imagine," he said, "what would happen if you left your children at home with no instructions. Everything would be broken and ruined." The Angolans had "never lived in apartment buildings with air-conditioning and sewage systems and elevators. They lived in huts, in the open air, which are right and proper for this climate." The round buildings on his lawn were faux huts with simple cement floors and thatched roofs and screens instead of glass windows, for coolness. My host was evidently a visionary, and he became quite excited as he described the alternative city he had in mind. Around midnight, he called for his boatmen to take me back to the mainland, and we said goodbye. He was leaving the next day for his place in a gated community on Fisher Island, near Miami Beach.

There was something quixotic about many of the reformist gestures I encountered in Angola. I realized this after I had spent a few days in the company of António Borges Pereira, a soft-spoken man in his early fifties who came to Luanda a year ago from South Africa. Pereira was born in Mozambique, where his father was a colonial policeman, and in his youth he fought in the Army against the Marxist guerrillas who came to power there in 1975. Pereira fled the country then, along with most of the white population of Mozambique. He ended up in Durban, where he has lived ever since, and where he has a family. He accepted his present job as an administrator in a Portuguese-owned company in Luanda on a whim, because, he says, he was experiencing midlife restlessness, and he was surprised to find that he felt at home in Angola. He might even stay if he could find some worthwhile busi-



• •

ness to become involved with. "This country is wide open for opportunities," he said. "They have nothing left, and they need everything. With a little savvy and the right connections, you can make a fortune here."

Pereira has taken up what he acknowledges is an odd new hobby. He buys Angolan flags, and on his free days he drives around the outskirts of Luanda, giving the flags to the police and soldiers who man the barricades that are on every street and road. "These people don't have any national pride," he said disgustedly, pointing to a particularly tattered flag that hung from a dilapidated building. "They don't know how to look after anything." He had begun handing out flags because he thought that Angolans might pay more attention if they saw that their flag meant something to a foreigner. "Anyway," he told me, "I *enjoy* doing it. It makes me feel good." As we crossed an unstable suspension bridge with snapped and worn cables, Pereira directed my attention to a big new flag billowing above the police guard post at one end. "Look," he said proudly. "That's one of mine."

Pereira is up against a long history of the suppression of the sort of patriotism he admires: five hundred years of colonialism, during which three million Africans living in what is now Angola were shipped to the New World as slaves. Even after the slave trade dried up, colonial plantations used a system of forced labor. When Angola was declared an "integral part" of Portugal in 1930, tens of thousands of immigrants from the mother country poured in. Unlike their Belgian and British counterparts, who created moderately sized, functional cities that were designed to hold small European populations in the Belgian Congo and Northern Rhodesia, the Portuguese embarked on a frenzy of building, and by the nineteen-seventies Luanda was a bustling place, in many ways more modern than Lisbon. It was also one of Africa's most beautiful cities. Set on sloping bluffs around the bay, Luanda had hundreds of apartment buildings with their own elevators; boulevards dotted with bronze and stone statues of Portuguese historical figures; sidewalk cafés, restaurants, and night clubs; and a yacht club that hosted international sailing competitions. Hydroelectric dams on nearby rivers supplied the city with ample electricity and running water. There was money to be made in Angola—lots of it. The country was exporting diamonds, cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, and fish, and it had become the world's third-largest producer of coffee. And then there was the oil. By 1973, oil had become the colony's main export. The Portuguese, and their *assimilados*, the favored two per cent of Angolans, mostly mixed-race mestizos, who were allowed access to jobs and education under the colonial caste system, were doing very well.

At the same time, however, the Portuguese were waging a cruel counterinsurgency campaign against several liberation groups that had been formed in the early nineteen-sixties. Tens of thousands of Angolans were killed, and hundreds of thousands more fled to neighboring countries. Then, in April, 1974, a group of Portuguese Army officers staged a successful coup against the quasi-fascist dictatorship that had been established in Lisbon in 1928 by Antonio Salazar. Many of the officers involved in the coup had served in Africa and had been influenced by the liberation movements there, and the new revolutionary junta almost immediately decreed an end to Portugal's status as a colonial power. Negotiated timetables were established for withdrawal from Angola, São Tomé and Príncipe, East Timor, Cape Verde, Guinea-Bissau, and Mozambique. The date set for independence in Angola was November 11, 1975.

Each of the three main contenders for power in post-independence Angola had different, and shifting, Cold War alliances. The Movimento Popular de Libertação de Angola, or M.P.L.A., which was supported by Angola's small urban middle class and Marxist intelligentsia, and by the ethnic Mbundu people, who live around Luanda, was backed by the U.S.S.R. and by Cuba. The Frente Nacional de Libertação de Angola, or F.N.L.A., led by Holden Roberto, the son of a Baptist mission worker, was in the beginning inspired by Mao and backed by the Chinese. Then, as now, UNITA was led by Jonas Savimbi, from Angola's majority Ovimbundu ethnic group, which inhabits the central highlands. Savimbi had been a senior member of Holden Roberto's staff, and was sent to China for military training, but in the mid-nineteen-sixties he had broken away to form UNITA.

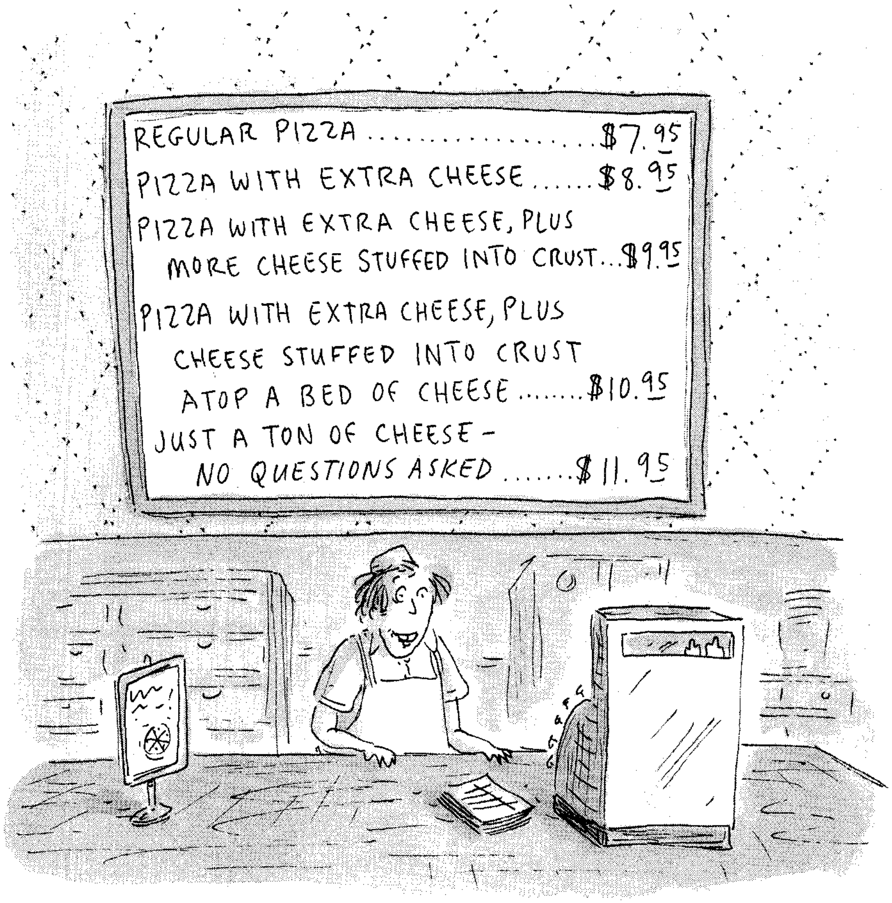
A full-scale civil war erupted in July, 1975. The M.P.L.A. installed itself in Luanda with the help of the Soviets, who supplied arms, and of several thousand Cuban troops. Holden Roberto had by then transferred his loyalties from China to the United States, and was based in Zaire, where he had become close friends with Joseph Mobutu (whose sister-in-law he married). He sent his F.N.L.A. forces south toward Luanda. They were assisted by a clutch of C.I.A. advisers, some ten thousand Zairean troops, and a hired army of British and American mercenaries. Jonas Savimbi established a stronghold in Huambo, the country's second-largest city, and called on the white South Africans to help him. Pretoria sent in a sizable invasion force from its territory of South-West Africa (now Namibia), on Angola's southern border. As the various armies mauled each other and everything in their paths on their way toward Luanda, the Portuguese departure turned into a panic-stricken mass exodus.

This was Angola's First War, and it was won by the M.P.L.A. Holden Roberto's F.N.L.A. fighters and their Zairean allies managed to reach the outskirts of Luanda, but then they met the Cubans, whereupon the F.N.L.A. abandoned the battlefield in disarray. The C.I.A.'s British and American mercenaries fared little better; thirteen of them were captured and put on trial for wartime atrocities, and four were sentenced to death and executed. It was, to all intents and purposes, the end of the F.N.L.A. as a military force. Jonas Savimbi retreated with his UNITA loyalists to the bush and, with the support of South Africa, gradually gained control of much of the hinterland. The M.P.L.A., with the assistance of the Cuban troops, who stayed on permanently, consolidated its power base in Luanda and several other key provinces, mostly along the Atlantic coast. The most important of these was Cabinda. In 1976, notwithstanding its putatively Marxist orientation, the new Angolan regime pragmatically signed a lucrative deal for continued oil-drilling rights with the equally pragmatic American oil company Gulf, which was subsumed into Chevron in 1984.

José Eduardo dos Santos, the chairman of the M.P.L.A. and for the last twenty-one years the President of the Republic of Angola, enjoys a pleasant view of his country from his home inside the compound of Futungo de Belas, which is set near the sea on a gently sloping hillside just south of Luanda. From Futungo, one looks across the lagoon to the villas on Mussulo or up the bluff to the compound where Esso executives live. The Presidential complex is surrounded by stone walls and guarded by discreetly camouflaged tank traps, machine-gun nests, and armed soldiers, but Futungo has a bucolic atmosphere, with small villas and office buildings set around landscaped lawns. At the opposite end of the compound from Dos Santos's home, and therefore hidden from his view, lies the shantytown for which the Presidential residence is named.

Dos Santos is a slender, graying man of fifty-seven. He is not particularly charismatic and he has not nurtured a cult of personality. He rarely ventures out of Futungo, and when he does it is in a motorcade of fast-moving cars guarded by armed men dressed in black. They are referred to popularly as the Ninjas, and they have been known to shoot bystanders who make sudden moves. Just before I arrived in Angola, a man was shot and killed for waving to a friend across the street at the wrong moment.

Little is known about Dos Santos except that he is a bricklayer's son who was born and raised in the Luanda slum of Sambizanga. He joined the M.P.L.A. when he was a teen-ager, and was given a scholarship to study petroleum engineering in Baku for five years, followed by a year's course in military telecommunications. He became Angola's foreign minister after independence, and its President in 1979, when the founder of the M.P.L.A., Agostinho Neto, died, supposedly of pancreatic cancer, while he was undergoing medical treatment in the Soviet Union. (In some circles, Neto's death is regarded as suspicious. Two years earlier, he had purged the Party ranks after an internal coup attempt believed to have been orchestrated by the Soviets.) Dos Santos is said to have been the least divisive of the top contenders to replace Neto. In 1991, he conducted an overhaul of the M.P.L.A. that culminated in the Party's


REGULAR PIZZA $7.95
PIZZA WITH EXTRA CHEESE $8.95
PIZZA WITH EXTRA CHEESE, PLUS MORE CHEESE STUFFED INTO CRUST...$9.95
PIZZA WITH EXTRA CHEESE, PLUS CHEESE STUFFED INTO CRUST ATOP A BED OF CHEESE $10.95
JUST A TON OF CHEESE – NO QUESTIONS ASKED $11.95

renunciation of Marxism-Leninism and the government's wholehearted embrace of capitalism. Two years later, diplomatic relations were established between Angola and the United States. Aldemiro Vaz da Conceição, the President's official spokesman, assured me that Dos Santos had long been a free-marketeer, but wisely kept his silence during the Cold War years, because "he would have been seen as a traitor."

Since Dos Santos is a mysterious figure, he is the subject of muted gossip. There are rumors about his health, and almost everyone in Luanda seems to believe that he suffers from prostate cancer. In the past, much of the gossip dealt with his love life, which has featured two marriages—the first to a Russian woman, with whom he had a daughter, Isabel—and several long-term affairs, which have produced more children. Dos Santos seems to have settled down since his marriage a few years ago to Ana Paula, a beautiful former air hostess. They have three children.

Most of the stories that circulate about Dos Santos now have to do with corruption. The Global Witness report published a few months ago concluded that "a significant portion of Angola's oil derived wealth is being subverted for personal gain and to support the aspirations of elite individuals. . . . Corruption starts with the head of state, surrounded by a clique of politicians and business cronies." A Western ambassador who has brokered more than one arms deal with Dos Santos describes Futungo as being run like a "medieval monarchy." One of Dos Santos's sisters, Marta, is the owner of Angola's General Motors dealership, and another sibling owns the country's only flour-milling plant. The President's half-Russian daughter, Isabel, who is now twenty-eight, is involved in a number of lucrative businesses. She is an executive in the Luanda office of the Conoco oil company, and is said to be a shareholder in several oil-drilling joint ventures with foreign firms. She also owns a popular Luanda night spot, Miami Beach. According to a diamond-industry source, Isabel is a major shareholder in the recently created Angolan diamond-marketing monopoly Ascorp, which was formed by Lev Leviev, an enterprising Chabab Lubavitch Jew with

Luanda, the capital of Angola, which was once one of the most beautiful cities in Africa,

MAGNUM

ull of refugees from the civil war who live in burned-out, bullet-scarred buildings or shantytowns. Photograph by Chris Steele-Perkins.

powerful connections in the former Soviet Union.

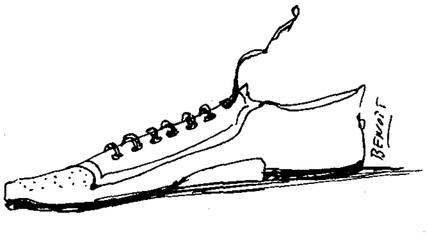
One of the institutions most often cited as a vehicle for Presidential greed is the Eduardo dos Santos Foundation, or FESA, a charitable organization that relies upon donations, mostly from foreign-owned businesses. The headquarters of FESA is in a pretty yellow villa shrouded with bougainvillea. João Beirão, the director of FESA, assured me that although the foundation carried the President's name, it was completely independent of Futungo de Belas, but he agreed that it would be fair to say that FESA acted as a kind of "parallel government." According to diplomats and investors doing business in Angola, however, FESA is a slush fund for Dos Santos, and its fund-raising style amounts to highway robbery. Company representatives are simply called in and told the amount of money they are expected to "donate."

When an oil company secures a concession to explore for and extract oil in Angola, it makes a "signature bonus" payment of as much as several hundred million dollars to the government. Then, once the oil is flowing, the government gets a percentage of revenues, anywhere from thirty to sixty per cent. Some of the money is officially earmarked for arms procurement in the national budget, and some of it makes its way to unofficial channels, where commissions are doled out and deals can be made for weapons that are illegal, like antipersonnel land mines. These arrangements are not "transparent," in political jargon. That is, there are few accurate records of what payments are made and where they go. In the ongoing scandal in France concerning bribes made by the state oil company, Elf-Aquitaine, which involves French politicians at the highest level (not to mention Helmut Kohl, whose party allegedly received money as part of a deal in which Elf took over oil businesses in the former East Germany), some of the biggest outlays of cash were bribes paid to Angolan politicians for favorable treatment in the dispensation of oil licenses.

Angola's opposition newspapers make frequent allusions to official corruption, but, with several journalists and editors under criminal indictment or in jail for their articles, the stories tend to be framed for the discerning reader. Dos Santos is in eighth place on the Ten Worst Enemies of the Press list compiled every year in New York by the Committee to Protect Journalists. (Foday Sankoh of Sierra Leone heads it.) This spring, Rafael Marques, who is both a journalist and the director of George Soros's Open Society Institute in Luanda, went on trial for defaming the President in an article in which he called Dos Santos a "dictator." Marques was found guilty, but because of attention drawn to his case by Soros and lobbying on his behalf by the United States Embassy in Luanda, the government relented somewhat, and he was given a six-month jail sentence instead of a possible two years. He has appealed.

I talked with Rafael Marques several times, both during and after his trial. "Look at Luanda," he said to me. "There are just shanties everywhere! Where does the money go? What kind of democracy is this?" He didn't see much difference between Dos Santos and Savimbi, whose UNITA guerrilla forces have kept the terrible civil war going for twenty-five years. "The only difference is that Savimbi is very intelligent—even though he is mad—and Dos Santos isn't," Marques said. "Dos Santos has killed people, ordered people's executions, just like Savimbi. People have been burned alive in Luanda, and I have seen it happen. The difference is that Savimbi is present when these things take place, and Dos Santos hides in Futungo."

Aldemiro Vaz da Conceição, the President's chief spokesman, is a disarmingly handsome man, a cool character who never seems to perspire or to wrinkle his well-tailored suits. In addition to his official role as spokesman, a job he has held for the past eighteen years, Vaz da Conceição is reputed to be Dos Santos's bagman, the aide who buys off political opponents, journalists, and anyone else deemed worthy. "Supposedly, a blue bag contains the money paid by oil companies to the President," an Angolan government official told me confidentially. A Western diplomat confirmed this theory, and added, "Aldemiro's got the place wrapped up. And if anyone refuses his money, they can always just disappear." The diplomat pointed out that inquiries into such cases would hardly pose an inconvenience, since Aldemiro Vaz da Conceição's brother Fernando commands the National Police.



One afternoon, Vaz da Conceição sat with me on the couch in his office in Futungo, chatting with what seemed to be candor and even indiscretion. "I have decided to tell the President that he must take care of his image," he announced in a dramatic whisper. He raised his eyebrows for emphasis. "Why? Because, while all of us who are around him are taking advantage of our positions for our material benefit, he is the one who is getting all the blame. All the fingers are pointing at him." Vaz da Conceição went on to say that he was worried that if the President didn't do something to dispel the impression that he is corrupt he might lose the elections that he has tentatively scheduled for next year.

In Angola's first and only elections, in 1992, Dos Santos obtained more votes than Savimbi, but he failed to win an outright majority. A second round of voting to determine the winner was never held, because the civil war resumed and Savimbi took his army back to the bush. Dos Santos has continued to serve as Angola's de-facto President, but without full legitimacy. In January, evidently heartened by the Army's successes in an offensive against UNITA, Dos Santos announced that, "conditions permitting," he would call elections "sometime in 2001."

Vaz da Conceição portrayed Dos Santos as a well-intentioned, introspective man whose only faults are an overly trusting nature and a deep desire for privacy, which combine to isolate him from some of the more sleazy goings on in his immediate circle. He mentioned that the President had once privately confessed that he felt his true vocation was that of a monk. Vaz da Conceição said that until the President's most re-

"Forget that! We've just been hired to reinvent Al Gore."

• •

cent marriage, to Ana Paula, the Presidential home, a former Portuguese dentist's beach villa, had been spare and unadorned. "Only now, since he's been married, do you see a few fripperies around," he said.

Driving back into town, I noticed that a huge billboard had been erected on the side of a building overlooking a rubbish-strewn vacant lot. The smiling figure of José Eduardo dos Santos appeared below the slogan "Peace, Work and Liberty." It seemed a sure indication that the M.P.L.A.'s campaign to reëlect the President was about to begin. Just above the billboard, a portion of an old revolutionary mural was still visible, its fading paint depicting Angola's struggling masses, their hands raised aloft and wielding flags, scythes, and machetes, or clenched into fists. At the base of the billboard, a young man, his back turned to the street, urinated against the wall.

The Aeroporto Internacional 4 de Fevereiro, which commemorates the day Portugal promised Angola its independence, cuts a long cement swath through the slums on the outskirts of Luanda. It is one of the busiest airports in Africa. Cargo planes belonging to the U.N.'s World Food Program, or W.F.P., fly in and out dozens of times a day, sharing airspace with Russian Ilyushin and Antonov jets ferrying in weapons and ammunition for the Army. Sacks of donated soybeans and cornmeal are piled on the asphalt near metal containers loaded with ordnance. The bearded and potbellied Russian and Ukrainian men wearing flip-flops and shorts who amble around with cans of beer in their hands are the pilots and airplane mechanics who bring the Antonovs and Ilyushins in from Russia and then fly war matériel to Army bases in the Angolan interior. I watched one day as a couple of military jeeps followed by a black Audi coupe raced toward an Ilyushin that had recently arrived. Soldiers carrying Kalashnikovs fanned out around the plane. I was with Maria Flynn, who works for the W.F.P. in Angola, and I asked her how she felt about doing business alongside people who were providing supplies for a war that was the cause of a humanitarian disaster. "What choice do we have?" she said. "It's a crazy, sick situation."

The W.F.P. operation in Angola is second in size only to the one in Sudan. A few months ago, it was feeding nearly

"I still manage to find the time to drink eight glasses of water a day."

• •

two million Angolans, or one out of six people in the country. There are even more needy people now, but since donor nations have not been meeting their pledges to the W.F.P. there are supplies for only about a million people. "To use a bunch of clichés," Maria Flynn said, "the people here are dying a silent death, practically written off as just another bunch of Africans going through the same old crises." In the case of Angola, there is also the perceptual problem of reconciling the fact that while there is a flourishing trade in Angolan oil and diamonds, much of the population is starving.

Maria Flynn is a petite woman in her late forties. She is an American citizen, a New Yorker, but she was born in Galicia, in northern Spain, and she keeps a calendar on her desk illustrated with pictures of La Coruña, where she owns a small seafront apartment. Eight years ago, after she and her husband were divorced, she gave up a job as a corporate lawyer on Wall Street, said goodbye to her grown son and daughter, and went to Budapest as a Peace Corps volunteer. When she was offered the W.F.P. job in Angola, she "didn't really even think twice about it," she says. "It's kind of seductive. The job I do here has an immediacy to it. I mean, if our planes don't land, people die." She lives alone in an apartment on the Marginal—rented, like all accommodations for foreigners in the city, at an exorbitant price (the U.N. rates Luanda as one of the most expensive places in the world for its employees to live, alongside Tokyo). She has a little terrace where she has tried, unsuccessfully, to grow tomato plants.

I went with Flynn to Kuito, a small city in the center of Angola that has been devastated by successive waves of fighting. In 1993, when UNITA held most of the city, thirty thousand people died there during a successful siege by the Army that lasted nine months. Many hundreds more were killed late in 1998, when UNITA tried to take the city back. Some two hundred thousand refugees live in earthen huts or plastic tents in the open fields of elephant grass that surround the town. Most of the buildings in Kuito have collapsed or are partially destroyed, and those still standing are scarred from the random impacts of shells and bullets. The colonial-era governor's palace, with frilly wrought-iron gates topped with old-fashioned ornamental lamps, is a gutted husk, the façade a study in Pointillism. It is pocked by thousands of bullet holes and the starbursts left by exploding mortar rounds. An apartment building nearby is still inhabited, but in the spot where it received a direct artillery hit there is a gaping hole several stories high. People move around tending washing or cooking in the open space as if there were still walls there.

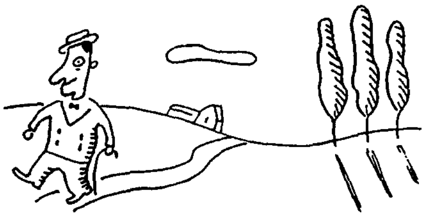
We visited a series of camps for I.D.P.s, U.N. jargon for internally displaced persons. A few days earlier, at another camp, a W.F.P. driver had lost both legs when he ran over a land mine. Last year, Flynn saw a teen-age boy blown to pieces near her. In one clinic—in a tent that was as dark inside as a cave and reeking of vomit and urine—a group of harried Belgian women doctors were tending to desperate peasant women and their babies, many of whom were listless and emaciated from lack of food. Some of them appeared to be close to death. On a side street, a graffiti-daubed shell of a building had been converted into a food-distribution center for severely malnourished refugees, who were given vegetable oil and dried fish. Refugees who had the right ID cards had formed a line that snaked into the street, and I watched as a group of six young men wielding long sticks whacked people who were trying to jump the line. Once it was a mother with a child on her back who got it; another time, a young man missing a leg.

Although airports provide towns like Kuito with their only links to the outside world, runways are poorly maintained, and the frequent landings of the big Russian cargo planes laden with arms make things worse. In early April, the W.F.P. announced that flights to Kuito might have to be suspended because there were so many potholes. The governor of Kuito complained, and said that the U.N. should fix the runway itself. "We've created a monster," a U.N. official told me. "We've made one side in the war out to be saints—and, let's face it, there are no saints here, they're all villains—and now we're paying the price for that. They think they can get us to do whatever they want." In the end, the government promised to begin fixing the runway once the rains stopped, and the W.F.P. promised to keep a minimum number of flights coming in.

Since Luanda is isolated by the war, which is being waged pretty much everywhere, there are a limited number of places for those who have money to spend it when they are not on shopping trips in Johannesburg, Lisbon, or Rio de Janeiro. The Ilha peninsula, which curves out into the bay from an extension of the southernmost stretch of the Marginal, has a few clubs and restaurants, like Coconuts, a beachside place with a large flagstone patio furnished with tables shaded by green umbrellas on wooden poles. A hamburger at Coconuts costs twenty dollars. Miami Beach, Isabel dos Santos's club, is also on the Ilha, along with a Vietnamese and a Chinese restaurant. A new place on the Marginal, the Bahia, opened while I was in Luanda, in an old colonial-era building facing the bay. The club has several levels, including an open-air bar on the ground floor, an expensive restaurant above that, and then a rooftop bar with a dance floor. I bumped into two of the President's senior advisers there, including Aldemiro Vaz da Conceição. They commented that it had cost at least a million dollars to set up. The food, which was international haute-nouvelle, was quite good, the clientele was attractive, and the security men, who stood abreast of the ramp at the entrance, were very competent at their job, which consisted mostly of intimidating a large group of street kids who were milling hungrily about the parking lot.

For day-to-day shopping and services in Luanda, middle-class apparatchiks are provided with special credit cards to purchase imported food, housewares, and toys at the Jumbo supermarket, a Brazilian-Angolan joint venture. At the supermarket for Elf employees, stacked aisles offer heads of French lettuce and cucumbers at seven and eight dollars apiece, respectively; foie gras; Roquefort cheese; cut flowers; and chocolate cakes from Maxim's—all of it flown in from Paris. The Americans have similar arrangements. Esso has just opened the Indombeiro Condominium community, a compound for its senior staff set on a promontory overlooking the Mussulo lagoon. The twenty-three homes there are two-story beige prefabs, but they are both spacious and luxurious-looking, and, as in similar tract developments in the States, each has its own lawn punctuated with newly planted saplings. There is a communal swimming pool and a clubhouse with a bar, a poolroom, and a big-screen-TV viewing room. One day, while I was strolling around the complex with one of its Portuguese administrators, a small cocker spaniel with a glossy, honey-blond coat came running toward us, barking aggressively. A middle-aged American couple, who were preparing a barbecue in their back yard, called out to the dog—Nana—and told us not to pet her, because she would bite. They also pointed out that the area we were passing through was her territory. We waited until Nana trotted back to them, and then we walked on. A few yards away, on the other side of a fence, a trio of Angolan women trudged silently by with stacks of firewood on their heads. As they passed the spot where the American couple, with Nana at their feet, had resumed their barbecue activities, each woman, without missing a step, swivelled her head laden with firewood and stared silently at them, and she kept staring until her path had taken her out of sight.

The United States and Angola have a tangled, not to say bizarre, history. For nearly twenty years after the country gained independence, the U.S. tried to undermine the government formed by the M.P.L.A., which was supported by the Soviets and by Cuba. Ronald Reagan even brought a lawsuit against Gulf (now Chevron), trying to force it to stop doing business with the M.P.L.A. and to withdraw from Angola. But the company successfully fought off the suit and continued pumping oil, protected by a large contingent of Cuban troops. In 1985, the Reagan Administration began giving Savimbi's "anti-communist freedom fighters" covert assistance. The following year, Savimbi was officially given fifteen million dollars. Savimbi himself went to Washington to accept the money.



Throughout the nineteen-eighties, UNITA had lavish offices in Washington, not far from the White House, and in 1988, thinking that I might be able to visit Savimbi in his headquarters in Jamba, in southeastern Angola, I went to Washington to meet with his foreign secretary, a dapper, well-educated young man named Tito Chingunji. Chingunji's eloquent defense of UNITA, one that still carries weight among Savimbi's supporters, was that the movement represented the disenfranchised black majority of Angolans, whereas the M.P.L.A. was composed primarily of urban white and mestizo élites who had betrayed Angola's aspirations for independence by trading one set of colonial masters for another. The Portuguese had been replaced by the Soviets and their Cuban proxies. Therefore, Chingunji reasoned, UNITA was still fighting against colonialism and for Angolan independence. He was less forthcoming when I raised the thorny issue of UNITA's alliance with South Africa's apartheid regime, but, as I recall, he defended it on the ground that UNITA had to do what it could in order to survive.

At the end of our visit, Chingunji gave me his business card and a number for me to call in London. My trip to UNITA-held territory, he advised me, would involve a flight to Johannesburg, and from there a flight to Jamba. I never made it, and not long after our meeting Chingunji was summoned back to Jamba by Savimbi, where he was imprisoned. Eventually, he, his wife, his children, and his brothers and sisters were bludgeoned to death. They had been accused by Savimbi of "witchcraft and treason." Several other UNITA members were accused of sorcery and publicly burned to death in Jamba at a ceremony overseen by Savimbi himself. The motives for these gruesome killings have never been fully established. Savimbi is a distrustful and capricious man. In the case of the extermination of the Chingunji clan, he is said to have been jealous because his foreign secretary had married one of his former mistresses. Savimbi is reportedly inordinately proud of his virility, and has fathered at least twenty-eight children.

Savimbi, who is now sixty-four, is tall and physically powerful, and his followers refer to him reverentially as O Mais Velho, the Oldest One. To his enemies in Luanda, he is a kind of Angolan God of Chaos, who has wreaked destruction on his country because he was cheated out of his ambition of achieving absolute power. Even after both Washington and Moscow began disengaging from their Cold War entanglements in the Third World, the Bush Administration continued to fund Savimbi covertly, allowing him to regroup and to rearm his forces. By 1991, when the first Angola peace accords called for an end to all foreign involvement in the country, Savimbi is estimated to have received some two hundred and fifty million dollars from the United States. In May of that year, Savimbi and Dos Santos signed an agreement that recognized UNITA as a legal political party that would run against the M.P.L.A. in multiparty elections the following year. This delicate process was to be overseen by U.N. observers, but their mission was fatally flawed, largely because of a Security Council resolution that imposed strict limitations on the size, budget, and mandate of the U.N. force. It was the beginning of the first of the U.N.'s great peacekeeping failures in Africa.

Savimbi arrived in Luanda for the elections in March, 1992, with much fanfare. He installed himself in a large villa overlooking the bay, and held court there, issuing bombastic and impolitic statements about the "cleansing" Luanda would get when he came to power. The election was a disappointment to him, however. Dos Santos received forty-nine per cent of the votes and Savimbi got forty per cent, and since fifty per cent was required to win, preparations were made for a second round of voting. Savimbi cried fraud, and fighting broke out. In the melee that followed, Savimbi and some of his commanders fought their way out of the city. Others were caught and killed, and thousands of suspected UNITA sympathizers, mostly ethnic Ovimbundus, were slaughtered in their homes. Since then, more peace talks have been held, and several new agreements duly signed and ratified by Savimbi and Dos Santos or their representatives, but the war has not ended. In December, 1998, Dos Santos launched a large-scale military offensive against UNITA, explaining that Savimbi's noncompliance with his treaty obligations had left the government no option but to "wage war in order to gain peace." Although UNITA is generally considered the more brutal force, the Army has also been involved in atrocities, including massacres of civilians and the summary executions of suspected UNITA supporters. Early last year, Secretary-General Kofi Annan announced that he was calling an end to the U.N. peacekeeping mission in Angola, since there was "no peace to keep." Quietly, and more or less unnoticed amid the renewed fighting, the U.N. observers have been gradually withdrawn from the country.

"How am I this morning? Frankly, Mister Never-Around, I'm as horny as the middle-school band."

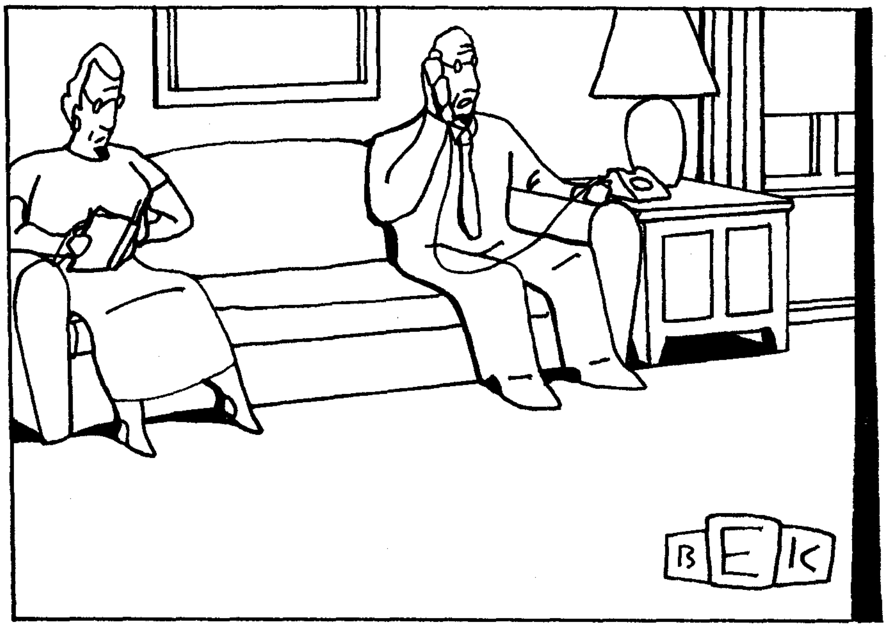
Last autumn, after his command bunker and several long-held UNITA towns fell to the government, Savimbi and his fighters retreated to the bush. Publicly at least, Savimbi is now friendless. Since he has decided to fight on in violation of the peace agreements he previously signed, he and his guerrilla army are international outlaws and subject to U.N. sanctions. He has suffered attrition in his ranks, losing a string of key lieutenants, who have formed a party that calls itself UNITA Renovada—Renewed UNITA—and has the second-largest number of seats in the National Assembly. This makes it possible for Dos Santos to claim that he presides over a multiparty democracy. Renovada's members renounced their ties to Savimbi after succumbing to a combination of government coercion and blandishments.

Savimbi is said to be operating somewhere in the jungle in central Angola, protected by several thousand men, never sleeping in the same place twice, and not using his satellite telephones, for fear of being traced. The war, Angola's defense minister, Kundi Paihama, said to me, was nearly over. Angola's armed forces had Savimbi boxed in. "It's like he's in a house," Paihama explained, "and we know he's in that house, we just don't know which room he is in, and he knows it better than we do, but we'll get him in the end."

Early in June, thousands of Angolans participated in a peace march in Luanda, and late in July, during a Congress for Peace, religious leaders called for a ceasefire and negotiations to end the war. No one in power is much interested in negotiating with Savimbi, however. At the end of May, Susan Rice, the Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, confirmed at a press conference in Luanda that the United States supported Dos Santos's military offensive. "Dos Santos has learned how to gain the sympathies of Washington," a diplomat in Luanda said to me, pointing out that American oil companies, rather than their European competitors, had been given the predominant share in the oil market. It just remained to be seen, he said, "how pragmatic" the United States was willing to be in juggling the defense of its interests against such issues as Angola's foreign-debt repayments, official corruption, repression of the press, disregard for the suffering of the people, and the messy prosecution of the war. In the meantime, U.S. government experts were giving counterinsurgency advice to Angolan military officers. "America should stop dealing with a small group of Futungo thieves and build up an Angolan middle class," a European diplomat said to me, with exasperation, "so that we can sell them TVs and washing machines and cars and computers and cell phones."

I was curious about what Holden Roberto, the old (he is now seventy-six) guerrilla leader of the F.N.L.A., thought about the new alliances his former supporters in the State Department had made. In 1992, the F.N.L.A. became a minority group in the National Assembly, and Roberto lives in a small Portuguese-era house on a residential lane near the former colonial governor's palace. He blames the Soviets and the Cubans for most of Angola's present troubles, but the bitterest remarks he made to me were about the United States. "We don't understand why the Americans are not pushing for dialogue to end this war," he said. "The only possible explanation is oil." But this explanation seemed to mystify him, since the Americans he knew thirty years ago had talked so much about ideals and beliefs. "What has happened to the Americans?" he said, without expecting an answer. "It's all business now with them."

At the end of June, there were reports of secret talks between UNITA and representatives from the government, and President Dos Santos said that he was willing to offer Savimbi an amnesty, but this seemed like hollow rhetoric to people close to the situation. "Dos Santos's offer of forgiveness is a bunch of hooey," an American working in Luanda said to me. "He knows that Savimbi will be killed on sight if he is found by the Army." It was just campaign talk, the American said. Dos Santos was launching himself as a candidate of conciliation, which he could afford to do now that the United States was so completely in his camp. Two weeks earlier, in Washington, the Angolan ambassador had announced that Sonangol, the national oil company, had signed a contract with an American company, World Airways, to establish a direct air link between Houston and Luanda. "This is a natural outgrowth of the increasingly closer economic relationship between the U.S. and Angola," he said.



"Not at all. We're just breeding contempt."

• •

The retooling of Angola's image by Dos Santos has been a gradual process. Recently, the government announced that it was searching for a replacement for the country's neo-Communist national flag, its national anthem, and its insignia. Something was needed that was "more suited to Angola's present-day realities." The seat of government is being moved out of Futungo de Belas, where it has been housed since independence, and into the old colonial headquarters. A Portuguese building contractor is restoring the colonial governor's pink palace and a complex of surrounding buildings to their former glory. In June, the Portuguese ambassador presided over a ceremony in which Avenida Karl Marx, one of the main streets in downtown Luanda, became Avenida Portugal.

A few days before I left Luanda, I had drinks with an Angolan novelist, Pepetela, who was predictably gloomy about the future. "Twenty-five years after independence, we seem closer to being a colonized people than we ever were before," he remarked. I thought about this when I visited the Museum of Slavery, which has been set up in a little white church atop a rock promontory just south of Futungo de Belas, on the road running along the coast from Luanda. On the beach below the church, white Portuguese priests used to bless captured slaves who were about to make the Atlantic crossing. The museum receives few visitors and is usually locked, but on Sundays Angolans play in the shallow waters off the beach and, not far away, at an open-air marketplace, Bakongo venders sell ebony wood carvings, leopard skins, poached elephant ivory—and authentic slave chains, great bronze manacles of the kind that once held their forefathers in bondage. These shackles are sold for American dollars, like most other things in Angola. History appears not to mean much to Angolans. It is as if they are unaware of its significance, or simply don't care anymore. What Pepetela had been referring to when he spoke about colonialism, I realized, was a state of mind. ♦

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE THIRD ACT

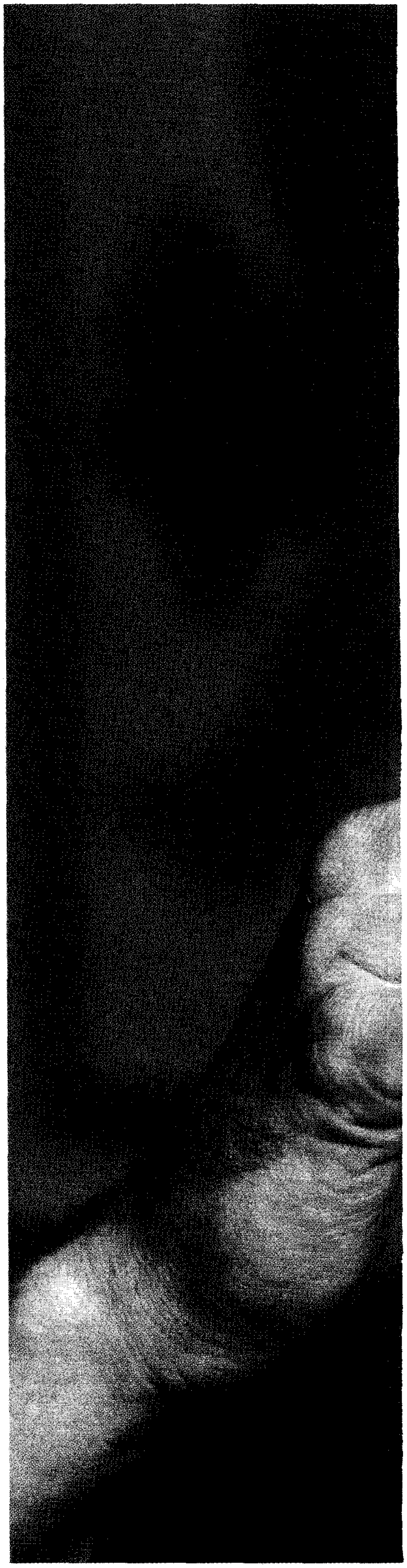
Entries from Kenneth Tynan's journals, 1975-78.

The selections from Kenneth Tynan's journals published here last week were written between 1971 and 1974, when Tynan, who had been the architect of the repertory of the National Theatre in London since 1963, was operating in the diminished role of "literary consultant." He had been at odds with the establishment for years, and had lobbied the Arts Council to abolish the right of the Lord Chamberlain to censor plays—a battle he won, at some cost to his career. By the end of 1973, he was no longer associated with the National. He wrote a column for the London Observer and began working on a book about Wilhelm Reich. In 1975, William Shawn, the editor of The New Yorker, gave him a contract to write six Profiles, and agreed to provide expenses for a move to the United States. Tynan and his wife and two young children settled into a Spanish-style house in Santa Monica. His first Profile for The New Yorker, on Ralph Richardson, appeared in February, 1977. It was followed by pieces on Tom Stoppard, Johnny Carson, Mel Brooks, and Louise Brooks. Although Tynan had suffered from emphysema for many years, he refused to stop smoking, which he claimed helped him write. On a trip to Spain in 1978, when he and his family followed the pilgrimage route to Santiago de Compostela, he collapsed frequently and had to be revived with oxygen and cortisone—followed, on his orders, by champagne.

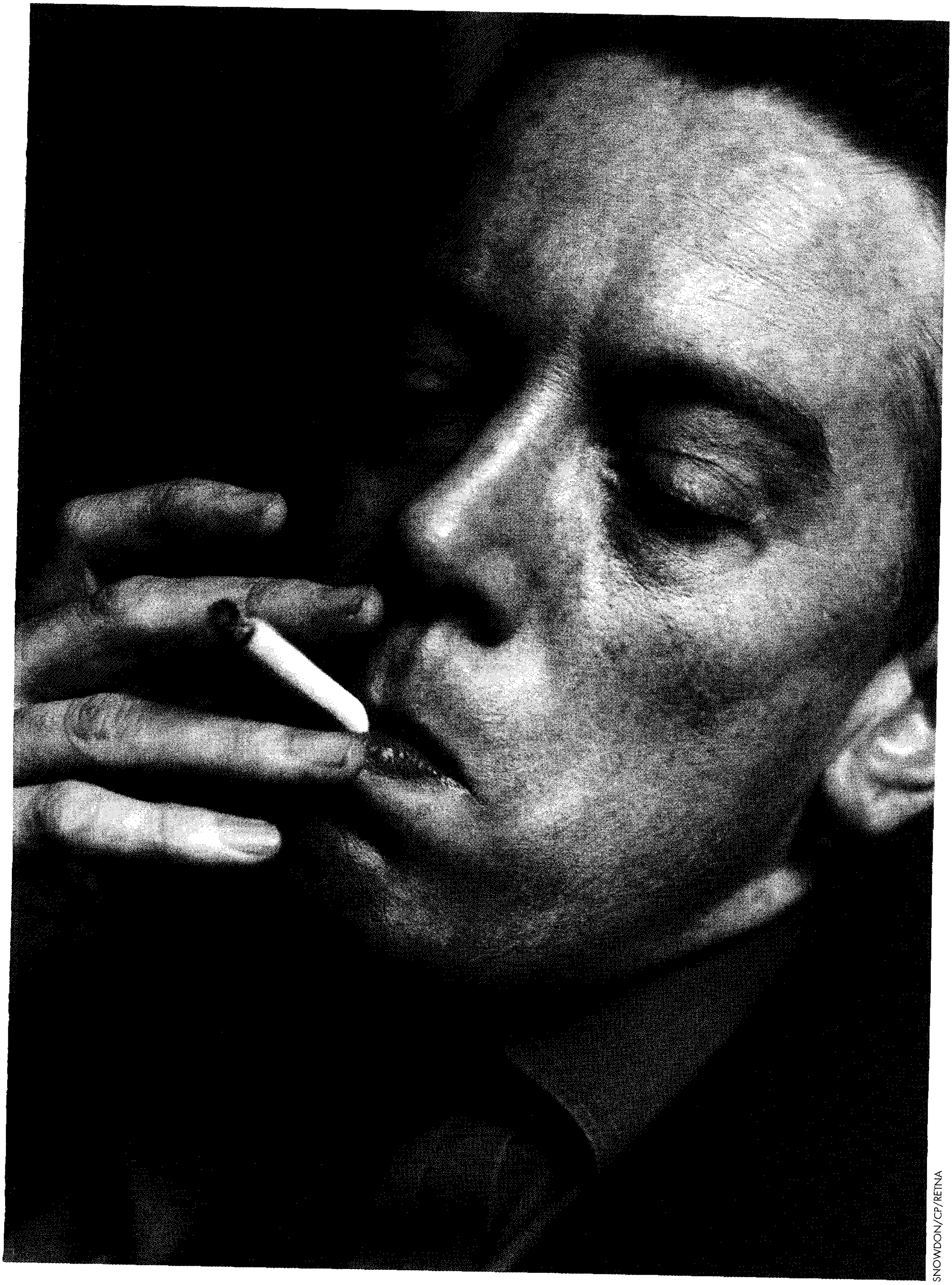
January 14, 1975: Just before Christmas, quite insanely, I bought a Jaguar XJ 12, mainly on hire purchase. The loan repayments (£25 a week), the insurance (£6 a week), and the petrol consumption (8 miles per gallon, at the new extortionate prices) are far beyond my purse; and the timing of the purchase, when nobody is buying huge cars that can do 150 mph (since the British speed limit is 70 mph and may be reduced to save fuel), is definably dotty. Yet I love the silently lumbering giant, I love the velvety smoothness of its motion, I love creeping through traffic jams with the stereo radio blasting the overture to "Così Fan Tutte" from all four speakers; above all, I love bowling along motorways in the sun. The sense of *cushioned escape* is complete; I feel utterly protected, totally truant, and get that glowing, illusory sensation of being in control of my own life, of knowing where I am going.

March 23: Fly via Tangiers to Agadir, hideously rebuilt since its earthquake a decade or so ago, and thence by car to Taroudant, a pink-turetted town fifty miles inland. (I travel with [the actor] Robert Morley and his wife, by coincidence bound for the same place.) I'm here in a last-ditch attempt to rid my lungs of the bronchial spasms that have shaken me for the past five weeks: if the sun won't do it, I give up.

March 25: The Morleys drive me on a picnic across this parched landscape of scrub and *mesa*. . . . Robert quizzes me about Hemingway, Spain and bullfighting, revealing only when I have spilled my beans that he regards *toreo* as something only slightly more lovable than child-murder. The more I read of "Hemingway in Spain," the more I realize that most of the climaxes of my emotional life—the glooms, the exhilarations, the guilts, the explosions—took place there, as did Hemingway's. "You bullfighting people must have something in common," Robert muses aggressively. "You and Hemingway and John Huston. I wonder what it could be—some kind of insecurity?" I protest that most people are insecure in some way or other. "Nonsense," says Robert crisply. "I know *hun-*



"I am a performer," Tynan wrote, "not a writer who likes writing for its own sake."



SNOWDON/CP/RETNA

"We've voted you off the island."

• •

dreds who aren't." I suppose it is awareness of death that separates us from Robert. "How can we live, seeing we have to die?" Thus Hemingway: I can't imagine the question bothering Robert. I must go back to Spain, even without Antonio [Ordóñez]'s presence in the plazas: I miss the late-afternoon anguish of the *corrida*, without which holidays in other Mediterranean countries are like vegetarian diets.

March 31: Robert Morley recalls a meeting with Lord Longford at which pornography was discussed: "I told him that if somebody liked to dress up in chamois leather and be stung by wasps, I really couldn't see why one should stop him." Robert and Joan are staying at the posh, Frenchified hotel (the Gazelle d'Or) while we are at the cheaper but more atmospheric Salam. I smugly pass on to Robert the information (gleaned from the owner of the Salam) that the Gazelle d'Or has to close during the summer months because the town sewers overflow at that period into the hotel gardens, bringing with them thousands of poisonous serpents. Robert is gratifyingly appalled: I could not have guessed that sewage and snakes are two of his pet phobias.

June 11: K[athleen, Tynan's wife] has given me a £21 book on Goya, including a *catalogue raisonné* of his entire work. I've never had a more exciting gift. After revisiting the Goya in Madrid last month, I've decided to add his name to the guest list at my ideal dinner party, which now consists of: Shakespeare, Byron, Wilde and Goya. How nice to reflect that the arch-mandarin Berenson ("Modern anarchy begins with Goya") disliked him!

July 24: Josh Logan gives a lecture on his work at the American Embassy, and I contribute introductory speech, pointing out (a bit fulsomely) that if Josh did not exist, it would be necessary for Broadway to invent him; indeed, it would almost be necessary to invent Broadway. (He has directed ten shows that ran more than a year, including three that lasted more than 1,000 performances.) I call on my dim memories of the Logan machine in action, after the Boston opening night of William Inge's "Picnic" in 1953. (Josh directed and co-produced it.) Josh invited me to have a drink with him after the show in his suite at the Ritz-Carlton. I went expecting a quiet chat, a little mutual congratulation between author and director, perhaps some talk of a lighting rehearsal the next afternoon . . . Was I (as they say) ever wrong. At the Ritz-Carlton that night I learned what it felt like to be among a group of nuclear physicists working against the clock to beat Hitler to his atom bomb. S. N. Behrman was in one bedroom, putting laughs into Act I. Tennessee Williams was in another bedroom, taking laughs out of Act II. Josh took me into the bathroom and said: "Ken—what's wrong with Act III?" I said it somehow seemed to belong to another play. Josh thought for a while and then said: "There may be a reason for that. You see, I wrote Act III." (He nowadays denies saying that; and no doubt he was exaggerating.) In the living room, Lawrence Langner of the Theatre Guild was addressing an empty piano stool on the dangers of trusting audience reaction in New England. The phone rang. It was Leland Hayward, calling from California. He proceeded to give a detailed critique of the Boston opening, totally undeterred by the fact that he had not seen it. Meanwhile a young woman in blue was making some extremely intelligent suggestions for improvements, many of which were subsequently incorporated into the text. Nobody knew who had brought her, and she left without giving her name. I suddenly realized that there was one notable absentee. "Josh," I said. "Where's the author?" "Oh, Bill," said Josh. "He's in Palm Springs, I think . . ." After we had all worked for an hour or so, the first review arrived. It was a rave. Work stopped, corks popped. Half an hour later I recall seeing Josh entering the suite with a crushed newspaper in his right fist and his face the color of an oyster. He had just read the second overnight review, by Elliot Norton, and it was a stinker. Within a minute everyone was back at work.

The extraordinary thing is that out of this madhouse there emerged a play which (though I never particularly liked it) ran for 476 performances, won the Pulitzer Prize and the Critics Award for the Best Play of the Year. The chaos of the Ritz-Carlton that night taught me more about Broadway than I could have learned in a decade of drama criticism.

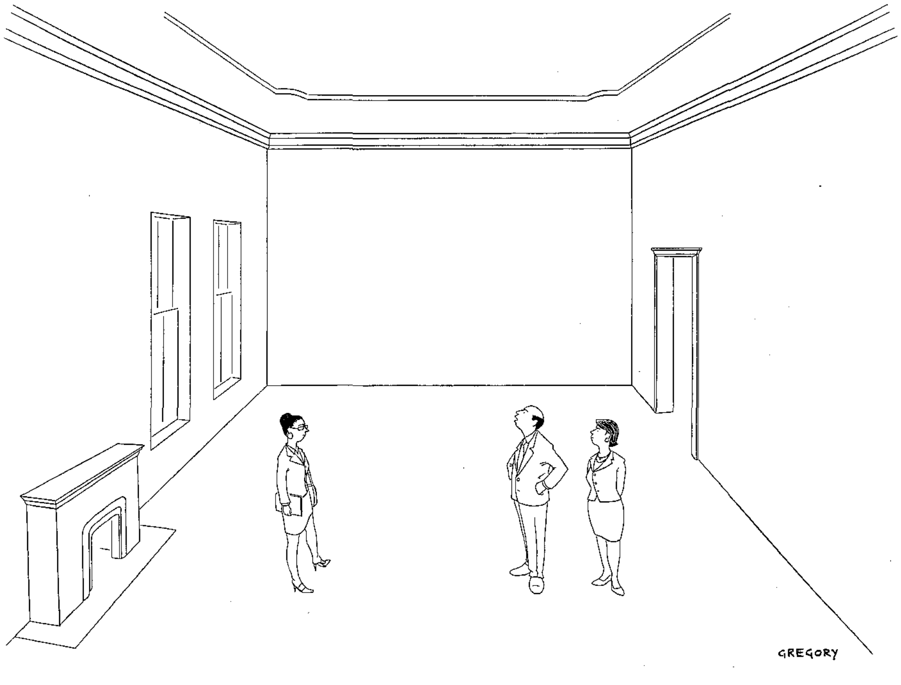
Aug. 6: "Up in Arms" on TV—Danny Kaye's first film, made in 1944, which I saw six times in my teens and which *defined* American comedy for me. His "Lobby Song" and "Melody in 4F" are as dazzling as I remember them (and so, as I'd forgotten, is Dinah Shore singing "Tess's Torch Song"); nobody has ever rivaled that laser-beam precision of utterance. Of course, Kaye's *attitudes* are all clichés: but I was into technique, not attitudes, then: which is how we all start loving performers. Conclusion: D. Kaye is the square Lenny Bruce.

Aug. 11: Two consecutive massive courses of antibiotics leave me exhausted, deeply depressed and still coughing all night. Sometimes I think of the upper lobe of my left lung as an insane but dedicated little sputum factory where round-the-clock work is in progress, diligently turning out a product (phlegm) for which no other part of my organism has need. If they would only cancel the midnight shift, it would be *something*.

Sept. 21: "Ball of Fire" on TV—a 1941 film directed by Howard Hawks and written by Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett—I remember as simply a "crazy comedy" about 7 professors who get mixed up with a gangster's moll. After 34 years, it reveals itself as something much more interesting; a statement by the anti-Nazi refugee, Billy Wilder, of the importance of siding with the intellectuals against the book-burners. (The film was made while America was still neutral.) None of the professors is guyed: they are affectionately mocked, no more: and their standards are wittily upheld against those of the totalitarian mobsters. And what a cast! Gary Cooper, wonderfully strong and ingenuous as the leading encyclopedist; and Barbara Stanwyck as the stripper—quite irreplaceable now, although there were at least 50 actresses in Hollywood then who could have played this part better than anyone today. And when one considers the weight of expressive talent among the supporting professors—including S. Z. Sakall, Richard Haydon, Henry Travers and Oscar Homolka—one has to end up giving thanks once again for the only place—Hollywood—and the only epoch—1930-50—in which the art of entertainment at the highest level was truly international.

Sept. 28: The English reviews of Burt Bernstein's biography of James Thurber have all had that nauseating mixture of crocodile tears and relish with which the British Lit. set greet damaging accounts of the private lives of their dead superiors, especially if the latter are American. Burt's portrait of Thurber, as reported in the press, is simply not the man I knew: who wrote me a fan letter out of the blue in the early 1950's; who entertained me whenever he stayed at the Stafford Hotel; who gave me lavish and valuable advice on the ins and outs of New York journalism; and with whom I spent many blissful hours drinking at the Algonquin. In the very last years he tended to ramble and repeat himself (the outward signs of an undiagnosed brain tumor), and he was wryly bitter over the number of rejection slips he was getting from the "New Yorker": but I remember him with fondness, admiration and gratitude as a man who never grudged his respect to anyone who could construct a shapely English sentence, and also as a man of considerable courage—not only in facing his private afflictions but in standing up for liberal values at a time when McCarthyism was in full cry. When Larry Adler reappeared in New York in the late 50's after years of black-listing, Thurber volunteered to make an introductory speech welcoming him back. Elaine [Dundy, Tynan's first wife] and I went down to the Village Gate with James and Helen on that occasion, which turned out to be sadly embarrassing: James went on too long, often lapsing into a barely audible mumble, and embarrassed even Larry—not the humblest of men—with the fulsomeness of his eulogy. But for a sick man to risk public obloquy by praising an alleged Red was a gesture of enormous generosity. I hadn't realized until that night how sick he was: and his death, not long afterwards, did not come as a surprise.

Oct. 10: Finished C. Sykes' biography of Evelyn Waugh. Full of odd, unnoticed facts—E.W., who abhorred theatre, saw "Kiss Me Kate" *10 times* (was he a spanker? à propos of the Profumo scan-



"Wow . . . We could really fill this room with uncomfortable silences."

Tynan with his wife, Kathleen, and their children, Roxana and Matthew, in California in 1979, the year before he died.

RODERICK A. MCDOWALL

dal, he said that "a pound a swish" was a highly inflated price); and he insisted, later in life, on having all his teeth extracted *without an anaesthetic*—an ordeal that, according to Auberon W., hastened his death. Sykes gives us this amazing piece of information with no comment or explanation. Perhaps Waugh feared anaesthetics as a kind of rehearsal for death: if so, the fact that he preferred the agony of multiple extraction tells us something of the terror death must have held for him.

Oct. 11: Alone in Berlin on a Saturday night, with no theatre to attend, I ought to go out gaily in search of adventure. But age has struck: I scan the list of nightclubs, restaurants, massage parlors without a flicker of interest, my only concern being whether I shall have enough of "The New Statesman" left unread to last me through a Chinese dinner.

Oct. 12: Back in hotel at 2:45 a.m. after grisly tour of Berlin nightclubs. . . .

Oct. 19: The most powerful influence on the arts in the West is—the cinema. Novels, plays *and films* are filled with references to, quotations from, parodies of—old movies. They dominate the cultural subconscious because we absorb them in our formative years (as we don't absorb books, for instance); and we see them again on TV when we grow up. The first two generations predominately nourished on movies are now of an age when they rule the media: and it's already frightening to see how deeply—in their behavior as well as their work—the cinema has imprinted itself on them. Nobody took into account the tremendous impact that would be made by the fact that films are *permanent* and *easily accessible from childhood onward.* As the sheer number of films piles up, their influence will increase, until we have a civilization entirely molded by cinematic values and behavior patterns.

Nov. 3: A golden autumn weekend with K. and children at a Cotswold hotel in the village of Upper Slaughter. Matthew's vocabulary grows apace and he now qualifies as a person with whom conversation is possible. Roxana long since passed that test. Both are simply breath-bereaving in their prettiness. Watching Matthew eating paté (for which, at 4, he has developed a connoisseur's fondness) and being asked by Roxana to explain the meaning of democracy, I caught K.'s eye across the lunch-table (roast beef and Burgundy) and felt for almost the first time that we were a family—i.e. that each had tough and durable wires of sympathy connecting him/her with the other three that he/she would never feel for any other person.

Nov. 6: I learned that Harold Pinter was incensed when I said on TV a few weeks ago that the English theatre was preoccupied with the minor emotional crises of the urban middle class, and never opened its eyes to analyze society as a whole or the world outside England. I named "No Man's Land," "Otherwise Engaged," and the Ayckbourn trilogy as examples of the kind of thing I meant, and summed up the plot of the Pinter play as a rich middle-class writer has a wary confrontation with a poor middle-class writer. Pinter's comment was that it would be easy to write of "Hamlet" and "Coriolanus" in similarly glib sentences. But of course it wouldn't: because "Hamlet" is about Denmark, not just Hamlet, and "Coriolanus" is about Rome. In both plays, whole societies are under scrutiny, not just individual temperaments.

Nov. 16: How much of theatre has to do with imposture! Walter Kerr, in his brilliant book on "The Silent Clowns," points out that Chaplin's genius lay in his ability to assume any identity at the drop of a hat—to become, in a split second, according to the demands of the plot, a great lover, a great gymnast, violinist, skater, thief, gourmet, conjurer, etc. etc., while having, at bottom, no true identity of his own. This leads me to reflect how much of world drama concerns people pretending to be what they aren't. Hamlet feigns madness; the noble King of Thebes is an incestuous patricide; Kent pretends to be a serving-man, Edgar to be a mad beggar. . . . Throughout Shaw, burglars turn out to be philosophers, and villainous exploiters turn out to be heroes; even Saint Joan dresses up as a man. Mistaken identity is not only what the craft of acting is all about; it is what much of drama is all about. An actor is a man who pretends to be someone who is usually pretending to be someone else.

Dec. 6: His chest wheezed like the mew of a cat trapped in a distant cupboard.

January 21, 1976: To see Stanley Kubrick's "Barry Lyndon," which the critics have almost universally panned, calling it a beautiful bore. Apart from one curiously sentimental episode (the death of Barry's son in a riding accident), I admire it enormously. No: this isn't the 18th Century of ogling oyster-wenches and sexy young rapscallions and bottom-pinching squires, it isn't a headlong rush of picaresque incident, swarming with Academy Award-seeking cameos. Kubrick doesn't attempt to make the 18th Century "relevant" to us; he expects us to be relevant to it. Because what he has done is to recreate the 1760's on their own terms, at their own pace, inevitably more leisurely than ours, letting performances establish themselves quietly with no attempts at playing for easy laughs, quaintness or lens-hogging charm. With infinite care for detail (the passionate precision with which he reconstructs the past becomes almost an aesthetic value in itself) he builds up a picture of the immovable, impenetrable English establishment—the landed aristocracy with its supporting pillars, the Army, the Law and the Church. The indictment is the more devastating for being totally implicit. And Ryan O'Neal as Barry, the Irish outsider who tries to con his way into wealth and title, never makes the character into the usual charming rogue of costume epics (e.g. "Tom Jones"): we are invited to pity him not because he is a sexy and sympathetic swashbuckler but because he is a (rather thick) human being, quite unaware of his own pathos. The entire film is breathtakingly beautiful, but it is never merely pretty: the beauty is always functional, building up shot by shot a social panorama, a portrait of a way of life as complete as any that the cinema has ever achieved. . . . A piece of instruction comes quietly but indelibly across: if you wished to breach the privileged citadel of the 18th Century ruling class, the only way to attempt it was by chicanery, fraud, bribery or double dealing. And the attempt would fail.

Feb. 11: It occurred to me last night that my recent deep melancholy may be due to the fact that for the last month or so I have been using Mandrax instead of Soneryl as sleeping pills. (Mandrax has a fearful reputation for turning people into zombies, but the doctor who prescribed them assured me this was bogus.) Last night I returned to Soneryl. Result: a dramatic lightning of mood. So it wasn't—wholly—my chest, after all.

Feb. 27: In New York for the first time in 4 years to discuss new job with Mr. Shawn. Intimidated by such a long absence: will I still get a table at Sardi's? (Nowhere else on earth would this matter.)

March 4: I read Tennessee's "Memoirs." Conclusion: there is a sensitive and poetic girl called Rose Williams, confined to asylums since 1939, who writes plays. These are performed and published under the name of her wastrel brother "Tennessee," a raffish low-life homosexual addicted to dope and drink.

March 27: Debts now mountainous: yesterday the telephone was cut off because of non-payment, and the same will happen to the gas next week. Kathleen says we must put on merry faces and appear to enjoy ourselves. My comment: "I don't enjoy *enjoying* myself anymore."

April 4: I see in the papers that the singer Frank Ifield, popular in the 50's, is planning a comeback. I remember reviewing his début at the Palladium under the insane misapprehension that he was blind. (I had him confused with a blind vocalist who bore a similar name.) I watched agape with admiration while he strolled around the stage with every appearance of knowing where he was going, and I burst into spontaneous applause as he strode down to within a foot of the orchestra pit without the least sign of fear. By the end of his act I was misty with tears at the thought of his courage. I often wonder what he thought when he read the review in which I congratulated him on the gallantry with which he had overcome the handicap of sightlessness.

April 9: Seductive dream of Egypt and the ecstatic winter month I spent at Luxor so long ago—was it 5 years?—the last period of uninterrupted happiness I can remember. . . . Karnak and the Valley of the Kings and Hatshepsut's temple—these for me are images of bliss, in a climate that flattered my lungs like no other I've encountered. And the little temple of Amun, with an erect prick surprisingly sprouting from the god's official regalia; and the boatman who took us by felucca to have lunch in his mud hut, and gave us a huge parcel of kif as a farewell present. And my theory about Akhnaten, a figure who has fascinated me since childhood (he was the frontispiece of my first book): the heretic pharaoh who worshipped the sun's rays and married Nefertiti. Why did he so suddenly transport the court from Thebes to El Amarna, thus abruptly shifting the center of an entire civilization? My suspicion: that he was either queer or androgynous (the curiously realistic statues and reliefs of him suggest as much: he looks effete, curvaceous in the wrong places, something of a *loller:* in addition, he frequently lacks male genitals) and that Nefertiti was not a woman at all *but his boyfriend.* (Why, in the Berlin portrait bust, alone among Egyptian women, does she wear that strange headdress that fits her as closely as a skull-cap? Because "she" had the close-cropped hair of a boy.) Akhnaten had to get out of Thebes to avoid what must have been a huge scandal—i.e. when he announced his determination to "marry" his boyfriend—whose name, incidentally, means "the beautiful woman is come."

It's interesting, too, that Nefertiti appears literally out of nowhere (her background and origins are unknown); and that immediately after her supposed death, Akhnaten's brother, Smenkh-Ka-Re, becomes his co-regent. There's a *stele* in Berlin that implies a queer relationship between the two men: and there's the further fact that, on assuming the co-regency, Smenkh-Ka-Re adopted the epithet "Beloved of Akhnaten" into his title, and also took over the name "Nefer-neferu-Aten," which had formerly been borne by Nefertiti: I can't avoid the conclusion that Smenkh-Ka-Re had *become* Nefertiti at the behest of his incestuous brother, the Pharaoh.

NIGHTSHADE

Suddenly, looking once more at the Japanese elm, I saw
that you do not exist. No, not after years

of haunting, of your stepping just to the rim
of the snapshot, so that all I would see would be

a man's blurred silhouette half-cropped, crowded to the edge
by the messy plates on the table, the loaded fruit bowl; not after years

of your appearing suddenly in a farther room, the library
or den, in someone else's apartment, to beckon, then vanish;

not after your trick of standing under the drizzled street lamp
late at night so the Fauve-green light underscored your eye sockets

and the slash of your jaw. I see now: you were Krishna, you were
Apollo, provisionally. Then they departed.

According to their nature. And the elm near the crown of Peter's Hill
is left with out-flung branches—candelabra, octopus,

seaweed, lasso floating—still trying to embrace
the orbed horizon, which eludes but dallies in its boughs.

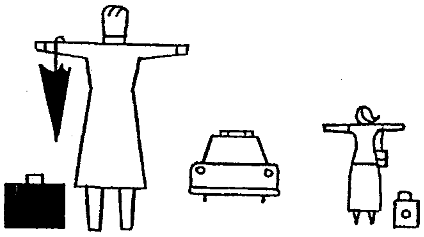
April 14: Dream about Antonia and Harold Pinter, in which they are living in Sam Spiegel's New York penthouse, a garish leather-padded pleasure dome full of marble grilles and priceless art-work. (I went to Sam's house-warming party there and when he asked me what I thought of the place, I said: "It looks like the men's room at the Taj Mahal.") In my dream, Pinter and Antonia hold a press conference:

Q.: Lady Antonia, can you confirm that you are a convert to Judaism?

Antonia: Yes. But as Dr. Jonathan Miller once said, "I'm not a Jew. I'm Jew-*ish*."

Q.: Mr. Pinter, are you aware that this apartment was once likened to the men's room at the Taj Mahal?

Pinter: Yes. But it's not a lav. It's lav-*ish*.



April 27: Am amazed to find, in C.S. Lewis's "Reflections on the Psalms" (which I hadn't read before), a long reference to Akhnaten and his remarkable poem, "Hymn to the Sun." C.S.L. says that Akhnaten's monotheism is the first prefiguring of Judaism in world literature, the first proposal that there is an *author* of the universe. (The pagan gods are actors in the cosmic drama; they did not *invent* it.) A. did not identify God with the sun; the latter was merely God's manifestation: "It is," says C.S.L. "an astonishing leap," and he suggests that although his religion died with him as far as recorded history is concerned, it may have formed part of the Egyptian "wis-

Where they cut the longest branch last summer, the stump
still gestures out toward the sky beyond the sky.

Walking home, I see lime-yellow berries of pokeweed
glossing into purple. The park's blood is up,

it makes its offering: knobbed crab apples, crimson
hawthorn berries with their crinkled parchment leaves,

and the little ink-black cornucopias of deadly nightshade,
and weeping larch, and each rose of Sharon with its hemorrhage at heart,

and jewelweed, and small tough marigolds. As evening floats down,
the train-rumble and traffic-wheeze tighten their cincture

around the hill, where the Japanese elm fingers a vanishing arc of shade.
You are not waiting, lounging against the stone gate of the park;

you are not standing by the lindens along the street.
Two urchins greet me there, a boy and girl, clambering on the trunk

of someone's parked car. "We're just sliding," they explain.
Now they rappel up a municipal letter box. The little boy

is dark, the girl elfin, blond, her nostrils and upper lip
raw and brilliant from the feverish trickle of snot.

—*Rosanna Warren*

dom" in which Moses was brought up. He goes on: "In the verse [of the "Hymn to the Sun"] 'Thou didst create the earth, according to thy desire,' Akhnaten even anticipates the New Testament." And he concludes: "What gentle heart can leave the topic without a prayer that this lonely ancient king, crank and doctrinaire though perhaps he was, has long seen and now enjoys the truth which so far transcends his own glimpse of it?" All this is extraordinary. Can it be that what has always fascinated me about the heretic pharaoh is not, as I used to think, his alleged status as "the first individualist in history" (or his putative sexual deviance, at which I recently made a guess in these pages) but the fact that he was an early prophet of Christianity? C.S.L. would certainly hold the view that, by drawing my attention to this passage in his book, God was offering me yet another signpost pointing towards acceptance of the Christian faith.

May 20: Went with K. (in the Garbo dress from "As You Desire Me" which I had copied for her) to a 20's Ball, at which I wore a feathered blue lurex peignoir, sequinned knickers, suspender belt and black stockings and a wig modeled after the hairstyle of Louise Brooks. And a six-inch ivory cigarette-holder. Introduced myself, to people who asked who I was meant to be, as Lord Baden-Powell. I also shaved my legs for the occasion. Although I wouldn't want to be a woman, I love the idea of making love to a woman while dressed as one; and I much prefer the feel of my own legs when they are hairless. This doesn't make me a transvestite; but it does mean that I enjoy exploring more sexual possibilities than those available to macho males in jeans and T-shirts. (I regard it as a gap in me that I've never been turned on by the sight, touch or thought of a man.) Sadly, the other guests were mostly rich bores.

Oct. 7: . . . Kathleen left for California with the children on October 4.

Nov. 4: After four days in California am still disorientated. K. has rented a huge movie-star-type house for us in Santa Monica. The sun pours down at a daily 90. What have I done—more ominously, what am I going to *have* to do to deserve all this?

Nov. 7: In California I live in an oasis surrounded by used cars, and go to hilltop parties where middle-aged women talk about masturbation. I think: what is this man doing in this set-up and who is going to pay the rent?

Dec. 21: Dinner at Christopher Isherwood's with Gore Vidal and Tony Richardson. Asked by me to name the 20th-Century figures whose letters and/or journals he would be most excited to read, Christopher says E. M. Forster (many of whose letters he received); and later adds, to my delight, that if there were anything unpublished by Cocteau, that would come a close second. Blue-jeaned, closely-grey-cropped and dapper, Christopher admits that his literary generation avoided the French: Germany was where the boys were; and he always regrets never having met Cocteau. I notice that Gore, such a show-off in other company, is restrained and un-bossy when Christopher, whom he much admires, is around. I congratulate Christopher, whose new book I've seen reviewed but have not yet read (although it's on order at the Brentwood Book Shop), on contributing to the literature of *testimony*—i.e. eye-witness accounts of significant events—which I suspect will prove to be the most lasting of our time. . . . I further please him by remembering (and liking) the film script he wrote for MGM on the life of the Buddha some 20 years ago: I read it for Ealing Films and recommended it for production, although I was well aware that a historical epic which was entirely without bloodshed and did not endorse the tenets of Christianity stood very little chance of being made.

January 5, 1977: Read a magazine quiz, compiled by experts on geriatric subjects, which purports to predict your life expectancy on the basis of your answers to questions about habits and general way of life. I answer with scrupulous accuracy and discover that I shall be dead in May.

March 6: Am still immobilized by flu germ which struck me down a week ago in Madrid, ruining a research visit there with [N., Tynan's mistress], most of which was spent in a hotel bed, while Spanish doctors used me as a target for the banderillas they call hypodermics. Am now a month behind with my "New Yorker" work; debts pile up in L.A. and income is nil.

March 30: Reading "The Hidden Years" (story of Howard Hughes' last decade, spent in darkened rooms and almost complete nudity, seldom getting out of bed, eating virtually nothing, while his nails became six-inch claws and his hair straggled down below his shoulders), I think of myself in the darkened hotel room in Madrid and of the insidious temptation of the semi-invalid life. Perhaps I am the Bankrupt's Howard Hughes.

Into Hughes' life, I decide, the whole history of autocracy—of individual rule—is compressed. He starts out inheriting a fortune, his patrimony being the Hughes Tool Company: he is the son of the Old King. He then proves himself by performing deeds of heroism; and we have Hughes the airman, breaking world records and risking his life. He then enters into a period of wielding absolute power over a large empire, flourishing like a Caesar or a French Bourbon. Then he gradually withdraws into an egomaniacal trance, cutting off all contact with reality, losing touch with the world; one thinks of the Spanish kings after their empire collapsed. Finally, to save him from himself (and his empire for themselves), a group of hard-headed businessmen take over effective power—as the bourgeoisie took over after the French revolution—and run the organization while Hughes himself dwindles to an impotent cipher. At his death, they—the so-called "Mormon Mafia"—rule in his stead.

April 22: Forgot to record that on April 19 Kathleen gave a large dinner party (over 30 guests) in honor of George Weidenfeld. The thing was planned and the invitations were sent out before I was even consulted. Because of this, and because we are nearly broke, and because if I want to honor someone it would not be a gossipy entrepreneur, I refused to attend, despite strident and reiterated entreaties from K. (Instead I went to the première of an indescribably boring and bogus play by Robert Wilson.) To my annoyance, it seems that my gesture went unnoticed—K. said I had to write about the play, everyone believed her, and apparently had a splendid time. What is particularly vexing is that during the evening I announced *via* the Citizens Band radio in my car that Jack Nicholson (one of the guests) was giving away autographed photographs at 765 Kingman Avenue—and nobody believed me.

May 15: We board the "Daphne," a cruise ship carrying the first boatload of American tourists to Cuba since 1961. (Anti-Castro Cubans picket the pier when the boat leaves.) The sleek Greek ship carries about 400 passengers, featuring jazz music as its theme—exemplified by Earl Hines, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz and David Amram. I wonder whether the anti-Fidelites will seek to blow up the boat in Havana (were I of their persuasion, I would certainly do so) in order to ruin the prospects of tourism between Cuba and the U.S. Nearly a third of the passengers are in the communication business; all three TV networks, plus numerous radio stations, magazines and newspapers are represented. (K. is covering the cruise for American "Vogue" and the London "Sunday Times.") One observes reporters interviewing one another. I invent a personality for myself—Emilio Fracaso, the Riot Correspondent of a leading Mexican newspaper. "I began by covering—what is your word?—hububs, where just a few grenades kill a few students, but from the hubbub I graduate to the—how do you say?—hullabulloo—the *auténtico* riot. But I am not sure whether this will have authentic riot." Fracaso is seen lurking around vulnerable parts of the ship bearing inflammable objects so that he can clear the front pages of Mexico and scoop the world. "This is Fracaso—give me the riot desk. . . ."

Earl Hines (aged 71 or 72) gives a fabulous concert on the first night—with a fixed grin, a peach-colored suit and a jet-black wig. His fingers are as steely as ever.

May 17: Havana. . . . K. and I nip off for half an hour . . . to see the multilevel open-air floor show at the Tropicana, where there are stages and lifts and tree-

---

ONSTAGE BY ANDREA ARTZ

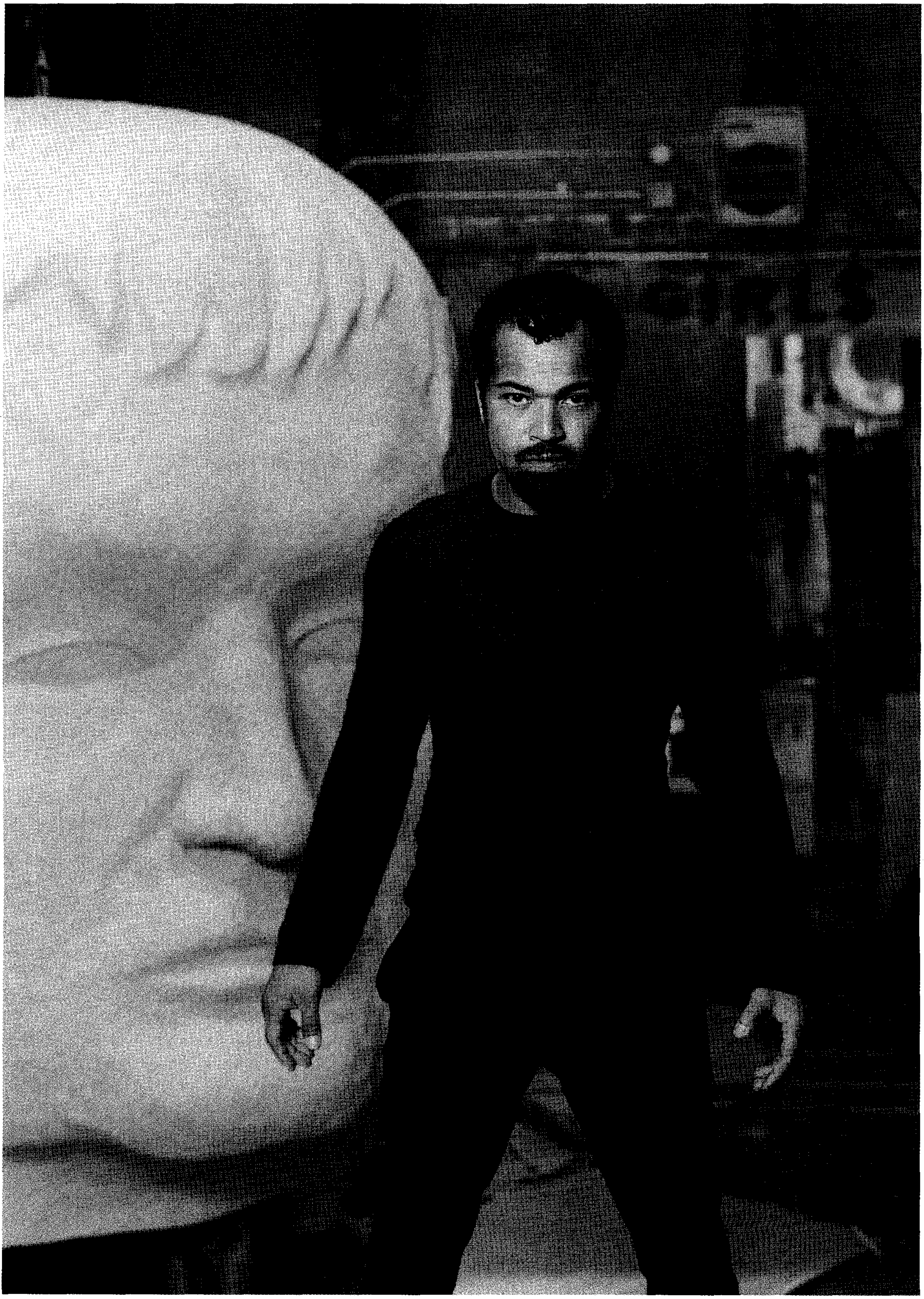
THE WRIGHT STUFF

Never mind his 1994 Tony Award or his starring roles in Julian Schnabel's "Basquiat" (1996) and Ang Lee's recent sleeper, "Ride with the Devil." Now that critics everywhere have praised Jeffrey Wright's virtuoso performance as a Dominican drug lord in the blockbuster remake of "Shaft," the thirty-four-year-old actor is a big star. In it, he played the character Peoples with such eerie abandon that some members of the Latino community lamented the role while others claimed the actor as one of their own. (Audiences often confuse him with the characters he portrays; critics resort to words like "chameleonic.")

Wright's next transformation is taking place not in Hollywood but in Central Park, where he's starting performances this week as Mark Antony in the New York Shakespeare Festival's staging of "Julius Caesar." "It's about revenge, in some ways," he says—not about the play but about his decision to spend the summer in the less corporate world of theatre. "It's my chance to control the work." Anyone who recalls Wright's earlier days on the New York stage—his unforgettable turn as the Fool in the Public Theatre's 1996 "King Lear," say, or his Tony Award-winning performance as a flamboyant gay nurse in "Angels in America"—knows that the work is in good hands.

But what about Wright? Will the shift from "Shaft" to Shakespeare give the star whiplash? "No, it's easy," he says. "Peoples had certain Roman qualities about him. And pre-Christian Rome was very much akin to a gangster society."

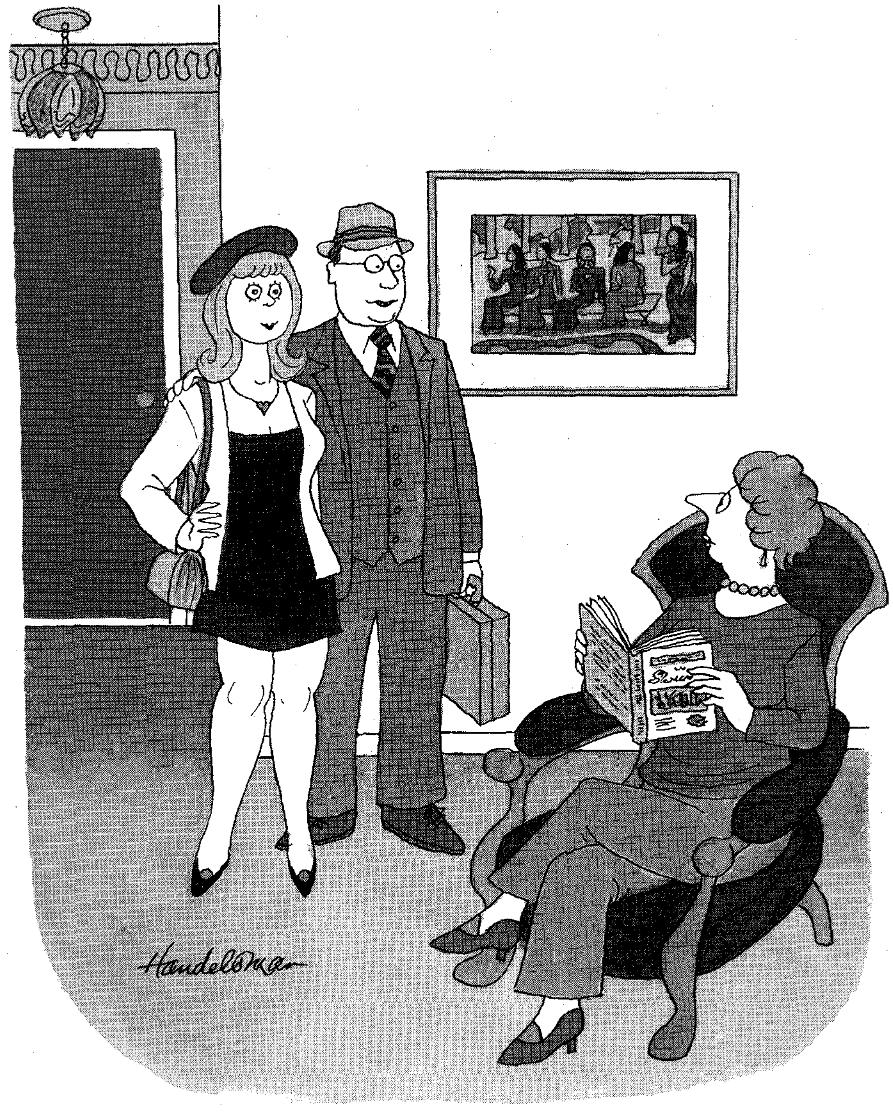
—*Emily Nunn*



top catwalks on three sides of the audience. It is like an insane memorial tribute to Carmen Miranda; no bare tits or bottoms, and a smaller cast (perhaps 50 instead of 80) than I remember last time; otherwise, the same. In Vedado some of the once-grand houses look a bit shabby (their owners are in the States, Spain or South America): the big change is in the poor districts, where all is new and vivid. With all the authority of a two-day visit behind me, I can't see much wrong with Cuba that a lifting of the U.S. blockade wouldn't cure.

May 22: Still can't finish the Stoppard profile for "The New Yorker," which is now three months overdue. Unless I can knock off 3 "New Yorker" pieces in the next 3 months, my European plan is jeopardized. Ironically, it is now Kathleen who wants to stay in California, because of her newly burgeoning career as a screen-writer. This conflicts with the children's educational needs: both Roxana and Matthew (especially the former) are far better suited to English schools and are longing to go back home. So (a) since for tax reasons I can't return to England till April, 1978, my preference in (and after) August is for Spain, (b) the children, from all points of view, would be better off in London, and (c) K. is determined to stay in Los Angeles. God knows what will happen, or to whom.

June 18: I took the Buick to a carwash yesterday. There was a steady flow of cars entering it, and I noticed that almost all of them were perfectly clean. The institution of the carwash in California really has very little to do with the washing of cars. It's more of a ritual—a ceremony of self-purification. It is not your car but *you*, its owner, who feels cleaner and better as it emerges gleaming from the assembly line, to be polished by the Chicano staff. For an extra dollar (which I always spend) you can send the car through a device that subjects it to a boiling spray of Carnauba wax. This represents the annealing fire through which the soul must pass if it is to be purified. I always climb back into my cleansed car feeling, as I am sure Catholics must feel after Confession, a better man.



"I'm as surprised as you are. I had no idea that the sweetheart deal would include an actual sweetheart."

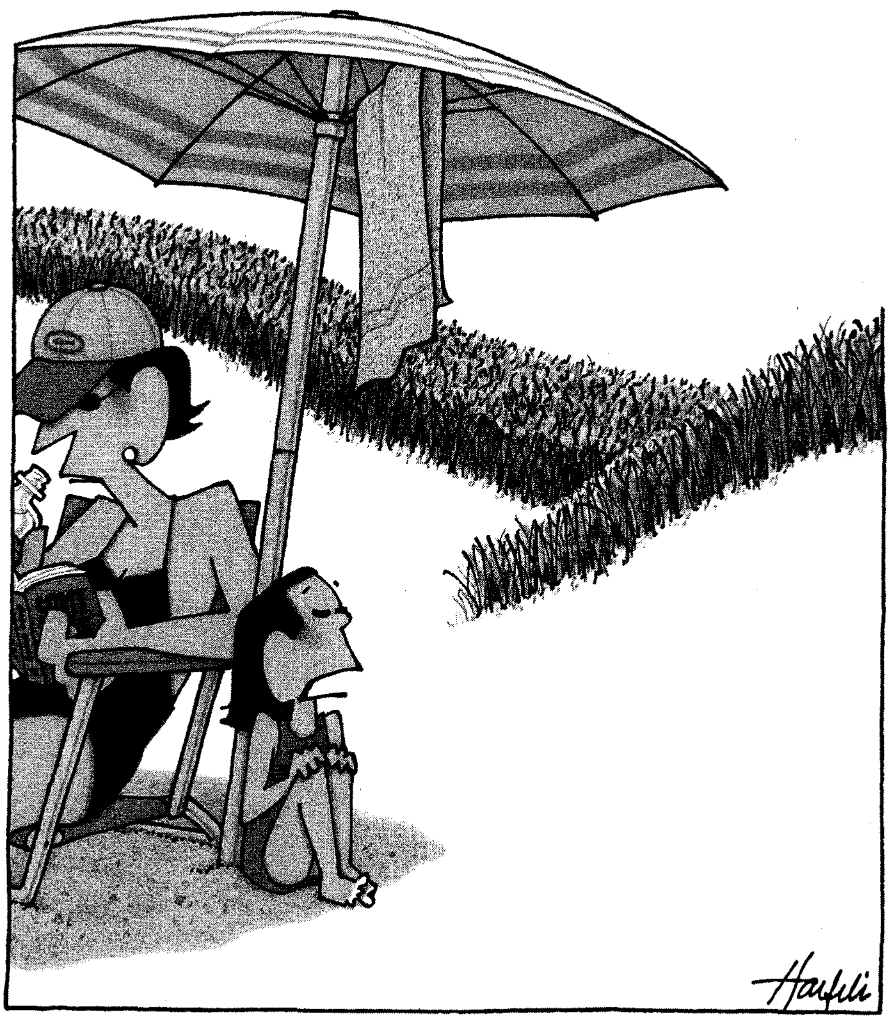
June 20: Must remember on bad days (and this is one of the worst) that I am a performer who needs an audience, not a writer who likes writing for its own sake. K. said this today and it is true; in the "Observer" days Terry [Kilmartin, Tynan's editor] used to say: "I say—you've performed rather well this week." In L.A. I am cut off from audience reaction: hence—partially—my writing block.

July 4: I finish at long last my profile of Tom Stoppard, four months later than I promised it. Length: over 28,000 words. On the same day I learn that Tom has just written 6,000 words about himself and his connection with the Czech dissidents for "The New York Review," which will appear in two weeks, thus neatly pulling the carpet out from under my six months' ordeal.

July 14: Go to location in Pasadena watching Mel Brooks' last day of shooting "High Anxiety," his new movie, a parody of Hitchcock. Sequence involves 100 trained pigeons which pursue Mel across a park while men on motorized cranes squirt simulated bird shit (actually mayonnaise) on him from a height of about fifty feet. As Mel does take after take, emerging from each one splattered with mayonnaise, Barry Levinson, one of the film's co-authors, says to me: "We have enough equipment in this place right now to put a man on the moon and it's all being used to cover a Jew in bird shit." [Mel's] energy—in a smog-laden 85°—is Napoleonic. . . . He shows me his version of the shower-murder scene in "Psycho," in which he plays the Janet Leigh part. Camera shows his feet; bathrobe falling to floor; daintily stepping over it, he enters the shower, his back visible to just above buttock level. "I want people to see this and say: 'He may be a small Jew, but I love him. He may be just a little Hebrew man, but I would go to the ends of the earth for him.' I want every gay in L.A. to see this and say: 'Will you look at that *back*?' "

Evening: party at Lazar's. . . Greg[ory Peck], rather drunk, is very defensive since he has just starred in an idolatrous film about General MacArthur and, as a one-time liberal turned conservative, is hyper-sensitive to accusations of being a reactionary. He plunges into unprovoked explanation of how MacArthur brought democracy and agrarian reform to Japan. I suggest that he is protesting too much. He complains that people treat him as if he had played Richard Nixon. "That's different," I say. "Nixon only conspired to pervert the course of justice. MacArthur conspired to pervert the course of history." "I see I've fallen into a hot-bed of liberals," says Greg.

July 18: Mr. Shawn calls to say he thinks my 28,000-word Stoppard profile is "thrilling—absolutely marvellous." I am overwhelmed.



"If it's not safe to go in the water and it's not safe to go in the sun, why did you bring me here?"

• •

February 17, 1978: Rereading Boswell's Johnson, I find this, from the doctor's "Meditations" in 1764, when he was 55:

"My indolence . . . has sunk into grosser sluggishness, and my dissipation spread into wilder negligence. My thoughts have been clouded with sensuality: and, except that from the beginning of this year I have, in some measure, forborne excess of strong drink, my appetites have predominated over my reason. A kind of strange oblivion has overspread me, so that I know not what has become of the last year; and perceive that incidents and intelligences pass over me without leaving any impression."

Exactly.

Nov. 15: After a bad week—of exhaustion without explanation—I pick up "The New Yorker" and find that Janet Flanner has died, aged 86. My Parisian *patronne*, who opened her eyes to my journalism and welcomed me to her city nearly a quarter of a century ago, will not be replaced, because the giants who peopled Paris during her lifetime will not be replaced either. No other American was addressed on equal terms by Cocteau, Gide, Matisse, Camus, Sartre, Valéry, Malraux, Piaf, Josephine Baker—her memory was the most glittering *salon* in the city. How she praised and reproached and enlightened me, this blue-haired spinster with eyes that sparkled like sapphires! There were few people whose approval I cherished more. Like hundreds of other young writers, I can say that Janet discovered me. (Which is not to say that I lived up to her.) I belonged to her inner circle, and in Western Europe after the war there was no prouder place to be. When did I last take her out? Was it to Josephine Baker's comeback at the Olympia, which Janet hailed by rising to her feet at the end and clapping her hands high above her head? Enthusiasm, even at 80, never failed her for the promise of the day's doings. A queen bee if ever I knew one; and how rich the honey! She always urged me to visit aging celebrities and question them before they died: "Tax their brains," she would say. "It's like lobsters. Go for the head—there's tasty chewing there." As there was in Janet's, on which I contentedly fed whenever we met. One consolation, I suppose, is that here, at least, is a life-enhancer who outlived the shits—an American life with a perfectly resolved third act.

Kenneth Tynan died of pulmonary emphysema in Santa Monica on July 26, 1980. ♦

FICTION

WINNIPEG

BY TIM O'BRIEN

LEN JENSHEL

Billy McMann left the country on July 7, 1969, nineteen days after graduating from Darton Hall College in Minneapolis. He had waited as long as he dared. At 11:30 that morning, after twice changing his reservation, Billy boarded an Air Canada flight that arrived in Winnipeg in the early afternoon. His life was packed in three small suitcases. It was almost too easy.

At immigration he declared himself a tourist, showed his passport, picked up his bags, and cleared customs in less than a minute. There were no questions. There were no cops, no F.B.I. agents waiting with handcuffs. He took a cab to a downtown hotel, where he checked in, showered, put on jeans and a T-shirt, stared into the bathroom mirror. A tall, scared kid with a ponytail stared back. Then he called his parents in southwestern Minnesota. Billy had practiced his speech many times, searching for an efficient way to say things, but he found himself in emotional trouble as he explained to his mother what he had just done.

She was bewildered at first, then angry. "It's your life," his mother said, "and I suppose you're entitled to ruin it." There was the sound of static. "I'll put your dad on."

His father more or less understood. He would wire money. He would talk to Billy's mother.

"It's the right thing," Billy said.

"Sure it is."

"I'm sorry."

His father made a coughing sound and tried to laugh. "Well, hey," he said. "The right thing. Your own words. So where do I send the dough?"

When he hung up, Billy gathered himself and dialled Dorothy Stier's number in Minneapolis. There was no answer. Dorothy was terrified, no doubt—afraid of the telephone, afraid of the poignant and very sensible excuses she would invent for having missed their flight.

Billy waited an hour, tried again, then went out for a walk toward the river. Hard to believe, he thought. It was still July 7, 1969. And he was still Billy McMann. All around him, the world seemed impossibly ordinary: people eating ice-cream cones, people chatting on street corners. It was hard for Billy to know what to feel. Relief, partly, but also sadness and guilt and fear and longing and regret. At times, he seemed to slip outside himself, hovering there, a spectator of his own life. Other times, he felt like an outlaw.

He had supper in a Chinese restaurant on Provencher Boulevard, returned to the hotel, and again tried Dorothy Stier's number in Minneapolis. She did not pick up until well past midnight.

"Just listen," she said.

He laughed.

"Billy, please. I was packed. I actually jumped in a cab, made it halfway to the airport. I'm a coward, I guess."

"I guess so," he said.

"Don't."

"Don't what?"

"You know what," she said. "This is killing me, I can barely breathe, and I wish you'd just listen. I can't stop crying. All day, all night. It feels like—you know—it feels like my brains are scrambled, like I'm inside a cement mixer or something."

He pictured Dorothy at her kitchen table: those smart brown eyes, the year-round tan, the stately posture, that well-bred, well-schooled sorority-girl smile that could mean almost anything. A gorgeous creature, yes, but also an artist at getting her own way. Right now, she'd be reading from notes, keeping her story straight.

"I'm twenty-one years old, Billy, and I can't just run away from everything. It's too dreamy, too romantic."

"Too romantic?"

"I didn't mean it that way."

"No?"

Dorothy cried, or maybe she was pretending to cry. Afterward, she said, "You don't *want* to understand, do you? All I meant was, I meant it was like this fantasy or something. This impossible, idyllic daydream. Wearing peasant dresses. Living in the woods."

"Winnipeg," said Billy, "is not the woods."

"Yes, but *you* know."

She paused. She wasn't crying now. She was thinking. "Anyway. When I got in that cab, when it started to be real, I just couldn't make myself believe anymore. It seemed like some other planet, a billion miles away, and I didn't belong there. Think about it. You know I'm a Republican, Billy."

Later, as an afterthought, she said, "It's not that I don't love you."

Then she said, "I could fly up for a visit sometime. We could talk."

He knew what was coming next.

"Billy, I'm sorry," she said, gently, with feeling, but in a tone that was more exculpatory than apologetic.

Curiously, Billy did not picture Dorothy's face. What he kept seeing instead was a silver bracelet he had given to her on Valentine's Day. She had hugged him and cried. But he had never seen that bracelet again, nor had she ever mentioned it. Which was her way. With Dorothy, you had to pay attention to the things that were never said, the silences, the erasures and elisions.

Right now, for instance, she did not say, "Billy, I love you more than anything," because she did not love him more than anything. She loved cashmere. She loved her father's country club. Granted, she was a good person in many ways—witty and bright and tender and generous and tough-minded—but all that goodness sometimes got smothered under the weight of privilege and caveman politics.

Billy wanted to weep. Instead, he made himself reach for his anger. "I cancelled two flights," he said. "I called a dozen times, two dozen. No answer."

"I was afraid."

"I know very fucking well you were afraid."

"Don't swear at me. And don't be cruel, or I'll hang up."

Billy pretended to laugh. "Cruel was three nights ago. Under the sheets. When you forgot to mention that I'd be flying off alone."

"I wasn't sure then."

"It sounded sure. All those promises."

There was a short whirring sound on the line, as if an air-conditioner were running inside Dorothy's head. "I guess you're right," she said, but her tone suggested that he was only partly right, that promises were contingent, that nothing was absolute. "I shouldn't have been so definite. I've admitted that. It was a mistake."

"What about the getting married part?"

"Billy, I wish—"

"That stucco house. Those babies you wanted?"

Dorothy made a sound of exasperation. "Well," she said. "It's pretty obvious you despise me."

"That's ridiculous."

"Is it? Always so high and mighty. Never wrong about anything."

The first three weeks were hard. His nights went frothy with dreams of exile: L.B.J. chasing him through the streets of Winnipeg, numerous sirens and searchlights and barking dogs. Even by daylight, just walking along the river, or sitting alone in a park, Billy had the sensation of being watched by an unknown authority on issues of right and wrong—the Mounties, maybe, or his mother, or a smiling Buddha. In a restaurant one morning, over boiled eggs, he started crying. Other times, a kind of paralysis came over him, a spiritual shutdown, and he would close the drapes in his hotel room and lie in bed, staring at the television. He had no friends in Winnipeg. He had no job. He had no ambitions that reached beyond the next sunrise.

For months, during his final year at Darton Hall, Billy had been fantasizing about this, coördinating things with Dorothy, but in the end it had all come down to impulse. The draft notice had arrived eight days after graduation; he had cleaned out his savings account; he had purchased a pair of one-way plane tickets, packed his bags, and then waited at the airport until he could wait no longer.

Billy called her again after three weeks. He tried to keep it hopeful, but the conversation soon came to a halt. They listened to each other's desperation. Dorothy finally said, "Billy, I *will* try to visit. Maybe in a month or two."

"Where's the bracelet?" he said.

"Bracelet?"

"Forget it." Billy pictured Valentine's Day: how they had they climbed a back staircase to her dorm room, breaking rules, locking themselves in, and how Dorothy had wept when he gave her the bracelet, and how later, after some wine, she had worn the bracelet for him—the bracelet, nothing else—and how she had laughed and jumped on the bed and told him she loved him and would have a lobotomy and become a Democrat after all. Now, though, Billy made himself say the obvious. "It's over, I suppose. Whatever we had."

"Probably so," Dorothy said. "We're

different kinds of people. We need different things."

"Different."

"Yes."

He nodded at an open window. There were elm trees and telephone wires. "Are you dating someone?"

"I wouldn't call it dating," she said.

"You wouldn't?"

"No."

Dorothy started to say something, perhaps to elaborate, but in his head Billy could already hear the other names she might call it.

"Ron?" he said.

"Not just Ron."

"Fine. Mainly Ron?"

"Mainly, I guess."

"How mainly would that be?"

"Just mainly," she said. "Stop it."

Billy looked out at the telephone wires. He imagined going off to the war and being killed and returning as a ghost and corrupting her dreams.

"Sure, come visit," he said. He was angry now. "Bring Ron along. We'll play Scrabble and talk about all those other words for 'dating.' "

"Billy, I'm twenty-one years old. I'm not political. You knew that."

"It isn't political anymore."

"No," she said. "It really isn't."

A month after arriving in Winnipeg, Billy rented a cheap apartment in the St. Boniface district. Instantly, he recognized it as the kind of place he and Dorothy used to imagine for themselves—lots of sunlight, oak floors, three bay windows overlooking a street shaded by giant elms. The apartment had the feel of home, as if he had now arrived somewhere and were not merely running away. He snapped photographs of the living room and mailed the undeveloped film to her.

A week later, Billy took a job in a branch of the Winnipeg public library. He spent his days in the stacks, returning books to their slots. At night, he ate cheaply and alone. Afterward, he would return to his apartment and read a newspaper and try not to think about the telephone.

Four years passed. Dorothy never called.

Billy's pain hardened into resentment, and then into something close to hatred. It helped him get by; it was what he had instead of meaning.

In 1974 he became a Canadian citizen. In 1976 he married a librarian from Calgary. He opened a hardware store, cut his hair, had a baby girl. But the bitterness was always with him. There were times, especially late at night, when he would lie in bed beside his pretty wife, feeling dark and restless, full of guilt, full of rage, wondering how things might have turned out if he had gone to the war and died politely and pleased everyone but himself.

Not that Billy doubted his own judgment. He had done the right thing, or what he believed was right. Still, in his heart and head and stomach, the right thing did not feel like the right thing without Dorothy Stier. The right thing felt wrong; it felt like betrayal.

Billy was careful, of course, not to talk about these matters with his wife. He stayed silent, which seemed necessary, but which increased the guilt. He wanted to be a family man, to give himself completely, but all he could do was pretend. He expanded his hardware store, bought a modest three-bedroom house, feigned contentment at the dinner table. By and large, he got away with it. On occasion, though, his wife would stop whatever she was doing and just look at him, knowing and not knowing at the same time, maybe afraid to know, maybe afraid to apply language to what she knew. The corners of her lips would move.

"What?" he'd say.

"Nothing."

Dorothy was an obsession for him, a rock in his heart, but he trusted, over time, that he would learn not to love her so much, and not to hate her.

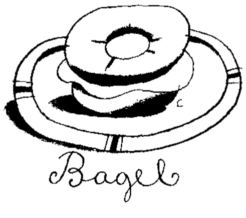
In April of 1985, Billy's wife was killed by a hit-and-run driver.

Three months later, Dorothy called.

"It was in the alumni bulletin," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"How's Ron?" Billy said, and hung up.

She called back in twenty minutes.



"Did that help?" she said. "Hanging up?"

"Yes," he said.

"I can't undo things, Billy. I can't go backward and get on that airplane."

"You didn't say how Ron's doing."

"Ron is fine. He feels terrible, too—about your wife, the accident." She paused. "Did they catch him? The driver?"

"No. How's Ron?"

"Stop that."

"Stellar human being. Is he married yet?"

"You know very well he's married."

"Right. Fancy wedding. And who's the lucky, lucky gal?"

"Billy, what do you want me to say? Do you want me to say it was all my fault?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"It was my fault."

"You forgot a word."

"All," she said.

He hung up again and waited the rest of the night, and then he waited another eighteen months. When she called again, Billy said, "I'll bet he's rich, isn't he? I'll bet you live in a house with a swimming pool. Huge lawn. Big white columns out front. Statues of Nixon."

He had been rehearsing these lines for a long while, not just the language but also the brightness in his voice.

"You wouldn't believe the progress up here," he told her. "Running water. Canned goods. We don't kill our own pigs and chickens."

"Are you finished?"

"Tanning salons. Lord & Taylor."

Dorothy waited.

After he'd exhausted his repertoire, she said, "I hurt you. What do you want me to do?"

"Do?" he said.

"I thought you might want to talk." She made a soft, releasing noise in her throat that he recognized from years ago. "You have a little girl?"

"Susie," he said.

"Susie. Pretty name."

"Yes."

"And she's—"

"Eight, going on a hundred," he said. "Very cute, very everything good. Like her mother."

"I'm sorry, Billy. Losing someone you love."

"Nothing new," he said.

He looked over at his daughter, who stood scowling at him.

He turned his back and said, "Anyway, there was always this cold shadow in the way. Imagine the guilt."

"I'm not cold."

"What are you, then?"

"I'm Dorothy. Nothing else." She made the sound again, not quite a sigh. "I'll stop calling, Billy. Except nobody should hold a grudge this long."

Billy shrugged. "Where's the bracelet?"

"Which bracelet?"

"Bingo."

Dorothy's voice went cool, almost snappish. "I think you'd better see someone," she said. "All that bitterness. It isn't healthy."

"Give Ron a nice, wet kiss for me."

After he'd hung up, Billy's daughter stared. "Well," she said. "Now you're kissing men?"

"Thanks, Super Rich Man."

• •

By 1991, Billy owned a chain of four hardware stores, plus a lumberyard and a prosperous roofing company. He was vice-president of the Winnipeg Rotary Club, secretary of the Winnipeg Arts Council. He had not remarried.

In October of that year, Billy hired a young woman to handle his accounts. She appeared one day, vastly overqualified, wanting a job. Her name was Alexandra Wenz. Right away, Billy felt an attraction—something odd, something beyond biology. She was tall and quiet and smart, very efficient, very grave, with green-blue eyes and red hair. After a few months, they began dating. On their fourth night out, when he tried to kiss her, Alexandra closed her eyes and confessed that she had killed Billy's wife. "I was seventeen," she said. "I've been wanting to . . . Christ, I don't know what. Talk to you."

Billy's hands were still clasped against the small of her back.

"Seventeen," Alexandra said, "and scared."

They were standing on her doorstep. It was a little after midnight. There was a bright half-moon, the sound of crickets in the grass behind them.

"So I drove away," she said. "Had the car fixed in Kenora. Didn't talk about it, not ever, not to anybody, and no one ever knew." Alexandra swept her red hair back, looked at him with a question seeming to form at her forehead. "Sometimes I'd call your house. You'd answer, and I'd take a big breath and start to talk—you know, to explain what happened—but I couldn't get the words out, not even a sound, so I'd just listen for a while. I must've done that a zillion times."

Billy nodded. He took his hands from her waist.

"You can turn me in," she said. "I don't care anymore."

The young woman unlocked the door to her apartment, looked at him briefly, and then made a surrendering motion with her shoulders and went inside. Billy followed. They sat in her kitchen, on bar stools, facing each other across a countertop.

Billy could hear the crickets through an open window.

"All that time went by," Alexandra said, "and then one day I just had to *do* something. Saw your help-wanted ad in the paper. Walked in. Asked for the job. Because—you know—because finally I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to face you, or it, or whatever." She looked up. "Please say something."

Billy shook his head.

"You can turn me in," she said again.

"I won't turn you in."

"But you can. It's all right."

Alexandra sat still for a time. "Do you want to kill me?"

"No," said Billy.

"I wouldn't blame you at all. I wouldn't."

"No."

She sighed, pushed to her feet, filled two glasses with water, carried them over to the countertop. "It wasn't my fault, you know. Your wife jumped. On purpose, I mean, or at least it seemed that way. One second she was on the curb, just standing there, and then she sort of lifted up one of her hands, like to wave or something, and then she was right in front of me. Seventeen years old, for Christ's sake. Poisoned my life."

Billy was not surprised. It made ugly sense.

"Well," he said. "I poisoned hers."

"You did something?"

"More or less. Or didn't do something."

They were quiet for a time. Alexandra drank down her water and looked at him. "You want to sleep with me?"

"Of course."

"Will it be evil?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"Then we shouldn't."

"Yes," he said. "We probably should."

He called his babysitter, and Alexandra put a frozen pizza in the oven, and then they took off their clothes and had sex at the kitchen counter. Later, they ate the pizza in bed.

Alexandra told him about her childhood, about an absent father and a mother who wanted her daughter to be a cheerleader. "That's all my poor, nutso mom ever talked about," Alexandra said, "all that cheerleader crap, like it was a life goal or something, like it was some special career. Crazy, you know? My mother, I mean. She called me Allie, not Alexandra, because the last thing she wanted was a *complicated* cheerleader."

Billy talked, too.

He talked about Dorothy Stier, and about obsession. He explained how his wife used to stare at him, not quite knowing—maybe intuiting, maybe guessing—and how, in the end, a ridiculous grudge had destroyed both her life and his own.

"You should get revenge," said Alexandra.

"Revenge?"

"This Dorothy woman, you should call her up. Raise some hell."

"It's three in the morning."

"Good point. What's the number?"

He gave Alexandra the number and she dialled, and passed the phone to Billy. It was a surprise when Dorothy answered. Her voice came from 1969, girlish, untouched by what time will do to voices.

Billy listened for a moment and then hung up.

"Answering machine," he told Alexandra.

Ten minutes later, the phone rang. Alexandra lifted her eyebrows, motioned at the telephone, and told him to pick up.

"Star sixty-nine," said Dorothy. "It's a new age, Billy. Can we finally talk?"

"Not now."

"When, exactly?"

"Someday," he said.

There was a hesitation. "Billy, I can't see why . . . We're getting old."

"You'll survive."

"*Old*, Billy."

"I suppose so," he said. "How's Ron?"

Billy and Alexandra saw each other for five months. They shared the burden of guilt, which was a comfort, and over time Billy came to appreciate Alexandra's racy green eyes, and her nerve, and her quick smile, and the way she approached the world from the inside out. In the end, however, there was simply too much between them. Sometimes it was as if Billy's wife were sitting on the couch with them, or curled up at the foot of their bed. And there was Dorothy, too.

"Maybe I'll head for Dallas," Alexandra said. "Become a cowgirl. Develop a cleavage, make my mother happy."

Billy nodded and said, "You made me happy."

"A little, I hope."

"A lot."

"Well, I hope so," she said. Her eyes were jumpy; she looked away. "Except we both know too much, if you see what I mean. Sometimes it's better to have secrets, even if they're terrible secrets."

"We could keep trying," said Billy.

"What about Dorothy?"

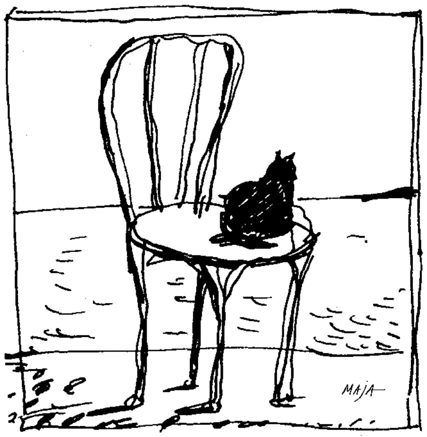
"Forget Dorothy."

"Lovely thought," Alexandra said, and shook her head. "But it's like somebody died and you won't let go, you're still hugging the corpse, you're right there in the coffin. I guess she must've been pretty phenomenal."

"No. Pretty ordinary."

"Oh, well. Too bad for me. I'll work on ordinary."

Alexandra smiled. She was very beautiful, Billy decided, and very, very kind, and it crossed his mind that on top of everything else he had now lost the rest of his life.



"The thing is, buster, I love you," she said. "But I need a guy who can actually look at me."

Billy's mother died on September 19, 1992. Two days later, with his daughter in the car beside him, he crossed the border at International Falls.

"Your eyes seem weird," Susie said, and Billy said, "No kidding?" and after a moment his daughter shrugged and flicked her eyebrows and said, "Weirder than weird. Old-man weird."

They attended the funeral in Billy's hometown, stayed a few days with his father, and then drove north to the Twin Cities.

Billy called Dorothy from their room in the St. Paul Hilton.

"Let's have a drink," he said. "Meet at the airport."

"You're after symmetry?"

"No, thanks," he said. "Show up."

Dorothy laughed a deft little laugh, partly flirtatious, partly meaningless, the way she used to laugh in college. "Well, fine, but I'm too smart for stacked decks. Anywhere else. Not the airport."

They met in the hotel's coffee shop.

It was no surprise, really, but Dorothy looked more or less as he had imagined, expensively dressed, expensively tanned, her hair cut short and colored to the ivory blond of her college years. She tried to kiss him, but Billy wouldn't allow it.

They sat in a curved corner booth, not quite looking at each other.

"Ron knows you're here?"

Dorothy's gaze went to the table. "Well, no," she said. "Not yet."

"Do me a favor," Billy said. "Don't tell."

She moved her jaw slightly, a rotating action, then unfolded her napkin and spent a few moments spreading it in her lap. Her eyes were brown and shrewd.

"All right, fine," she said.

"Fine?"

"I won't say anything."

Billy nodded. It occurred to him that he was fortunate not to have married this woman.

They ordered vodka tonics, their old

drink, and then for what seemed a very long while he listened to Dorothy chat about their Darton Hall classmates, about her two boys and Ron's fiscal triumphs at Cargill. The whole while, though, Billy had trouble concentrating. For more than twenty years, he had envisioned this conversation, all the ways he would make her hurt, but now he was unclear about what he wanted here. He couldn't locate the old bitterness. As Dorothy discussed her insomnia—how she would get up at three in the morning and bake bread—Billy found himself gazing at the smooth, glossy tip of her nose. It was as if he were watching a muted TV, a closeup of some familiar, slightly weathered actress in a skin-cream commercial.

At one point, after she'd thoroughly explored the topic of vacation homes, Billy reached out and placed a thumb against her nose. "Let me ask something," he said. "Do you mind?"

She blushed and shook her head. He took his thumb away.

"One question. If you look at your life, the whole ritzy deal, can you think of anything—you know—anything at all that you regret? One item? One mistake? Anything?"

She looked at him sourly, a little puzzled, as if he were administering an exam in a class for which she had failed to study.

She sighed. "Well, I guess you're talking about water over the dam."

"I guess I am," Billy said.

Dorothy crossed her legs and beamed at him; she had already composed herself. "Ron's been a total dream, if that's what you're getting at."

"Not exactly."

"What, then?"

"Nothing," Billy said. He beamed right back at her and raised his glass. "A salute to Ron."

"Do you want me to confess that I made a huge mistake? That I wish I'd run away with you?" She gave him a look he couldn't decipher. "I don't wish that, Billy."

"My loyal buddy Ron."

"Well, he was."

"Was."

Dorothy glanced away. "Wonderful, you've made a point. And maybe now you feel better—I hope so—but it doesn't change anything." She stopped for a second. "I'm happy. I am."

"A committed woman?"

"Of course."

"No affairs, then?"

"Me?"

She laughed.

She was lying.

It didn't matter, though. Billy let her push the conversation back to her kids, who were fantastically and terrifically astounding.

After ten minutes, he pretended he had to go.

Dorothy took his arm as they crossed the lobby, smiling, looking up at him as if expecting an invitation. It was not a come-on, Billy realized. It was sexy and pert and empty; it was Dorothy's way of being polite. She asked if his daughter was upstairs, and Billy told her no, that Susie had gone off to a movie, and then again there was a meaningful void while Dorothy waited for the opportunity to be both nostalgic and perfectly well married.

"Well, if you're ever in town again—"

"I sure will," Billy said.

"Come to dinner. Seriously, it's no problem. Ron likes you."

"Ron would."

He walked her outside, said goodbye, went up to his room, took a shower, turned on the TV, lay down, and thought about all the fucking years.

It was an hour before his daughter returned from the movies.

"So how was it?" Susie asked.

Billy said it was fine. He shrugged his shoulders.

"She tried to seduce you, right?"

"Uh-uh."

"What does uh-uh mean?"

"It means no. She wanted a tennis partner."

For a few minutes, Billy stared at the television, a cartoon of some sort, then he chuckled and asked his daughter if she'd like to take a road trip, maybe see something of her father's country. Maybe the Grand Canyon. Maybe Dallas.

"You're Canadian," Susie said.

"That's true."

"Why, then?"

"No special reason," Billy said. "Because I lived here once."

Susie nodded and said, "Well, I guess that's a reason." ♦

RENT AUDIOBOOKS
Save Money and Rent. When finished listening, just drop in the mail anywhere in the U.S. Postage already paid. It's that easy.
Thousands of Unabridged Titles Available.
For a Free Catalog with a
$6.00 OFF COUPON INSIDE call:
1-800-729-2665
www.blackstoneaudio.com
BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS
RECORDINGS THAT INSPIRE, EDUCATE, ENTERTAIN

Slow down!
Luxe biking and walking trips for the culturally curious. Europe and around the World.
1-800-678-1147
Butterfield & Robinson
BIKING & WALKING SINCE 1966
www.butterfield.com

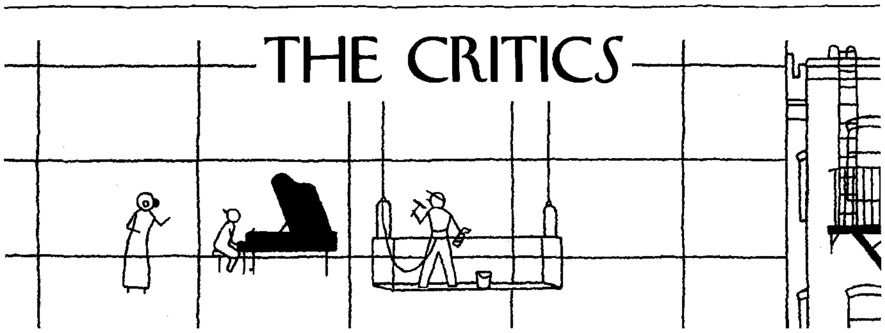
Healthy Solutions for Losing Weight
STRUCTURE · HOUSE ·
◆ PHYSICAL HEALTH
◆ EMOTIONAL RENEWAL
◆ BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
◆ PERSONAL SUPPORT
800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com

FRENCHWARE
Classic French Sailor Shirts
Imported from Brittany 100% Heavyweight Cotton
Fine French Dry Goods for the Francophile
ALSO Enamel Plaques, TINTIN products, Music
100% Wool Navy Sailor Sweaters, ASTERIX
BABAR, Bistrot Porcelaine, Wool Navy Pea Coats
Visit us at 98 Thompson Street, SOHO, NYC
1-(800)-340-PIAF (7423) CATALOG
www.frenchware.net

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guidebook TD-70, call 1-800-821-3990 or write to: Vantage Press, 516 W 34th St., New York, NY 10001

CHINA FOR TWO
Affordable, escorted private tours for 2 or more people. Tailored to fit your dates and interests. Ideal for couples, families. All China, Yangtze River, Tibet, Silk Road, Mongolia, all SE Asia, Micronesia.
All tours designed by Fredric M. Kaplan
1-888-723-4546 *chinalink@erols.com*
www.chinaprivatetours.com

THE CRITICS



BOOKS

ART FOR LOVE'S SAKE

John Ruskin emerges saner and wiser than ever in a new biography.

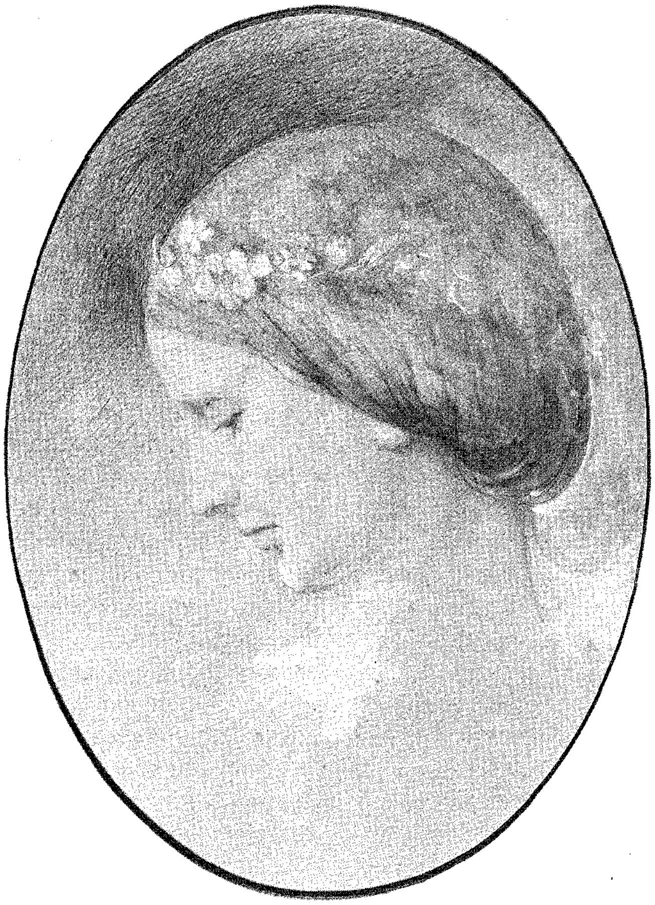
BY ANTHONY LANE

John Ruskin was a man of many parts. He wrote with unflagging passion on art, society, religion, rocks, clouds, economics, Egyptology, war, and women, with an instinctive grasp of all but the last. He was the most passionate proselytizer of the nineteenth century and, in the face of stiff competition, the least successful husband. Though unconvinced, like Thomas Carlyle, by the profits of democracy, Ruskin shared in the common resolve to see education trickle down through every class: "I am going to set myself up to tell people anything *in any way* that they want to know," he wrote in 1854. "I am rolling projects over and over in my head." Shortly afterward, he started lecturing at a Working Men's College, bringing in a Gothic missal or a Dürer woodcut from his own collection to illustrate his arguments: "Ruskin was as eloquent as ever, and wildly popular with the men," one observer reported. How tropically remote they seem—those days when a public lecturer like Ruskin could expect to feed hundreds of hungry minds, when his works would be distributed by the thousand as school prizes, and when a two-volume anthology of his writings would sell thirty-five thousand copies. Today's audience might reasonably ask, Why read Ruskin now? Well, this year marks the centenary of his death, which is as good a time as any to pay tribute. He may drive you crazy, as he drove himself, but he will never bore you, and, if your spirits are lowered and thinned by the trafficking of current opinion, there is surprising comfort to be derived from the old-fashioned perorations of a pedagogue.

Above all, Ruskin remains the greatest of art critics, not least because of his urge—as he saw it, a moral obligation—to extend his critical inquiries far beyond the borders of art. Young artists, he once said, "are to be the guides of the nation through its senses; and that is a very important means of guiding it." His first masterpiece, "Modern Painters," began publication, anonymously, in 1843, when he was twenty-four, and did not reach its climax until 1860. What started out as a chastising of the shortsighted—those who had sneered at the work of Turner—gradually became an exercise in taking the long view, concluding in dark cogitations on classical myth. Ruskin was the first person to champion a living artist with such fire and certitude; it is hard to imagine Clement Greenberg, for instance, trumpeting the virtues of Abstract Expressionism without the steadfast example of Ruskin before him. "Modern Painters" is a Gothic pulpit, resounding with an unprecedented blast of hectoring and prophetic ecstasy; there are times when Ruskin all but forgets the business of painting, modern or otherwise, so urgent is his will to classify the particular species of cloud, or foliage, that the painter must try to seize. Such beautiful moments, when responsiveness dawns into responsibility, are one of the prime Victorian legacies; one thinks of Tennyson eagerly quizzing the explorer Alfred Wallace about the exact coloration of a forest canopy, and switching a word in one of his poems as a result. "You will never love art well, till you love what she mirrors better," Ruskin said in 1872, and it is the meeting—sometimes the battle—between those twin loves that comes to the fore in Tim Hilton's "John Ruskin: The Later Years" (Yale; $35).

This is a companion volume to "The Early Years," which appeared in 1985. Together, the two books run to almost a thousand pages, which, by Ruskinian standards, amounts to little more than a footnote. Though Ruskin, like Blake and others before him, deplored the industrial scarring of air and land, he himself had no hesitation in treating literature as heavy industry, churning out treatises on everything not only under the sun but under the earth as well. In 1875, for instance, two years after his book on birds, and one year after his book on Tuscan sculpture, the fifty-six-year-old Ruskin published the first installments of his book on Florence, while also finding time to produce "Proserpina," a botanical study, and "Deucalion," a further contribution to his lifelong fascination with geology. The annoying thing is that none of this can be discounted; Ruskin resembles nothing so much as an encyclopedia with sideburns, and you can never tell when his deep cast of mind is about to hit a rich vein. Life, surely, must be too short to sit and read a lecture on "The Work of Iron, in Nature, Art, and Policy," first delivered in 1858, and yet to skip it would be to miss out on one of Ruskin's homages to piebald landscape, on a typically wrathful slash at economic oppression ("There never lived Borgias such as live now in the midst of us"), and—always a relief in so voluble a soul—on a neat, epigrammatical glance at the paradox of blood. "Is it not strange to find this stern and strong metal mingled so delicately in our human life that we cannot even blush without its help?"

That reaction is purest Ruskin; for all his manic gathering of hard, metallic facts about the world, there is barely a moment when knowledge is not oxidized—tainted, perhaps, but also transmuted into new life—by its contact with the air of our emotions. Maybe that is why his books seem not just long but constitutionally unable to stop, like the beating of a healthy heart. The Library Edition of Ruskin's works runs to thirty-nine volumes, each about the size and weight of a VCR; I hunted for it on-line and found it for sale on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles—yours for the picturesque, not to say Alpine, sum of sixteen thousand five hundred dollars. "Fors Clavigera," the ninety-six letters that the older Ruskin addressed to the "Workmen and Labourers of Great Britain," and that Hilton regards as the unsung masterpiece of a highly vocal career, is six hundred and fifty thousand words long; I have an eight-volume first edition in front of me now, next to five chunky foolscap volumes of "Modern Painters," frazzled and foxed after years in secondhand bookstores. In the preface to the first volume, Ruskin ventures an explanation: "It was intended to be a short pamphlet." Thanks a lot.



Left: John Ruskin, the greatest of art critics and the most passionate proselytizer of the nineteenth century. Right: His drawing of his beloved Rose La Touche.

LEFT: GRANGER COLLECTION; RIGHT: RUSKIN FOUNDATION

Ruskin was born in 1819, the only son of Margaret and John James Ruskin. The father was a wealthy sherry merchant, the mother a potent evangelical: a strong cocktail, rendered even stronger by the fact that they were first cousins. John James's own father, another John, suffered from a melancholy that eventually buckled into madness; in September, 1817, he slit his throat. As often happens, with talents as much as vices, the insanity skipped a generation; his grandson, in possession of a mind that even by Victorian standards was freakishly fine and capacious, would lose it in the end.

In his autobiography, "Praeterita," Ruskin claims, "I had nothing to love." This is, in part, the crotchety complaint of an older man, but it may also cast an exhausted glance at the love that was bestowed upon Ruskin by his parents—an attentiveness that bordered on the suffocating. He was taught largely at home; father and son studied Tacitus, Cicero, Johnson, and Hazlitt together, as well as a French translation of Homer. After a visit to the castle of Chillon, where one of Byron's fettered heroes had dreamed despairingly of freedom, John James wrote of his hopes for the young John, "May he be the opposite of his lordship in everything but his genius and generosity." Meanwhile, the boy's mother made it her custom and duty to read the Bible from beginning to end and then start all over again. The thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy was, as her son noted, "worn dark" with overuse, like a favorite shoe. She forbade her son toys; in his earliest years, so he claimed, he had nothing but a set of keys to jangle, and spent long hours studying the pattern in the carpet and the knots of wood in the floor. When Ruskin was ten, he wrote a poem entitled "On the Appearance of a Sudden Cloud of Yellow Fog Covering Everything with Darkness," an early indication that he was a watcher of the skies. At eleven, under the influence of Wordsworth, he wrote more than two thousand lines of rhyming couplets on the subject of the Lake District; John James, proudest of fathers, never travelled without a copy of his son's verses.

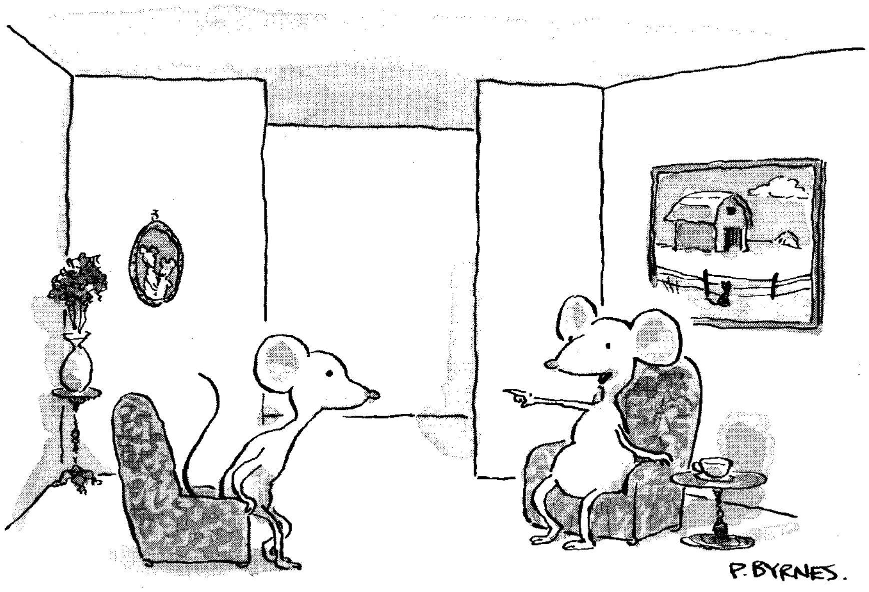
In 1837, Ruskin went up to Christ

Church, Oxford. It is unsurprising to learn that his parents went, too. His mother and his cousin Mary moved into lodgings in the town; his father came on weekends. Ruskin was not forged by Oxford, as other Victorians were. To read of his time there is to sense a spirit already set apart, armored by the carapace of his upbringing; at ease neither with the young bloods, far richer and heartier than himself, nor in the more rarefied reaches of classical scholarship (in his final exams, he took a Fourth, which means that he just scraped through). It would be stretching the evidence to call him a self-made man, but there have always been intellectual equivalents of the commercial adventurer, and the middle of the nineteenth century, in England as in America, was a heyday for those who sought to shape and hammer their minds from within. Those influences that did impress themselves on Ruskin were of the unorthodox kind: Dr. William Buckland, for instance, the geologist and mineralogist (Ruskin himself had begun a dictionary of mineralogy at the age of twelve), who is now most fondly remembered for the tolerance of his palate. As Hilton crisply puts it, "He kept a bear, jackals, snakes, and many other beasts and birds. These he ate." Ruskin himself refers to "a delicate toast of mice."

Understandably, Ruskin left the university in ill health and travelled abroad with his parents. Altogether, he would make twenty-six journeys to the Continent; like many who become impatient with the failings of their homeland and obsessed with the molding of its future, he spent much of his life directing his gaze elsewhere. Anyone who knows anything of Ruskin will connect him with Venice, and it is true that he single-handedly shifted Western perceptions of the city, supplementing the sensual morbidity of Byron and Shelley with a painstaking architectural inquest. "The Venice of modern fiction and drama is a thing of yesterday, a mere efflorescence of decay, a stage dream which the first ray of daylight must dissipate into dust," Ruskin wrote in "The Stones of Venice," adding, "its wonderfulness cannot be grasped by the indolence of imagination, but only after frank inquiry into the true nature of that wild and solitary scene." Earlier this year, "Ruskin, Turner and the Pre-Raphaelites," a comprehensive show at the Tate Gallery, in London, included pages of his spidery Venetian notebooks, which blend broken sketches of Gothic tracery with lists of mathematical measurements. No one, least of all the Venetians themselves, had ever paid the place such pointed homage, and the Englishman was duly outraged by their amateurish attempts at restoration; thanks to his drawings of the south side of St. Mark's, it is possible to prove that the restorers put back one of the marble columns upside down.

What was eating Ruskin, you may ask, as he watched the city melt away? "The rate at which Venice is going is about that of a lump of sugar in hot tea," he said, boiling down four hundred and fifty thousand words of analysis into a single, well-brewed phrase. One gets the disturbing, almost ghostly sense, as one glides through "The Stones of Venice," or through any of his grander works, that, for all the intensity of description, there are other, secret subjects hidden away—skulking behind the encrusted façade of the prose or drowning in private shame. There is a deep current of self-persuasion in Ruskin that pulls him away from sunken thoughts. "Do not let us deceive ourselves in this important matter; it is *impossible*, as impossible as to raise the dead, to restore anything that has ever been great or beautiful in architecture." The passage comes from "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," but the shudder of futility, and the quietly horrified acknowledgment of decay, spread far beyond the crumbling of plaster and brick. That book was written in the first year of Ruskin's marriage, and we are right at the heart of his thwartedness, of his fear that he might yet again have "nothing to love," or, even worse, that love would prove too much. We are in the land of Adèle Domecq, Effie Gray, and Rose La Touche.

Toward the end of the first volume of Tim Hilton's biography, there is a startling moment. "Ruskin's sexual maladjustment is not an uncommon one," Hilton writes. "He was a paedophile." That is to say, he loved girls. We have no evidence that he ever abused any of the numerous young women to whom he was drawn; Ruskin's recoiling from physical congress seems to have been absolute. That is not to say that he did not ruin lives other than his own; even from a safe distance, the pressure of his infatuation could be hard to bear. Which is worse: to be a Humbert Humbert who seduces an underage female, with or without her consent, but who at least comprehends what he has done; or to be a John Ruskin, who is guilty of no rape or ravishment, but who hardly begins to know his own depravity? Whatever the case, the alarming



"Bathroom? Sure, it's just down the hall to the left, jog right, left, another left, straight past two more lefts, then right, and it's at the end of the third corridor on your right."

precision of Ruskin's memory is Nabokovian in the extreme: "She was lying with her arms thrown back over her head, all languid and lax, on an earth-heap by the river side (the softness of dust being the only softness she had ever known) . . . a few black rags about her loins, but her limbs nearly bare, and her little breasts, scarce dimpled yet,—white,—marble-like."

The "she" is an unnamed Italian, ten years old or so, whom Ruskin caught sight of in 1858; perhaps the most troublesome aspect of this stuff is that it was *published*, seven years later, with all those stammering commas and dashes—the gulps and palpitations of his need—left intact. She would reappear in the course of an Oxford lecture, nearly thirty years on. Not only could Ruskin voice his attraction with impunity but—by the Carroll-like logic of Victorian prudery, which admitted to so little and thus wound up licensing so much—his readers barely flinched to hear of it. Perhaps they were gulled by its scene-setting; Ruskin was the most eminent art critic of the age and, if you were too polite to entertain any personal suspicions, then his account of this slender, marmoreal figure posed artfully beside a river might, at a pinch, sound more like a don describing a Giorgione than a pervert airing his dreams. In a way, you would be right, for Ruskin most happily viewed his beloveds not as living beings but as unravishable brides of quietness: fixed in time, cast like sculptures, immune to Venetian deliquescence, and deathless in their perfection—which is, of course, as good as dead.

Long before the Italian girl, there was Adèle-Clotilde Domecq, the daughter of John James's business partner; one could think of her as the Ruskinian answer to Annabel, the ur-nymphet who dazzled Humbert on a beach, and who presaged all the misery to come. Ruskin fell for Adèle in 1836, when he was sixteen; she was a year younger, born in Spain, educated in France, and Roman Catholic, which to John's mother was pretty much like having Beelzebub in the house. John was badly burned by this first ardor, reduced by Adèle and her sisters to "a mere heap of white ashes in four days." When Adèle announced her engagement four years later, John James was concerned at the effect upon his son: "I trust my Dear Child will not suffer an Injury from the violence of feeling." This was shrewdly said; it finds an echo in Ruskin's own confession in "Praeterita" that, "when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me." The landscape of Ruskin's life, with its mountainous achievements and pits of sad bafflement, may be too vast and varied to allow a commanding view, although Hilton, who has studied Ruskin for forty years, gives us the fullest prospect that we are likely to have. If there is a binding theme to his book, it is the managing of violence—the idea of Ruskin fighting to contain, whether in his prose or his conduct, the forces of the mad and the majestical. No wonder he was so fired up by the tale of Turner, who, in gauging the exact conditions that he wanted to paint in his "Snow Storm," lashed himself to the mast of a ship as it rode a riotous sea.

Like Adèle, Euphemia Gray—Effie for short—was fifteen when she first encountered Ruskin. They married five years later, in April, 1848. The marriage was never consummated: a fact that they bore in silence for six years, and that has now become the most open domestic secret of the Victorian Age. (Imagine the mortification of the decorous Ruskin, let alone of his mother, had they foreseen our prurience.) It has passed into opera and drama; "The Countess," Gregory Murphy's play on the wars of the Ruskins, is currently running at the Lamb's Theatre on Forty-fourth Street. Ruskin emerges as the helpless blackguard of the piece, and Effie's surviving correspondence offers little reprieve:

> John . . . avowed no intention of making me his Wife. He alleged various reasons, Hatred to children, religious motives, a desire to preserve my beauty, and finally this last year told me his true reason (and this to me is as villainous as all the rest), that he had imagined women were quite different to what he saw I was, and that the reason he did not make me his Wife was because he was disgusted with my person the first evening April 10th.

Legend has it that Ruskin, reared on painted smoothness, was aghast at the sight of pubic hair; we have no evidence for this, and Hilton suggests, instead, that Effie may have been menstruating. At all events, Ruskin's dictum that "a man should choose his wife as he does his destiny" was proved, with distressing irony, to be correct; his destiny was bitter with fear and loathing. The marriage was annulled, and Effie eloped with the Pre-Raphaelite prodigy John Everett Millais, who had previously spent three months in Scotland with the unhappy couple. More vehemently still, the whole saga was elided from "Praeterita," which dismisses the decade from 1850 as "wasted in useless work." Mind you, "Praeterita" is a strange coda to a life: a blend of untrustable facts—as Hilton and other biographers have pointed out—and gently wishful thinking, all of it shaped into a marvellously malleable prose, which can twist in an instant from the stop-and-go brusqueness of Carlyle to an unimpeded bliss. The book was finished in 1889, when, as Hilton tells us, "Ruskin's hand shook too much to hold a pen," and it tends to seek out points of light in Ruskin's past experience, as if the army of his shadows could be beaten back; the last words summon a vision of fireflies on a starry Siennese night.

If the will to rhapsodize is almost out of control toward the end of "Praeterita," we should not be surprised; for it is here that Rose La Touche makes her appearance. Rose was Irish, wild, unschooled, unhealthy, and fanatically pious. More to the point, she was nine years old, "rising towards ten," when Ruskin first met her, in 1858: "The eyes rather deep blue at that time, and fuller and softer than afterwards. Lips perfectly lovely in profile." His time with Effie—one trip abroad involved Ruskin spending his days making notes on Norman architecture, while Effie sat nearby on a stool—was merely an embarrassing failure, whereas his entanglement with Rose was a dream that laid siege to Ruskin for forty years. The penultimate paragraph of "Praeterita" dissolves, as if through tears, into a recollection, more Biblical than erotic, of "Paradisiacal" walks with Rose, "under the peach-blossom branches by the little glittering stream which I had paved with crystal." As a devoted reader of Dante, Ruskin knew all too well that a girl of nine could transform another's life, yet his own experience was little more than infernal. He proposed to her, out of the blue, in 1866, when she had

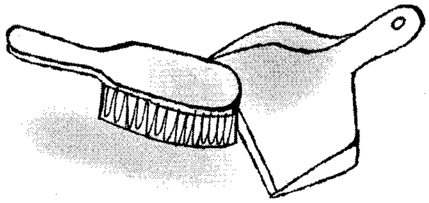
BRIEFLY NOTED

The Blackwater Lightship, *by Colm Tóibín (Scribner; $24).* When Helen, an Irish school principal, discovers that her brother Declan has AIDS, it quickly becomes clear that she will have to break the news to her mother, who does not know that Declan is gay and from whom Helen has been estranged for ten years. Declan wants to spend his final days at his grandmother's house with his sister and his mother, and as Helen watches over her deteriorating brother she is forced to revisit her father's death from cancer and her mother's withdrawal. Tóibín is a sparing, unsentimental writer; he has an innate sense of the formal feeling that follows great pain. His portrait of three generations struggling to accept (and care for) one another is deftly offset by the medical and social formalities of dying from AIDS, and the novel's achievement lies in its depiction of the everyday enterprise of loss.

Freud's Megalomania, *by Israel Rosenfield (Norton; $21.95).* This difficult but rewarding first novel—which mixes biography and fiction, literary criticism and scientific intrigue—concerns Freud's last paper, a previously unpublished work of questionable authenticity. A woman named Bernadette Schilder, claiming to be Freud's illegitimate granddaughter, has brought the paper to the eminent cognitive scientist Albert J. Stewart, who is stunned by the discovery and agrees to ready the work for publication. The balance of the novel is taken up by the paper itself, in which Freud argues that the essence of humanity is not the sex drive but, rather, the power of self-deception. The implications of this theory are universal (it upsets the entire Freudian œuvre) and also surprisingly personal (it bears directly upon a dispute Stewart is having with a tyrannical colleague). In less skilled hands, this academic material would be unpromising; luckily, Rosenfield has enough comic energy and intellectual muscle to succeed.

Millionaire: The Philanderer, Gambler, and Duelist Who Invented Modern Finance, *by Janet Gleeson (Simon & Schuster; $24).* John Law's bank was a curious enterprise in the Paris of 1716, because it issued paper money. Law, a London playboy who had fled to the Continent in 1695 after killing a man in a duel, had been a gambler before he became a banker. The success of his bank persuaded investors that he was infallible, and they bought stock in his Mississippi Company, chartered to develop the Louisiana colony. Although Louisiana was a wilderness where Europeans died of unfamiliar diseases, Mississippi Company stock spiralled upward until 1720, when it crashed, taking Law's bank with it. This failure prejudiced the French against economic modernization until the Revolution, but Gleeson likes Law anyway. She is a gifted biographer whose book reminds us that finance is a passionate as well as a rational endeavor.

Songs in the Key of Z, *by Irwin Chusid (A Cappella; $16.95).* Chusid is a well-known connoisseur of musical weirdness and incompetence (for a time, his radio show on New Jersey's WFMU was called "Atrocious Music"), who has helped spur recent critical reëvaluations of musical oddballs such as Raymond Scott, Juan Garcia Esquivel, and the Shaggs. Here, with evident relish, he profiles dozens of people whose songs and compositions—naïve, amateur, deranged, at the outer limits of the avant-garde, or just stupefyingly bad—can be seen as the musical equivalent of outsider art. Chusid may sometimes sneer too reflexively at anything that smacks of the mainstream, but when he writes that each time Texas's Legendary Stardust Cowboy "goes *mano a mano* with a song, melody goes home with a bloody nose," you're tempted to order the companion CD.



not yet come of age; she did not finally refuse him until 1872. His journal ached at all the occasions when he was denied permission to see her: "Bright morning. Deadly day." She died in 1875, "raving violently" at their last meeting. "My poor little Rose is gone where the hawthorn blossoms go," Ruskin wrote. Rose swelled into the core of Ruskin's mythology, and she bloomed even brighter after her death. The second volume of Hilton's book is suffused with her, and with awful gestures of commemoration; the year after Rose's death, Ruskin went to Venice and spent six months copying Carpaccio's "The Dream of St. Ursula," in the Accademia. St. Ursula, who also died young, mingled with Rose in Ruskin's overgrown brain: "My head certainly does not serve me as it did once," he wrote. Whatever you think of the man, it is heartbreaking to watch him falter; by 1887, according to Hilton, "Ruskin could hardly walk, was intermittently deranged, was without money and alone." His creative powers ran dry, as did his inherited wealth, and his final decade passed in cloistral silence. His last, crumpled crush was on a young art student named Kathleen Olander. She kept his letters, but one can hardly bear to read them:

> —And you *will* be happy with me, while yet I live—for it was only love that I wanted to keep me sane—in all things—I am as pure—except in thought—as you are—but it is *terrible* for any creature of my temper to have no wife—one cannot but go mad—

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Given Ruskin's own strictures on restoration, one is loath to talk of restoring his reputation. He himself, in a letter to his good friend Charles Eliot Norton, was scathing at the expense of his own worth: "I've written a few second-rate books which nobody minds;—I can't draw, I can't play nor sing, I can't ride, I walk worse and worse,—I can't digest. And I can't help it." This is mournfully unfair. To turn from the biographies to Ruskin's published work (far too little of which is in print) is somehow to reach past, or through, his faults and agonies, and to discover a man who, even though his nature forbade him to live in truth, was all the more determined to preach it.

In "Modern Painters," for example, he took irreverent issue with "the system of the old masters"—with their approach to the idealized landscape and their handling of detail and tone:

> It may be sublime, and affecting, and ideal, and intellectual, and a great deal more; but all I am concerned with at present is, that it is not *true*.

It was the quest for the real that he respected in Turner ("the only painter who has ever drawn a mountain, or a stone") and that so enamored him of the Pre-Raphaelites. "False things may be imagined, and false things composed," he wrote toward the end of "Modern Painters," "but only truth can be invented." If you are a keen anti-Victorian, you will tar Ruskin with hypocrisy—with the crying up of values that he, within his own heart, was unable to pursue. But there is tragedy in the coils of that struggle, and there is genuine vigor and beneficence in the hopes that he held out for the happiness of the many, as if in atonement for the wretchedness of the one, and the hopelessness of the two.

No wonder Ruskin's life abounded with schemes. His yearning for communal contentment and utility, whatever its roots in self-contempt, or in the parched loneliness of his own youth, took many forms. It is a bold art critic who feels it his duty to protest the inadequate sanitation of slums, as Ruskin did in 1854—imagining cholera victims, "horrible in destitution, broken by despair," being brought into a London dinner party and "laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest." Rather less practical was the Guild of St. George, established in 1875 for the purpose of "cultivating pure land, and guiding of pure streams," whatever that meant, among a chivalric company of Ruskin's friends. His most lasting attachment was to Winnington Hall, the girls' school near Manchester, where he taught and lived, infrequently but assiduously, from 1859. There were about thirty-five girls in the school; they received instruction from Ruskin in several subjects, including art and Bible studies. From one of his pupils, we have a haunting picture of the critic at a school dance—"very thin, scarcely more than a black line, as he moved about amongst the white girls in his evening dress." Given the history of his appetites, we find it astounding that such a man could get such a job, let alone make a respectable success of it; but we are not Victorians. No whisper of scandal attaches to his time at Winnington Hall; he was happy and popular there, even if none of his charges could guess how intensely he prized any happiness at all, and to be taught to draw by the world's most fervent exponent of good draftsmanship is no mean thing. Only Ruskin's father, John James, failed to admire the setup, and his lugubrious diary entry, recording yet another visit from his son's admiring pupils, is the funniest moment in two long volumes of biography: "5 virgins to strawberries."

In fact, Ruskin emerges from Hilton's magnum opus as the ideal teacher: kindly, exacting, temperate, able to draw on an inexhaustible store of intellectual example. He was not all gentleman, but he was no snob, and politically he remains the most intriguing hybrid of the Victorian Age. In the opening sentence of "Praeterita," he labelled himself "a violent Tory of the old school," and he was more than capable of analyzing the layers of pigment in one of Turner's oils without bothering to point out that the picture showed a throng of dying slaves; far more ignominious was his public support of Edward Eyre, the Governor of Jamaica, who in 1865 had so brutally suppressed a rebel uprising that he was threatened with prosecution. To have launched a campaign in Eyre's defense sounds reactionary to the point of heartlessness, but look at the list of Ruskin's fellow-signatories: Tennyson, Carlyle, and even Dickens. These are men whose fear of deep disorder outstripped their appreciation of liberty; at the same time, while they may have had no concept of conditions in the Caribbean, two of them—Ruskin and Dickens—thought and wrote with vehemence about the dignity that should attend the working men of England. One of Ruskin's books, "Unto This Last," would inspire the proponents of socialism and change the life of the young Mahatma Gandhi. The book rings with loathing for the power of money, and money alone, to determine the social contract; as a conservative, Ruskin found no allure in the egal-

MISSING A PIECE OF YOUR PATTERN?®
Replace pieces or add to your sterling silver at up to 75% off retail. We specialize in new and used flatware and holloware. Over 1,200 patterns in stock. Call or write for a free inventory of your sterling pattern. *(We buy sterling silver, with a careful appraisal for maximum value.)*
404 261-4009
Chantilly by Gorham
Beverly Bremer
SILVER SHOP
3164 Peachtree Rd., Dept. NY, Atlanta, GA 30305 / Mon.-Sat. 10-5

THE PAVILION
AT McLEAN HOSPITAL
Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.
617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org
A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital

HUMMINGBIRD Pin or Earrings
www.rnstudios.com
STERLING $29
14K GOLD $125
14K GOLD $161
w/ diamond eye
POST OR WIRE EARRINGS
STERLING $45
14K GOLD $225
14K GOLD $297
w/ diamond eye
S/H $5.75
1-800-235-0471
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701
Velvet Box

CONTROLTOP.COM™
WE'RE RESHAPING WOMEN'S HOSIERY
SAVE 40%
NEW CUSTOMERS SAVE EVEN MORE ON THEIR FIRST ORDER!
WWW.CONTROLTOP.COM/NY VISA

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.
VISIT OUR WEBSITE: http://www.fearrington.com
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 800-277-0130

Walk & Taste Italy
Join our small groups for spectacular walks and fabulous food with expert guides.
Brochure: 1-800-462-7911
www.italian-connection.com

An invitation to acquire...

Original cartoon art from the pages of THE NEW YORKER.

Featuring the work of these and other celebrated artists:

Charles Barsotti
George Booth
Roz Chast
Frank Cotham
Michael Crawford
Leo Cullum
Sam Gross
William Hamilton
Bruce Kaplan
Arnie Levin
Lee Lorenz
Michael Maslin
Victoria Roberts
Danny Shanahan
William Steig
Peter Steiner
Mick Stevens
Robert Weber
Jack Ziegler

For more information or an appointment to view art, call Anne Hall, Cartoon Art Consultant, at (212) 286-5795.

For additional cartoon requests, contact THE CARTOON BANK, a NEW YORKER Magazine company, at (800) 897-TOON. Or visit our site at CARTOONBANK.COM.

Cutting-edge humor that's stayed sharp for decades.

THE NEW YORKER 75th Anniversary CARTOON COLLECTION

EDITED AND WITH A FOREWORD BY BOB MANKOFF

The biggest and funniest collection of *New Yorker* cartoons ever assembled.

ART: GEORGE BOOTH

A POCKET BOOKS HARDCOVER
AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD www.SimonSays.com

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$165 EACH Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr. All sizes & page counts.
Free Price List. www.profpress.com
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED
WRITE OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO:
MINERVA PRESS
315-317 REGENT ST. LONDON W1R 7YB. UK
www.minerva-press.co.uk

itarian dream, but he saw evil in the prospect of labor without pleasure—the hallmark of the industrial age, and one reason for his increasing (and sadly superfluous) fondness for medieval craft. It was not just that he had moved on from aesthetics but that he made the move inevitable: no one, reading Ruskin, can contemplate the justness of pictorial composition without standing back to survey the wider fields in which that balance should be allowed to flourish. The relations between master and servant, between merchant and buyer, or between sovereign and subject could never be called equal; but they could be honest and true, and Ruskin deplored the effects of mechanization on the human soul:

> If you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only when we see the clouds settling upon him.

That comes from a discussion of Gothic style, but it could equally apply to the works of Shakespeare, or employment policy, or the life of John Ruskin. Indeed, there is a sombre, sweetish strain of Shakespeare in any account of that life—in the vast discrepancy between the reach of Ruskin's ambition and the desolation that lay at his feet. What transported him in the work of Turner was the effort to bridge that distance; the foreground of our being could somehow meet and merge with our hopes of what lay beyond, or, at least, could promise it in fragmentary hints. Ruskin, who, like many of the best critics, saw with sunlit clarity in others what was veiled and misted over in himself, commended the "decisive imperfection" of Turner—anything that could honor the "beautiful incomprehensibility" of the known, unknowable world.

According to Tim Hilton, who is inspired but rarely deceived by his hero, Ruskin was "half a creative artist," who valued modesty and correctness. Certainly, the careful loveliness of his ink-and-wash sketches was no match for what a view of mountains—"foundationless and inaccessible, their very bases vanishing in the unsubstantial and mocking blue of the deep lake below"—could do to his prose. But he, too, was a minor master of "decisive imperfection"; what I like in his drawings is not merely the crisp rendering of architecture, often done as an aide-mémoire, but the nicety with which he knew when to leave well enough alone. His disastrous cravings went on forever, like journeys that permit no sight of land, and no one could regret the oceanic, unceasing sway of Ruskin's prose; only as an artist without pretension did he understand the potency of the blank sheet. "Left off tired. Venice 1876 / J Ruskin," reads the inscription on a pencilled perspective of the Grand Canal, but the fatigue was exquisitely timed; the Palazzo Tron, high to Ruskin's right, hangs and dies in the air, as if it stood for a city—an entire civilization—that itself, long before, had left off tired. The procession of his drawings in the Tate Gallery tells the short story of a long-suffering man. At first, you find intricate studies of buildings, and deferential, though never slavish, copies of Turner. Then come Wordsworthian glances at rocks, and stones, and trees. Later still, there are drawings of Rose—from the life, and near death, though she never looks truly alive. There are late self-portraits: Ruskin's head, holding steady in his grief, gazing hard at us, like someone waiting for the answer to a question; but drawn small on the page, as if he were dwindling from sight. After that, it is nothing but clouds. ♦

GAINED IN TRANSLATION DEPT.
From an English-language menu at the Hotel Conde Duque, in Bilbao, Spain.

1°. - TASTING

Chicken Salad with Foie and greenness on cold melon cream and Serrano ham
Smoky salmon Terrina padded with pisto, marinated anchovies and avocado cream
Fried selection "Campo Volantin"
Padded artichoke with shrimps, on shellfish cream
Lasagna with eggplants, lamb gizzards and natural greenness

2°. - A PLATE TO CHOOSE

1 - Hake in green sauce
2 - Cod to the pleasure
3 - Shave to the iron with garnish
4 - Entrecotte to the pleasure
5 - Veal face in sauce
6 - Veal sirloin to the iron with garnish
7 - Duck Magret with honey sauce

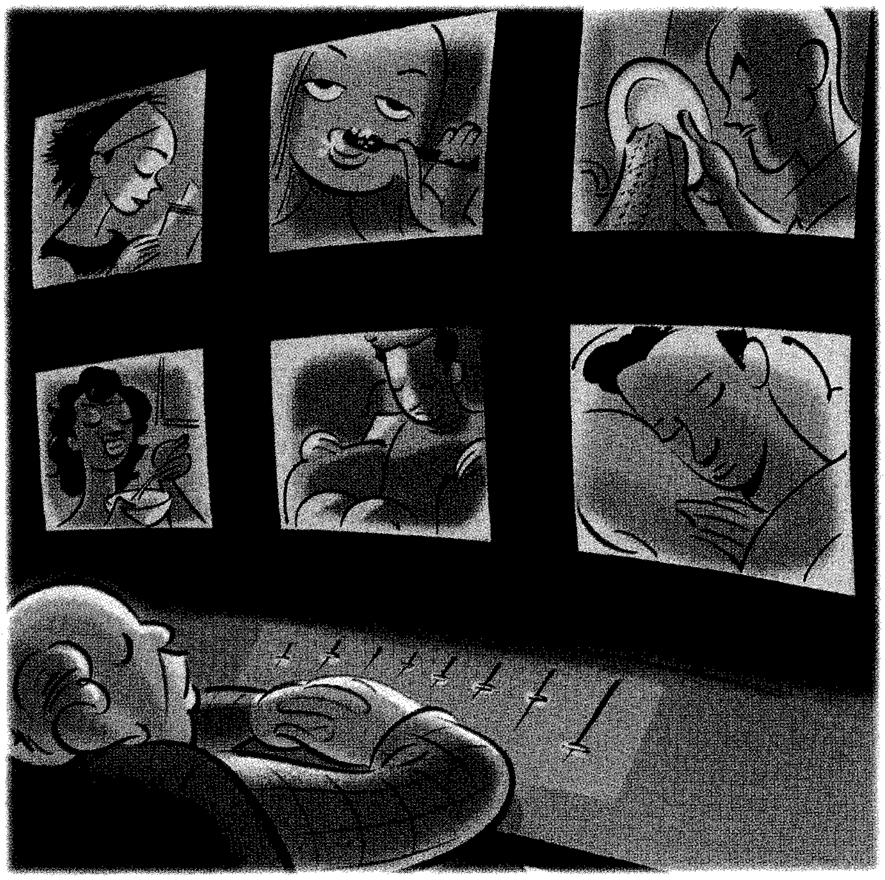
3°. - Landlord prostrates

ON TELEVISION

HOUSEBOUND

How much reality can one nation take?

BY NANCY FRANKLIN



The lab rats in CBS's "Big Brother" house are there by choice, but watching them makes viewers feel like the victims of a horrible experiment.

ERIC PALMA

It is a simple fact of life that something that is fun or interesting to do isn't necessarily fun for others to listen to or watch. Me popping bubble wrap is a heavenly idyll; you popping bubble wrap within my earshot is grounds for homicide; having to watch a video of you popping bubble wrap is grounds for suicide. It takes a good writer, or performer, or director—someone with an *idea* in his head—to shape the stuff of everyday private life into something that enables us to get out of our own heads and see the connections between us and other people. That's why you popping bubble wrap equals death and a character on "Will and Grace" or "The King of Queens" popping bubble wrap equals comedy. The unexamined life may not be worth living, but the unedited life is not worth watching. CBS's reality show "Big Brother," which has been blanketing the airwaves and the Internet since the beginning of July—it is on TV six nights a week, and the Web cast is on all the time—is new and unconventional; but like a work of bad postmodern art, and like a lot of old-fashioned stunts, such as flagpole-sitting and goldfish-swallowing, "Big Brother" in execution does not yield more than "Big Brother" in concept. It is exactly what meets the eye—no more, no less—and that is both too much and not enough. And, in any case, the show isn't as revolutionary as it likes to think it is: before it ever existed, there was already a Web site where you could go to watch paint dry.

CBS paid twenty million dollars to the Dutch production company that originated the show, the basic premise of which is to turn people into lab rats by removing every last layer of their privacy. For three months, ten people—the number is reduced by one every two weeks, and there are now eight participants left—occupy a specially built house on the CBS lot in Studio City, California, whose purpose is not to shelter them but to expose them. There are microphones and cameras in every room, including infrared cameras to capture any nighttime goings on in the two bedrooms, and sixty-eight one-way mirrors. In addition, the occupants wear body mikes all day, whether they are making chili, or brushing their hair, or hanging out in their sad, tiny, fenced-in yard or in their sad, tiny swimming pool with the "Big Brother" logo painted on the bottom. One of the show's flaws—and it's a deliberately built-in flaw—is that that's exactly what the housemates do: cook food, brush their hair, and loll in the pool. There are no newspapers or magazines in the house, and there is no phone, no computer, and no TV. Once in a blue moon, you'll see someone reading a book, but the house doesn't have a library, or even any kind of workroom—no one's store of knowledge or practical skills will be increased in this place. We've heard of sick houses, with lead paint and noxious insulation materials, but this is something new: a stupid house. (It is also a depressingly ugly house, with fluorescent lights and an infantilizing decorating scheme, featuring primary colors, blandly functional Ikea furniture, and indestructible gray carpeting.) The deprivation is made worse, at least for viewers, by the mind-freezing, time-killing tasks the housemates are assigned by the show's producers, on the successful completion of which they must bet a percentage of their weekly grocery money. One week, they had to go through a list of famous people and determine whether they were dead or alive. (One housemate seemed quite sure that the "sportscaster" Joe DiMaggio was still alive.) Another week, they had to collectively log a thousand miles on a stationary bicycle. Then they had to set up twelve thousand blue, black, and white dominoes in the "Big Brother"-logo pattern. Watching the housemates go about these tedious activities-in-a-vacuum is not so much like watching paint dry as it is like watching paint *peel*. By comparison, the weekly challenges created for the contestants on "Survivor," CBS's other reality show, look as substantive and purposeful as Supreme Court cases.

Given that there is nothing real to do, what most of the house potatoes do most of the time is talk. And talk and talk. Occasionally, the conversation is structured, but usually it's a tuneless, interminable Me, Myself, and I festival, a housebound Psychobabblepalooza tour. (Because the housemates have been boxed into instant intimacy but don't really know one another, many of their conversations are punctuated with gales of hyenalike forced laughter, and there's a lot of undermotivated hugging and cuddling as well.) They are walking, talking illustrations of the principle that a little self-knowledge is a dangerous thing. One of the contestants—and that is what they are, since the last person left in the house after all the others are voted out will receive half a million dollars—when telling the others, and the rest of the world, that she had worked as a stripper for two years, said of her life at that point, "I was in a really bad position as far as life-management goes." Another one, having nominated the stripper for expulsion, tearily begged for absolution, wailing, "I don't want you to be mad, I don't want you to be hurt." This is the woman who within days of entering the house was trashing her husband on national TV, and saying that he "hates to kiss," which somehow seemed to violate his privacy more hideously than her announcement that she doesn't love him. I guess she'll find out when she gets home how mad and how hurt her four children are. Brittany, the contestant most likely to pop out as a household name among even casual viewers, because she hogs most of the conversational oxygen in the house, complains about always being everyone's buddy and "the clown" but doesn't understand that this may have something to do with the fact that she wears her strawberry-pink dyed hair in a Pebbles Flintstone geyser on top of her head, has a big old nose ring, and uses face glitter and chartreuse nail polish. (CBS, which in the last millennium was sometimes referred to as the Tiffany Network, may in this one become known as the Brittany Network.)

What's most appalling about "Big Brother" is the air of self-congratulatory seriousness with which it presents itself. And it doesn't help matters that newspapers like the *Times* report on the show's ratings with a regularity and gravity usually reserved for the cardiograms of Presidential candidates. Julie Chen, "Big Brother" 's asinine host—a term I used to describe "Survivor" 's Jeff Probst a few weeks ago, and who knew I'd need to call it up again so soon?—has been borrowed from CBS's news division, and while she should be exploding with fury at being given this degrading assignment, she seems to be eating it up, as she interviews family members and friends of the housemates, discusses with a Las Vegas oddsmaker the chances of each participant's success, and has tête-à-têtes about the well-being of the hostages with Dr. Drew Pinsky, "Big Brother" 's "health and relationship specialist." (Pinsky, a pediatrician and the co-host of MTV's sex-advice show "Loveline," may mean well, but he is facile and condescending; he blithely, and not quite appropriately, used the psychiatric term "splitting" to characterize one of the contestants' intrapsychic activity, and he said cluckingly of another, "We're finding the true Jordan—we'll see how much of it *she* knows.")

Chen, Miss News Division 2000, is just a CBS patsy. Even after it was discovered that one of the contestants, an ill wind named Will, was until recently a member of the New Black Panther Party, which has a lovely little thing called anti-Semitism on its agenda, she held to her unwritten don't-rock-the-boat script and said approvingly that while Will was in the house (he was voted out after the first two weeks) "he kept it real." So this is reality, then—sociopathic self-righteousness and a relentless hostility toward others. It's gambling with your grocery money—playing with your food, essentially, while the Sudanese are starving. It's riding a bicycle nowhere fast. CBS didn't create the monster of reality-based television, but with "Big Brother" it may have brought it to a kind of shameless perfection. This kind of programming has given the network new life, and it has also given it, in many people's minds, a new identity, which may not be quite what the network bargained for: as long as "Big Brother" is on the air, CBS will be thought of by anyone who has a brain and a conscience as the home of must-flee TV. ♦

SHOWCASE BY
DANA LIXENBERG

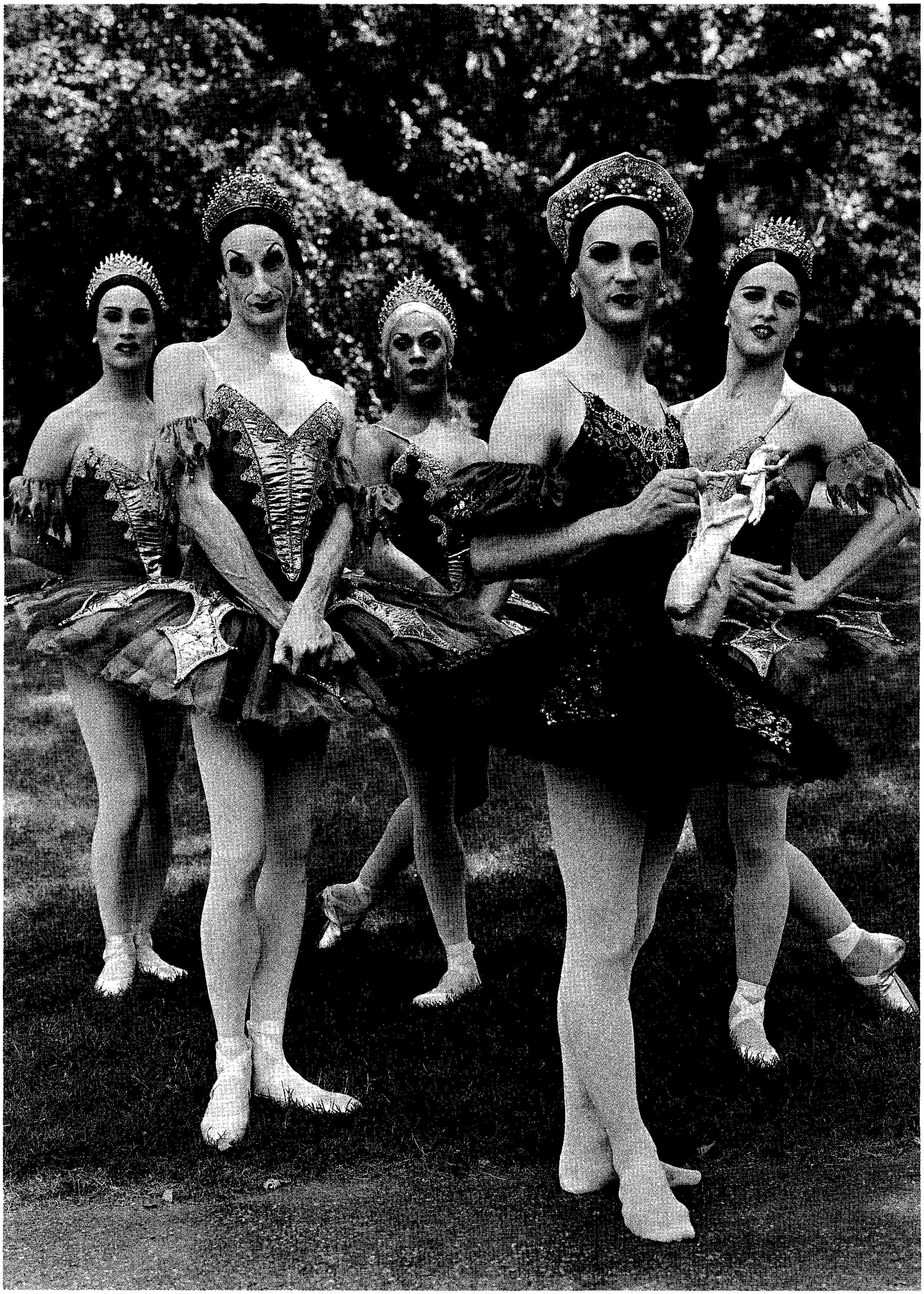
ALL GUISE

When you join the all-male Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, you get two names, one for your danseur noble (Uri Smirnov, Igor Slowpokin, etc.) and one for the ballerina you will someday become (the five at right: Vanya Verikosa, Ida Nevasayneva, Olga Supphozova, Svetlana Lofatkina, and Colette Adae). "It's not impossible," Robert (Olga) Carter says, of performing on point over a forty-week season. "But it's a lot more work for a man."

And what do tutu ballets like "Swan Lake" and "Les Sylphides" gain in the Trocks' loving, large-print renditions? The broad comedy missing from the Russian originals, for one thing: the swans throw in a breaststroke. In "Giselle," when the Count lifts his love, stagehands rush in from the wings to help. And there are subtle exaggerations—a slightly missed cue, a curiously tilted head, a well-placed elbow—that show off the troupe's knowledge of the classics. At curtain call, dancers fight over the bouquets. As Maya Plisetskaya, the great tragic dancer of the Bolshoi Ballet, told the Trocks at a gala in July, "You've made these ballets so much more interesting."

Of course, this brand of humor is most effective with balletomanes, who pick up on the blasphemy. And, for all their slapstick asides, the Trocks are serious and accomplished dancers, with the blisters to prove it; the choreography they perform (coming to the Joyce Theatre, from August 14th through August 27th) is faithful to the grand originals. "Naturally, we get a lot of drag queens that are interested. Some of them drop us a résumé and send their heel size along with it," Carter says. "But it's really not that kind of a party."

—*Kevin Conley*



THE CURRENT CINEMA

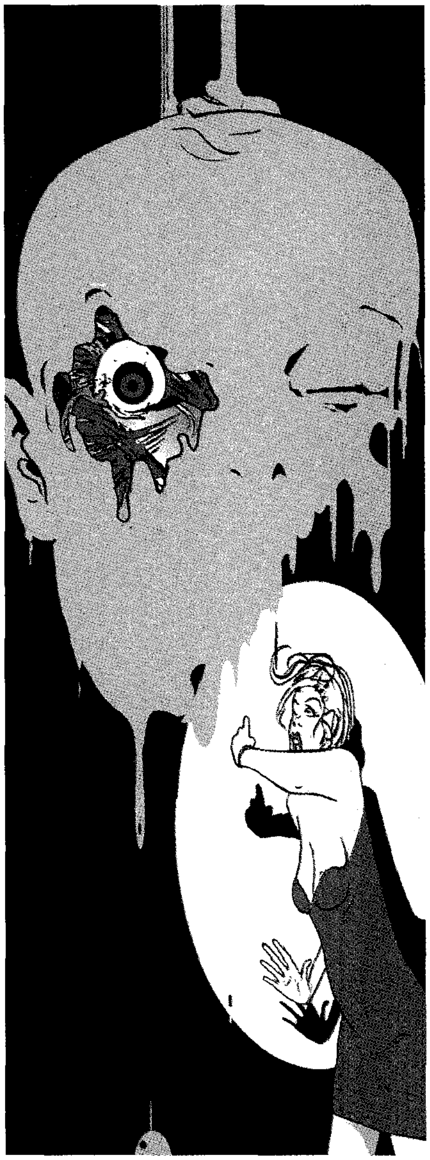
NOWHERE TO GO

Aimless in Hollywood and Iran.

BY DAVID DENBY

In "Hollow Man," a cocky scientist named Sebastian Caine (Kevin Bacon) attains a position of supreme liberty: he becomes invisible. "It's amazing what you can do when you don't have to look at yourself in the mirror anymore," he says. Unfortunately, Sebastian turns out to be a man with a rather meagre imagination. He does nothing "amazing"; instead, he acts like an evil teen-ager, undressing one woman as she sleeps, jumping another in her bedroom. Now, I don't suppose that Kevin Bacon, when he's visible, would have much trouble getting dates, so the director, Paul Verhoeven, should have realized that Bacon was too attractive for the invisible-man sex trip—the movie would have been more fun if an ordinary-looking fellow had suddenly become irresistible after losing his mediocre flesh. Anyway, with so much erotica and virtual sex available on the Net, Sebastian could easily find a more interesting way to spend his time. He could freak out Donald Trump by moving chips around on Atlantic City gambling tables; he could do mysterious good deeds, such as installing public toilets in Yonkers. But no such luck. The Dutch-born Verhoeven has become a very literal-minded director of spectacles. This, after all, is the same man who tried to electrify the audience with those iron-breasted topless dancers in "Showgirls" and the giant squashed bugs in "Starship Troopers." Verhoeven's disasters have become successively more blatant and fatiguing. In "Hollow Man," the creative work is entirely confined to the digital special effects, and even some of that stuff is just this side of nauseating.

In a vast, underground government lab outside Washington, Sebastian and his colleagues perform experiments on animals, making them invisible, then bringing them back to flesh and fur. But Sebastian wants to go the next step—he wants to become Dr. Frankenstein and the monster at the same time. He injects his own veins with magic fluid and slowly dematerializes, or deliquesces, or something like that: first his skin vanishes, and then his flesh, too, leaving the veins, muscles, and organs exposed, and soon he's just a bare, steaming skeleton, and, finally, a kind of living ghost. The movie, I admit, shows us something shocking that we've never seen before, but who, exactly, apart from ghouls and third-year medical students, wants to see it? Some of the gaudier effects in recent movies seem to have been invented by people who get off on radiation poisoning and other flesh-eating disasters. Ever since that toothy monster popped through John Hurt's chest in the 1979 "Alien," the human body has been treated in the movies like a slice of cheese headed for the toaster oven.



Director Paul Verhoeven revisits the invisible-man sex trip in "Hollow Man."

ISTVAN BANYAI

"Hollow Man" perks up when Sebastian prances around wearing nothing but a sheet over his invisible form. In order to make him more human-looking, Sebastian's colleagues (played by Elisabeth Shue and Josh Brolin, among others) mold a rubber mask for him, cutting holes for the eyes and mouth. The sight of the sheet and mask clinging to empty air is spookily poetic. Better still, Sebastian, when naked, becomes eerily discernible as soon as liquid is splashed on him. Wrestling with someone in a pool, he looks like a well-toned jellyfish, shapely and translucent. Hosed with fire-extinguisher goo, he could be a ballet dancer dipped in pancake batter. But these digital divertissements are about all that "Hollow Man" has going for it. I don't know when I've ever seen a film that so awkwardly juxtaposed visual sophistication and dramatic idiocy. The filmmakers give us an allegedly crack research team that resembles a crew of bickering roommates in a sitcom—Verhoeven's ear apparently doesn't detect the clunky sound of the American locutions that the screenwriter, Andrew W. Marlowe, concocted for him. The cinema can live (though not happily) without elegance and glamour, and it will obviously have to live without manners, but can it live without intelligence?

"Hollow Man" wants to be a fable of omnipotence—a demonstration of what happens to us when our acts have no consequences. But the filmmakers blunt the point by making Sebastian an overreacher to begin with. His physical transformation is garishly alarming, but his moral transformation barely registers (he just becomes a bigger jerk), and this movie winds up with nowhere to go except into grisly violence. In the end, Verhoeven, desperate for a climax, destroys his big lab set. Since the scene has no relation to what the movie is about, it's as if Verhoeven were asking, "What else can you do with a big set these days except blow it up?" It's probably a mistake to moralize about how Hollywood corrupts foreign directors—a few of them, after all, like Wolfgang Petersen and Stephen Frears, do some of their best work here. But Paul Verhoeven, who, earlier in his career, in Holland, made clever, insinuating movies, is asking for it. He seems to be daring the American public to sink to the bottom with him.

Travelling in Third World countries, many Westerners have the same experience: A young man, perhaps thirty years old, presents himself on the street and offers to show you around. He may even turn up at your hotel bearing teapots, rugs, and other items for sale. These young men become pests, but how can you dislike them? Many of them have families and need work. They have made the extraordinary effort of learning English. But they seem superfluous in some awful way—educated beyond their society's need for them. For those who think of the Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami as a great artist—two books on Kiarostami are on the way, and he remains a favorite in film festivals and film magazines—any kind of sociological approach to his work will seem outrageous, even philistine. Yet when I see a Kiarostami film, I cannot help thinking of all those young men, since a number of his heroes float around with nothing in the world to do. Kiarostami treats their malaise not as a tragicomedy or as a social issue but as the grounds for sombre philosophical inquiry. This has given him a reputation for profundity.

In "The Wind Will Carry Us," a telecommunications engineer (he has no name) arrives in a small mountain village with colleagues whom one never sees. The situation is suggestively vague. The men are there to record some sort of ritual that depends on the death of an old woman. The woman, whom we also never see, is very ill, but as the engineer waits, and stews in his own juice, she refuses to die. Stymied, he undergoes spasms of irritation relieved by moments of genuine curiosity. He makes friends with a little boy and converses with a variety of people, who answer his inquiries with a straightforward candor that can be startling. The engineer is a mass of quivering impatience, but the town seems carved out of rock, its buildings so firmly embedded that any distinction between structure and earth has vanished. The people are rocklike, too. "The Wind Will Carry Us" has a mournful, slow rhythm, rather like that of prayer or a ballad—the engineer drives to a hilltop to have a clear cell-phone conversation at least four times, and what matters is not the meaning of the act (it has none) but its form.

Kiarostami gives the doorways, streets, and nearby golden hills a pristine beauty, but what does the movie's formal rigor add up to? Kiarostami is obviously saying something about rootedness and the acceptance of fate versus modern restlessness, but I find it hard to take seriously any philosophical meaning that arises from a portrait of life so drastically simplified. Kiarostami doesn't create a flux of events and relationships and then find a significance hidden in them. He prearranges his material into a pattern, isolating his irresolute heroes and posing them against people who cling to their function without reflection or complaint. The advantage always goes to the latter, but surely it's a rigged game. The director ended both "Taste of Cherry" and this movie with a wise old man who knows what's important and what isn't. At the heart of his work, there may be a certain sentimentality that his austerely handsome visual style hides from view. I can't help thinking that if Kiarostami would create a hero who did some good solid work or loved or hated another human being, the entire "metaphysical" framework of his movies would collapse—or change into something truly stirring. ♦

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 21 & Feb. 28, Apr. 24 & May 1, June 19 & 26, Aug. 21 & 28, Oct. 16 & 23, Dec. 25 & Jan. 1) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036), which is a subsidiary of Advance Publications, Inc. Vol. LXXVI, No. 23, August 14, 2000. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $49.95. In Canada, one year, $90.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $112.00, payable in advance.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

ADVERTISEMENT

RSVP

READER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

AUTOMOTIVE

THE BENTLEY ARNAGE RED LABEL is a powerful statement. Bentley's 6.75 liter 400 horsepower V8 engine creates an eloquent interpretation of extreme motoring. Call 1-877-300-8803 or visit our Web site at www.bentleymotors.com.

JEEP. For more information on the legendary Jeep vehicles, visit our Web site at www.jeep.com.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

BEACON PRESS. *Nabokov's Butterflies: Unpublished and Uncollected Writings*, published by Beacon Press. Available at bookstores everywhere. Visit our Web site at www.beacon.org or call 1-800-225-3362.

EDUCATION

NC CENTER FOR CREATIVE RETIREMENT, a university-based program. Your work life may end, but your life's work? Never. Join us for the next step. Call 1-828-251-6140 or visit www.unca.edu/ncccr.

FINE FOOD & BEVERAGES

THE FRUIT COMPANY. Purveyor of premium edible gifts. Please call 1-877-387-3100 or visit our Web site at www.thefruitcompany.com.

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

NY.SIT4LESS.COM is the home of the best price on the incredible Aeron chair from Herman Miller. Fastest delivery. Superior service. Visit NY.sit4less.com.

TRAVEL

AT LARGE TRAVEL NEWSLETTER. Produced by the Creative Services Department of *The New Yorker*. Each issue includes the latest news on travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles of exciting destinations. One-year subscription (three issues) for $10 plus a fourth issue for free. To order, please call toll free at 1-800-759-9838.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB. Vermont's Basin Harbor Club. Private country cottages and two main guest houses on 700 acres on Lake Champlain. Golf, tennis and water-sports. May through October. Call 1-800-622-4000 or visit www.basinharbor.com.

EGYPT. Where history began and continues. Call 1-877-77-EGYPT for more information on tours, airfare, hotels, adventure travel, Nile cruises, and religious pilgrimages.

GLOBAL FARE TOURS. Small group tours to Europe and South Africa for the discerning traveler. Travel the backroads of the world with us. Call 1-888-868-7717.

For more information, log on to www.newyorkerreaderlink.com

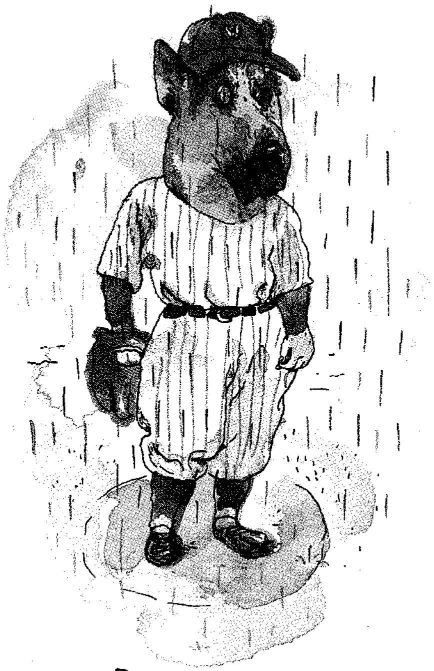
IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 4 TIMES SQUARE, 21ST FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10036.

000814

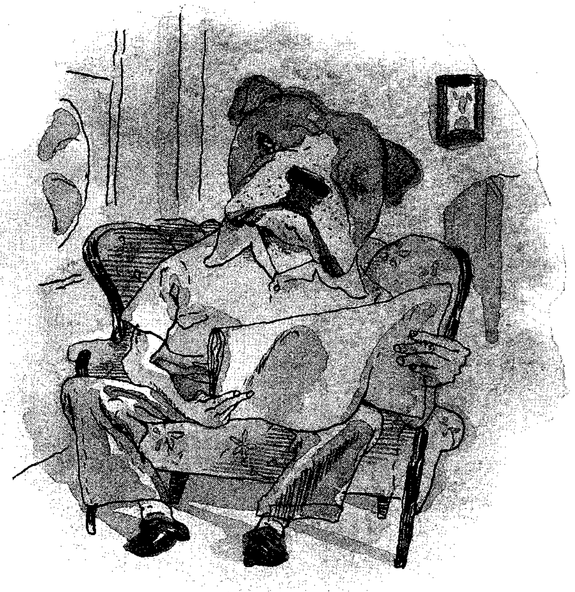
© 2000 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All Rights Reserved

THE BACK PAGE BY BARRY BLITT

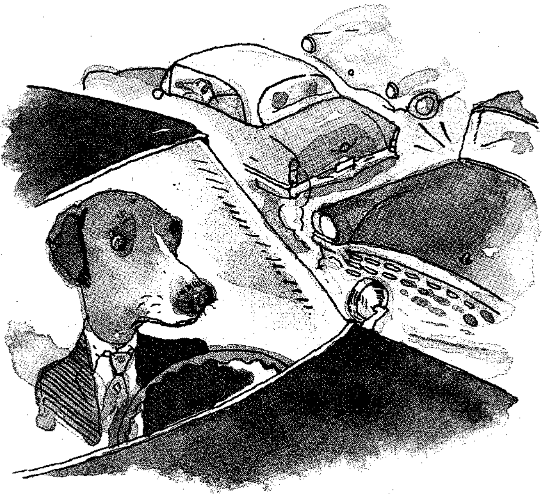
The DOG DAYS



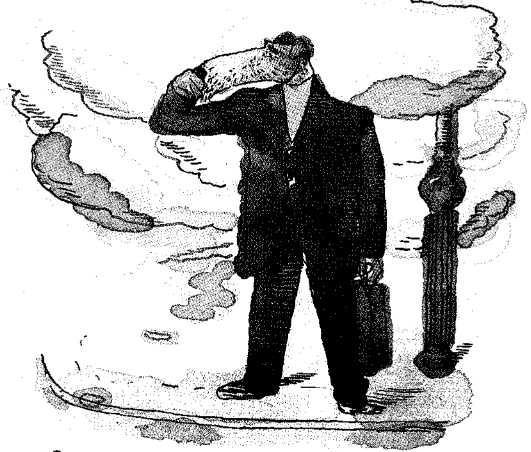
RAINOUT



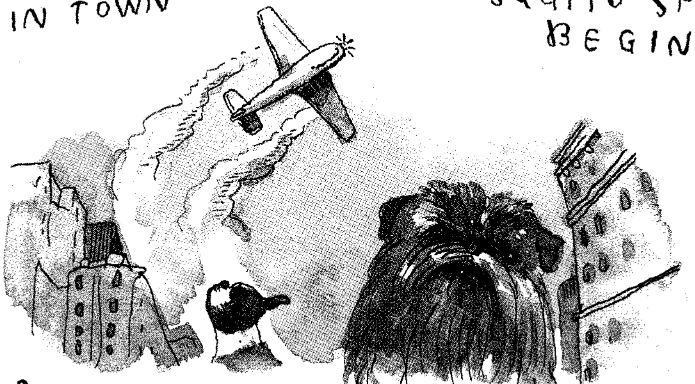
BROWNOUT



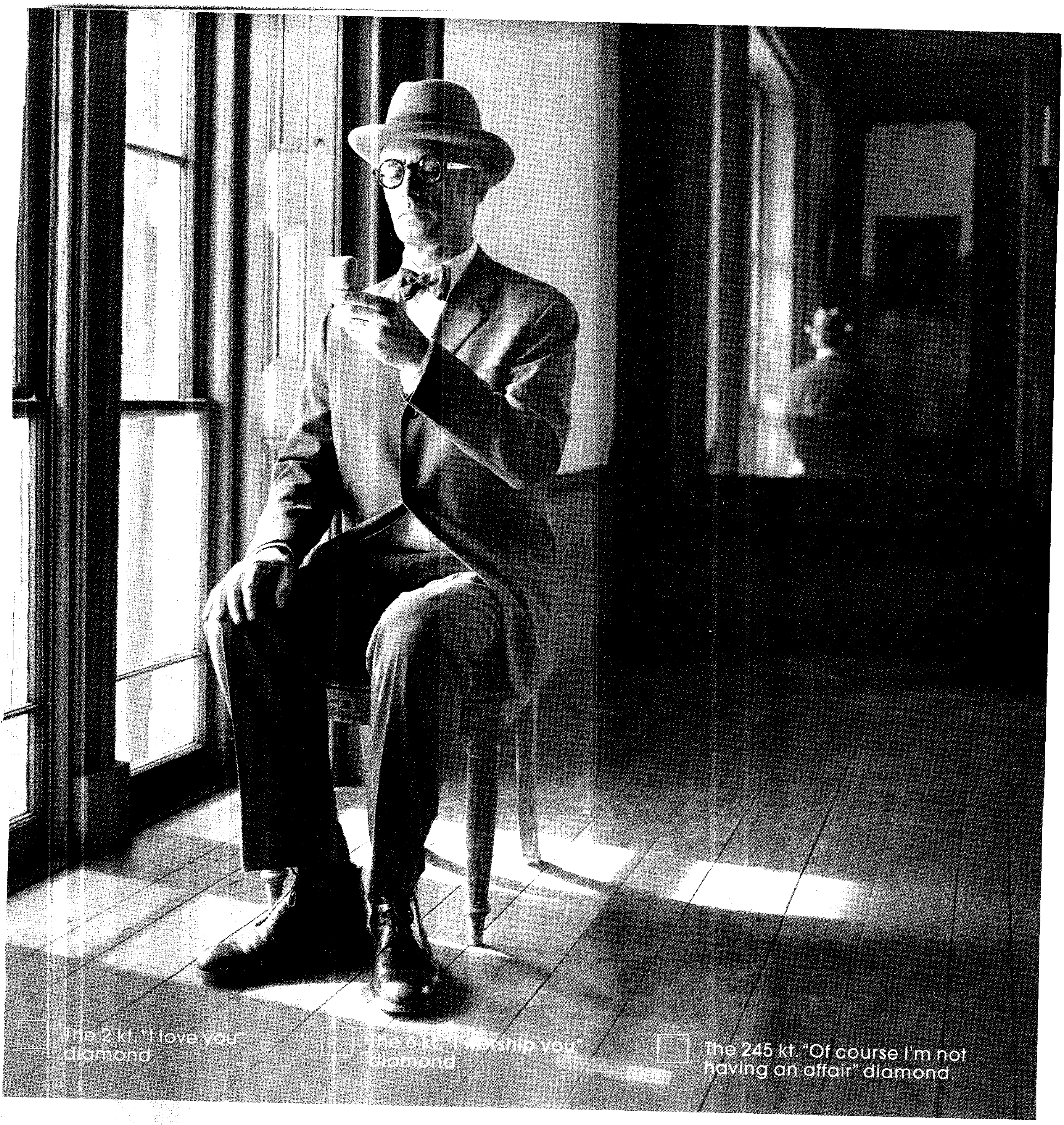
PRESIDENT IN TOWN



MOSQUITO SPRAYING BEGINS



SHRINKS' AUGUST VACATION
(PAXIL SPRAYING BEGINS)


☐ The 2 kt. "I love you" diamond.
☐ The 6 kt. "I worship you" diamond.
☐ The 245 kt. "Of course I'm not having an affair" diamond.

With Visa® Signature's no preset spending limit,* the possibilities are endless.

- Unsurpassed Worldwide Acceptance
- No Preset Spending Limit
- Lucrative Airmile Rewards

VISA SIGNATURE
4000 1234 5678 9010
VISA SIGNATURE
VISA

- Emergency Travel Assistance
- Concierge Services
- Preferred Travel Program

It's Everywhere You Want To Be.®

For more information, please visit us at www.visa.com/signatureusa or call 1-888-847-2003.

*Individual transactions are authorized by Card Issuers based on factors such as account history, credit record and payment resources. Card Issuers preset upper limits for revolving balances and cash advances. © 2000 Visa U.S.A. Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCT OF ENGLAND
BOMBAY
SAPPHIRE
Distilled
LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from 100%
Grain Neutral Spirit
from a 1761 recipe
IMPORTED
1 Litre
THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS BALANCED BY HILTON McCONNICO.
POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.
Bombay™ Sapphire® Gin. 47% alc./vol. (94 Proof). ©1999 The Bombay Spirits Company USA, Miami, FL. ©1997 Hilton McConnico.